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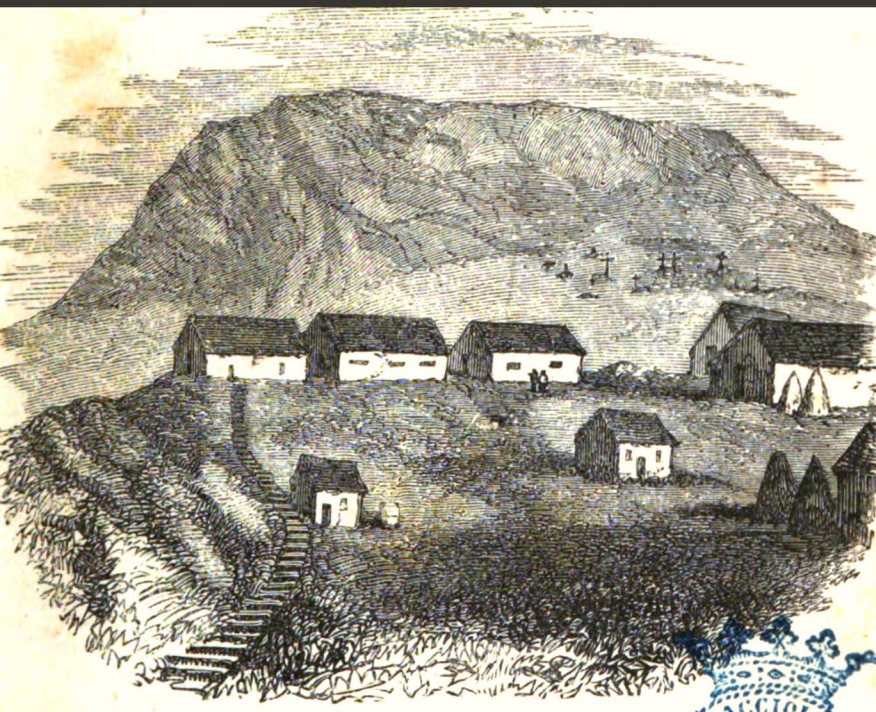
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SISTERS' HUTS.

Third Edition, Revised.

LONDON:

HURST AND BLACKETT, PUBLISHERS.

LUIGI CARACCIOLO DI S. T. COLOMBO

Eastern Hospitals and English Nurses

Fanny Taylor, Mary Magdalen Taylor, Lady volunteer

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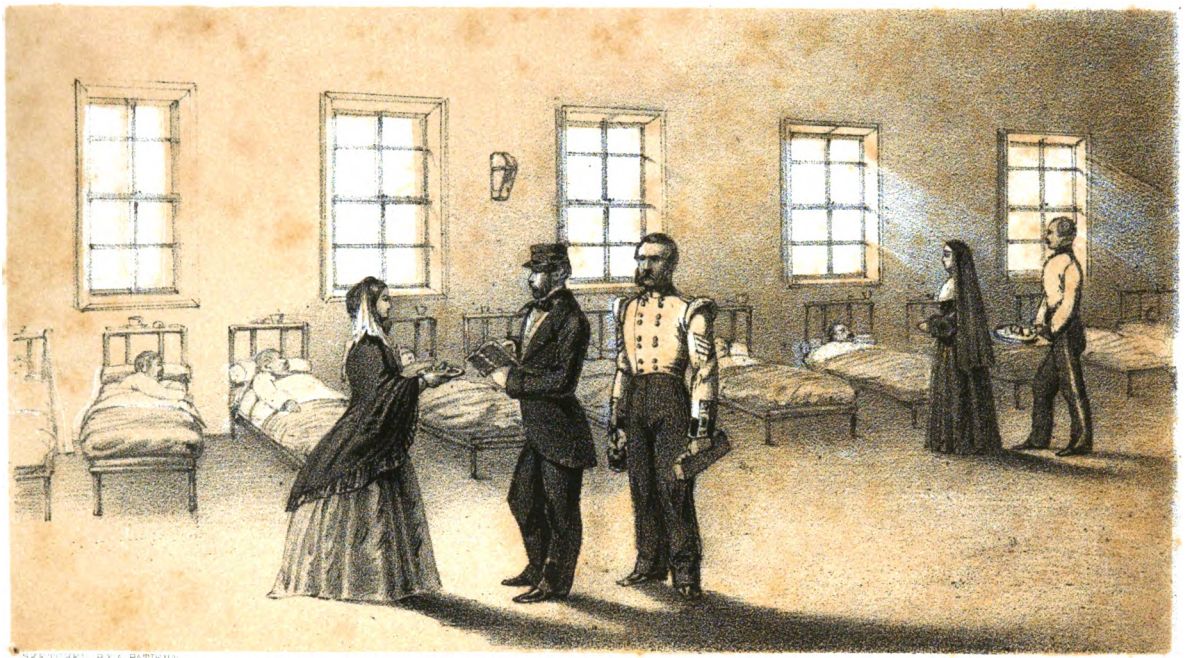
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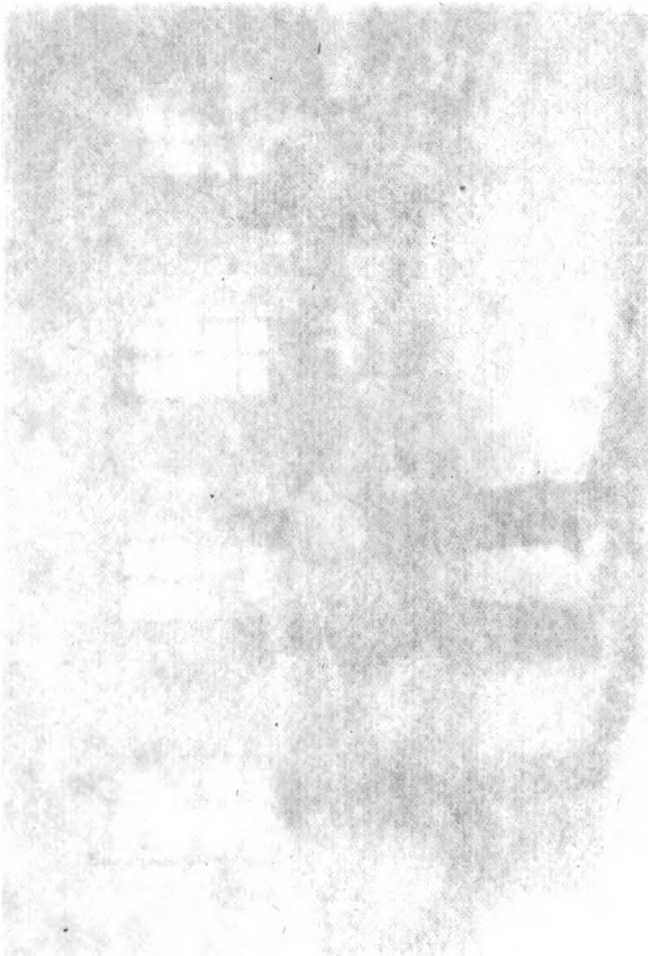
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TOWER STABLE WARD, KOULALI BARRACK HOSPITAL.

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EASTERN HOSPITALS

AND

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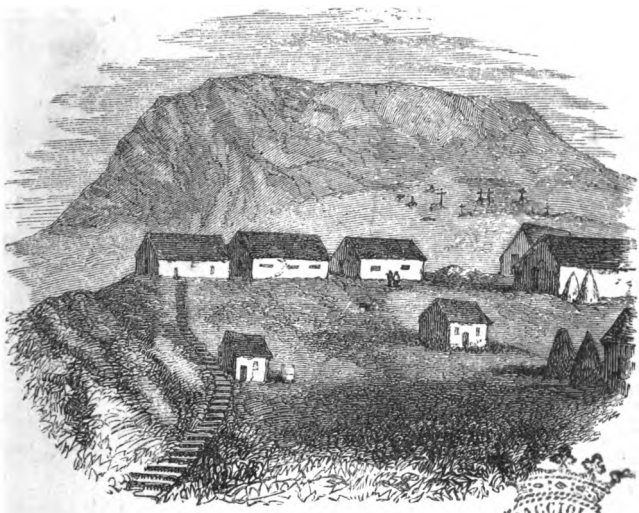
THE NARRATIVE OF TWELVE MONTHS' EXPERIENCE

IN THE

HOSPITALS OF KOULALI AND SCUTARI.

BY A LADY VOLUNTEER.

"They are the patient sorrows that touch nearest."—Ion.



SISTERS' HUTS.

LUIGI CARACCIOLO DI S...
CROCE

Third Edition, Revised.

LONDON:
HURST AND BLACKETT, PUBLISHERS,
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TO THOSE OF

The British Army,

WHO DISPLAYED THEIR HEROISM

NOT ONLY ON THE BATTLE-FIELD,

BUT IN THE

PATIENT ENDURANCE OF SUFFERING, PRIVATION, AND NEGLECT,

IN THE WARDS OF EASTERN HOSPITALS,

THIS WORK

IS DEDICATED.

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PREFACE

TO THE THIRD EDITION.

SINCE the publication of the First Edition of "Eastern Hospitals and English Nurses," a very great change has taken place in the state of affairs in the East. The War has ceased—the allied forces have returned to their homes—the Hospitals on the Bosphorus, in which the Writer spent much of her time, have been handed over to their rightful owners, and are once more occupied by Turkish soldiers; and now nothing is left behind to tell the future traveller of the occurrences in which this country took so important a part, but the consecrated spots of ground, dotted with monuments and grave-stones, under which lie the remains of so many thousands of brave soldiers.

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No doubt much of the interest and excitement felt, during the War, in every thing relating to the East, have passed away. But notwithstanding, the Writer of the following pages ventures to offer to the Public a revised Edition of her Work, at a price within the reach of all, believing that the subject of which it treats is not of an ephemeral nature, but one which, with the British Public, will ever be considered with deep interest. The establishment of a proper system of Female Nursing, whether for the bed-ridden poor at their own homes, or for the sick in Civil and Military Hospitals, is indeed a desideratum devoutly to be wished; and it will be to the Writer a cause of much thankfulness, if the contents of this Work should have the effect of drawing public attention more and more to this deeply-felt want, and elicit a scheme which will have for its object the alleviation, in some measure, of the hidden sorrows and sufferings of the helpless poor, by sending to them Nurses who will, from the principle of love, minister unto them as unto Christ. The narrative of the experience of the Author will point out at least to some extent the rocks and

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difficulties which lie in the way, and which it will be necessary to avoid. It will, probably, satisfy those who are anxious for the adoption of a proper Nursing system, that the plan of employing hired Nurses only, and these, too, without careful reference to their moral and religious character, is not the one that will meet the much-felt want. There must be a higher principle at work than that of gain or applause—one of simple duty in the fulfilment of a great command is required—an ever-present realization of the fact that, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, ye have done it unto Me." That principle alone will sustain the sympathising tenderness so necessary to efficient Nursing, and so greatly endangered by the constant contact with suffering and distress. If hired Nurses are to be employed, it should alone be under the direction of those who, from higher motives, have devoted themselves, for a time at least, to the work in question.

The Writer, in conclusion, begs to offer her thanks for the very favourable manner in which the early Edition of her Work has been received by

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the Public, and for the courteous and considerate way in which it has been reviewed by the Press, notwithstanding its many imperfections and errors, in part owing to the haste with which it was originally prepared. Some of the more apparent of these have now been corrected; and a Narrative has been added of the work of the Sisters of Mercy at Balaclava, during the six months they were employed in the General Hospital there, with so much good to the soldier, so much benefit to the Hospital, and so much satisfaction to all in authority in the Crimea.

LONDON, January, 1857.

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EASTERN HOSPITALS

AND

ENGLISH NURSES.

CHAPTER I.

"The joy bells rang,
But there were bursting hearts that waited long
That battle day's dread tidings, and they came
A tale of patient suffering :—
Words of love—spoken by dying lips."

THERE are few who will not remember the intense excitement which was roused in England when the newspapers of October the 1st, 1854, announced the battle of Alma, fought on the 20th of September. Many anxious hopes and fears had been with the army since it left England in March ; but months had passed away, little had been done, and expectation had almost ceased, when, like the blast of a trumpet, the news of battle and victory rang through the land.

The first burst of exultation had hardly passed away when the lists of killed and wounded arrived, and then the realities of war were brought to almost every English home. The "Gazette" office in London on the 8th of October was crowded with inquirers, pale with

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anxiety, who grasped the printed list with trembling hands; and it needed no words to tell the tale revealed to each by the absence or presence of the well-known name in the fatal column. The official list announced that we had lost 26 officers, 327 non-commissioned officers and men killed in action; and that 73 officers, 1557 non-commissioned officers and men were wounded. The "Telegraph" office was crowded by friends anxious to convey the glad tidings to country homes, that much-loved names were not included in the list. All who had letters hastened to communicate their contents to those who had none. The common bond of sympathy spread through the land; England was like one great family. The friends and relations of some one or other in an army of 26,000 British troops in a foreign and unhealthy land were to be found in every corner of the kingdom, and the ravages of cholera, and the loss of 1000 men in Bulgaria, had already added to the general anxiety. The lists were followed by the harrowing details of the battle field, the embarcation of the wounded, and their arrival at the imperfectly prepared hospital at Scutari.

On the 22nd of September, three days after the battle, 800 sick and wounded men were sent to Scutari in the Vulcan and Andes: these arrived on the 24th, and were landed on the 26th. 900 were sent two days after in the Orinoco and Columba, including 60 or 70 Russians; they arrived on the 26th at Scutari, and were landed on the 27th.

The newspapers were filled with complaints, and their statements produced the same effect everywhere. The first cry was, that the wounded had arrived, and there was no lint or linen to dress their wounds with. The papers were instantly filled with letters offering

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both. From house to house, parish to parish, lint was collected in bales and tons, till the public were assured, on official authority, that a further supply was not needed.

But the lint letters were succeeded by others, stating a grave deficiency. The medical men were overtaxed; the orderlies were ill-suited to attend in sickness. To meet the emergency, and to attend to the wants of more than 2,500 men, sick and wounded, there were at Scutari only 10 working medical officers, each of whom would thus have had 250 patients daily to attend to. The other branches of the service were equally inefficient in numbers. All, or nearly all, the medical officers were in the Crimea with the army at the time, and there must have been more than 450 regimental and staff medical officers there, many more than could have been needed for the sick of 23,000 men, being equal to one doctor for every 50 men, effective and non-effective.

Now arose the cry for nurses. Why were the English soldiers to be deprived of the comforts enjoyed by the French? On the first appearance of sickness at Varna, they had sent for Sisters of Charity, and the summons was instantly obeyed, and in bands of twenty-five they went as they were wanted. Why, it was said, are there no such nurses in England? Surely there are women in England as well as France, who would go forth and minister to the wants of the sick and wounded soldiers! And English women were not wanting. Many were the individuals who, in their secluded homes, determined to offer their services for this purpose, and applied for information and permission to the official authorities.

Amongst other volunteers was the widowed daughter

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of an Irish nobleman, Lady M—— F——. She engaged three nurses, furnished money for their outfit and expenses, and on the 11th of October she went to Miss Nightingale, then in Harley Street, and requested her to take them out to the East, or to recommend some one else, failing which she was ready to go herself! Subject to the approval of her parents—which was given—Miss Nightingale consented to go, and every preparation was made for her departure on the 17th. Her letter to Mr. Sidney Herbert—asking for government protection—was crossed by one from him, earnestly requesting her to undertake the task, and select her own band.

The scheme from this moment became a public one; and though every day's delay was to be deprecated, it was thought desirable to attempt to procure a larger staff of nurses, and therefore Miss Nightingale's departure was delayed for several days. She appointed two ladies to assist her in the selection of nurses; and while they dealt with individuals, she dealt with institutions and communities. From the beginning it was determined that all party feeling was to be merged in the one common object of alleviating suffering; and in the selection of nurses few questions were asked, and no objections made, on the ground of differences of creed or shades of opinion.

The only point on which any stress was laid—and it was laid equally on all—was, that proselytising was strictly forbidden.

The Master of St. John's House, Westminster, applied to the Bishop of London, on the 13th, saying he was ready to go out and take seven nurses. The Catholic Bishop of Southwark made a similar application

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to the War-office on the same day, having completed arrangements for five Sisters of Mercy to start immediately; which they did, but were stopped in Paris, and desired to wait for the whole band, then being organised under Miss Nightingale. All were to be subjected to her in matters relating to the hospital. With the approval of the Catholic Bishop of Southwark, rules were issued to the Sisters of Mercy for this special service—the first of which was, that the sisters should attend to the corporeal wants of the soldiers, but that they should never introduce religious subjects, except to patients of their own faith. The Master of St. John's House accepted Miss Nightingale's terms, after two days' consideration.

The institution founded by Mrs. Fry was the first to which Miss Nightingale applied, laying before the Lady Superintendent the terms offered by government; *i. e.* their not being for the time in connection with any other institution. She replied that none of the nurses would consent to go under such conditions, and the proposal therefore at once fell to the ground. Miss Sellon applied towards the middle of the week, and Miss Nightingale consented to take out eight of her sisters.

Between sixty and seventy nurses offered to go out —owing to the active kindness of friends who searched London for the purpose. Out of this number only eleven were selected, and that with great difficulty, the applicants being generally of a doubtful character. By Saturday, October 21st, the band was completed as follows: Ten Catholic Sisters of Mercy; eight of Miss Sellon's sisters; six nurses from St. John's; three selected by Lady M. F———; eleven selected from applicants; in all, 38.

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The only additions were Mr. and Mrs. Bracebridge, who most kindly, at the last moment, offered to go with Miss Nightingale; and on Monday, this expedition left England, under their escort. At Boulogne they were met on landing by the fish-women, who, hearing of their mission, insisted on carrying their luggage, gratis, to the Hotel des Bains, where the landlord provided a sumptuous luncheon for the whole party, for which neither he nor any one in his establishment would accept any remuneration; he repeated his liberality on the succeeding occasions when other bands of nurses passed through on their way to the East.

They proceeded to Marseilles, where the "Vectis" awaited them, and conveyed them, after a stormy passage, to Constantinople, at which they arrived on Saturday, November 4th, and were at once allotted the quarters in the Barrack Hospital at Scutari, which were thus occupied until the closing of the Hospital in August, 1856. Meantime the selection of nurses for future bands was left in the hands of Mrs. Sidney Herbert, Miss Stanley, and Miss Jones, Superintendent of St. John's House, Westminster. Each post, each hour, brought fresh offers; and, as a test of the qualifications of the applicants, it was agreed that, with few exceptions, all should go through training at some of the London Hospitals, and, to facilitate this, St. John's House and St. Saviour's Home, Osnaburgh Street, were opened to receive probationers; and latterly a third institution was established for the same purpose, under the patronage of the Earl of Shaftesbury, in Charlotte Street, Fitzroy Square.

Tidings from the East were eagerly looked for. At last they came. The nurses had arrived and been well

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received; and letters were seen from soldiers, and from medical and military officers, all speaking in grateful terms of what women's care already was and would be to them. Many comforts were said to be wanting, and English hearts and English purses were opened to remedy the deficiencies.

The battles of Balaclava and Inkermann sent down hundreds of sufferers. The medical men in England said the numbers of nurses already gone were but as a drop in the ocean amidst the thousands now in the Eastern hospitals; a second band was desired to be in readiness to go, if sent for. The summons came in a letter from Mr. Bracebridge to Mr. Herbert, who, anxious that as many sick as possible should benefit by the care of nurses, determined to send out as many as were ready. With as much care as practicable, a selection was made from the registered candidates. Nine ladies and twenty-two paid nurses were chosen; fifteen Catholic Sisters of Mercy, collected from various convents, under the charge of the superioress of the Convent of Kinsale, placed themselves at the service of the Government; and thus the party was composed. Miss Stanley was requested to go out in charge of them, and place them under Miss Nightingale's care, after which it was her intention to return home. The Hon. Mr. Percy and Dr. Meyer were to accompany them, to make arrangements.

On the 1st of December the party of nurses and ladies assembled at Mr. Sidney Herbert's house in Belgrave Square, and the scene which then presented itself was extraordinary; the rooms on the ground floor were turned into a fair, and that not a fancy one—boxes of all sizes, goloshes, cloaks, bonnets, jackets, gowns, collars, caps,

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lay in admired confusion in all directions. In one room a group were receiving their dresses, and of course the long ones fell to the share of the short people, and *vice versâ*.

I had better here describe our "Costume." It consisted of a loose wrapping gown of dark grey tweed, a worsted jacket, plain linen collar, and thick white cap; passing over the right shoulder was a broad strip of brown Holland, embroidered in red worsted with the words "Scutari Hospital." A short grey worsted cloak, brown straw bonnet, and veil, completed the dress.

The party were now summoned to stand in a circle, to be addressed by Mr. Sidney Herbert. He told us how useful Miss Nightingale and her party were then making themselves in the hospital; he warned us to expect many hardships and discomforts, and to be prepared to witness many scenes of horror; he impressed upon us the necessity of strict obedience to our superiors, and begged us to remember that we all went out on the same footing as hospital nurses, and that no one was to consider herself as in any way above her companions.

We were now summoned by Mrs. Sidney Herbert to sign our agreement, of which the following is a copy:—"Memorandum of agreement made this 1st day of December, 1854, between Miss Nightingale, under the principal medical-officer at ——-, on the one part, and —— of —— on the other part. Female nurses being required for the sick and wounded of the British Army serving in the East, the Secretary-at-War has agreed to employ the said —— in the capacity of nurse at a weekly salary of ——, and also to provide board

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and lodging; also to pay all expenses attendant upon the journeying to or from the present or any future hospital that may be appointed for the accommodation of the sick and wounded of the said army; and to pay all expenses of return to this country, should sickness render it necessary for the said —— to return, save and except such return shall be rendered necessary by the discharge of the said —— for neglect of duty, immoral conduct, or intoxication, in which case the said —— shall forfeit all claim upon the said Miss Nightingale from the period of such discharge. And the said —— hereby agrees to devote her whole time and attention to the purposes aforesaid, under the directions and to the satisfaction of the said Miss Nightingale, the whole of whose orders she undertakes to obey, until discharged by the said Miss Nightingale. Witness ——, December 1st, 1854."

In the case of volunteers, the sentence respecting payment in the agreement was erased.

The last evening was come. Few of those concerned in the morrow's departure slept that night. Last things were to be packed, last words spoken, and ere these were finished it was time to prepare for departure.

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CHAPTER II.

"The city of the Constantines,
The rising city of the billow side,
The city of the Cross—great Ocean's bride.

" * * * Lo reared on high
The Crescent blazes, while the Cross must bow."
THE LAST CONSTANTINE.

LONG before dawn on that dark December morning, cabs might have been seen in the silent, empty streets, all converging to one point, the London Bridge Station. In the large waiting room at the station the singular party assembled all in costume, and attended by innumerable friends; and when the long train of fifteen nuns, in their black serge dresses, white coifs, and long black veils, joined the party, we formed a group such as was never before seen at London Bridge Station.

Mrs. Sidney Herbert, with thoughtful kindness, brought last gifts and encouraging words to cheer all on their way. Gentlemen perambulated the room with "Illustrated News," "Punches," and table-spoons, which latter article seemed to be the last thought for our comfort. We had been informed that whatever luggage we required besides our one box each (which we were never to open from London to Constantinople) we must carry in our hands, consequently we were literally sinking beneath the weight of cloaks, shawls,

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railway wrappers, baskets, and carpet bags; and when the cry, "Nurses for Scutari, move on," came, it was with difficulty that many obeyed the summons.

We started about six, heartily cheered by the kind friends who had come to bid us good-bye. We reached Folkestone in two hours, and went straight on board the steamer for Boulogne. It was a lovely morning for the time of year, and old England's white cliffs stood out brightly in the morning light to receive our looks of farewell. We had a quick but very rough passage, which, with its attendant miseries, there is no need to describe. At Boulogne we were received by the fish-women, who insisted upon carrying our luggage from the boat to the station. We partook of the excellent luncheon kindly provided for us at the Hotel des Bains, after which we immediately left for Paris, where we arrived late at night. Sunday was spent at Paris without incident. Monday we travelled to Lyons. December the 5th, early in the morning, we went on board the steamer to go down the Rhone to Valence. A dense fog came on almost immediately after we went on board, in which the steamer ran aground, and delayed us two hours.

When we were once more on our way the fog cleared, and the day proving lovely we greatly enjoyed our voyage down the many windings of the beautiful river. The Alps in the distance were clearly to be seen. We reached Valence in the afternoon; found, as we expected, that our morning delay had caused us to lose the express train to Marseilles, resolved to proceed by the next train to Avignon, and telegraphed to the hotel there that fifty beds should be prepared. We heard afterwards that the hotel-keeper looked upon it as a hoax; however, he discovered his mistake when the fifty actually arrived.

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The hotel was a very old-fashioned one, and the windows of our room looked into a dark and narrow street, so narrow that the houses almost seemed to meet. It was a fête-day, the peasants were dancing by torch-light, and beautiful was the effect of the dark shadows of the houses, and the brilliant glare of light falling on the picturesque dresses of the peasants of Provence.

As we had only to proceed next day to Marseilles, some of our party, by rising early, managed to visit the Cathedral. It is handsome, but very small in comparison with many in England. It stands in a fine situation, and we were told commands a beautiful view. The pouring rain hid this from our eyes. We arrived at Marseilles at noon, and proceeded to the Hotel de l'Europe. There was much to be done at Marseilles by those in charge of the party; bed and bedding had to be bought and packed, and taken on board ship. The arrangements for the journey through France were made with the utmost liberality, and were carried out with the greatest consideration for the comfort of the party.

At Marseilles the English consul and chaplain were prompt in their offers to render any assistance in their power, and all through France the officials had been most courteous and attentive. We went out shopping for "last thoughts," in spite of the rain, and visited the flower-market, which looked as lovely as if it had been summer.

It was in the afternoon of December the 7th that the party embarked in the "Egyptus," one of the French mail steamers. She was carrying between two and three hundred French soldiers and officers to the seat of war, and was consequently very much crowded. The nurses expressed great dissatisfaction when they first

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saw their accommodation in the fore-cabin. The Sisters of Mercy were offered a share of first-class berths, but declined them, preferring to be all together in two of the fore-cabins. The ladies were all in saloon cabins.

The very first night was stormy, and it appeared the "Egyptus" was out of repair; but for the great demand for troop ships, she would have been in the docks six months before. Her decks required caulking, and nothing was secure. She was driven by press of weather into Hyeres, and remained for several hours. Towards evening of the 8th the gale went down, and we proceeded on our way. The French soldiers all slept on deck, and they used to go to sleep at dusk; so after dinner, the favourite time on board ship for taking a walk, one could not pace five yards without stumbling upon a Frenchman wrapped in his grey coat: he never seemed to mind it, or even to wake. A miserable-looking set of boys were those poor French soldiers.

We had rather rough weather until the night of December 11th, when the sea became quite calm, and not long after midnight the announcement was made that we were passing Stromboli. Many of us went on deck. We passed close by the island, which is like a rock glowing with fire in the midst of the ocean. Every now and then a bright flame burst out, blazed for a moment, and then disappeared; and then the rock glowed again so intensely, as if it would almost burn and consume itself; and yet there it has burnt from age to age, and will still burn on.

At daylight we anchored off Messina; and shortly after, finding there was no quarantine, most of us went on shore. The Sisters of Mercy remained on

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board—they considered it contrary to their rule to leave the vessel except on business.

Great was the enjoyment of that day. Winter seemed to have vanished. It was like the loveliest summer's day—so bright, and fresh, and sweet. Groves loaded with oranges and lemons, the bright blue Mediterranean calm as a lake, the mountains of Calabria in the distance, and the picturesque town of Messina itself,—all this lay spread before us as we stood on the steps of the church of San Angelo.

We went into the church, and there the beauty of art tried hard to rival that of nature. The church is very small; but the interior is entirely of mosaic, in excellent preservation; the roof fresco. It was a spot in which one could have spent hours, in delight and wonder at its marvellous beauty; but our time, of course, was short. We went further up the hill, to the Capuchin monastery, into the garden of which the gentlemen of our party were admitted, and they brought from it handsful of oranges, given by the good monks to comfort the ladies for not being permitted to enter. We saw their chapel, however, which was poor and small.

Descending the hill into the town, we visited the Cathedral. Over the west door is a most beautiful piece of sculpture. Over the high altar is a small picture of the Madonna and Child, believed to have been painted by St. Luke, and accordingly preserved in a silver case, set with precious stones; so carefully preserved is it, that we could hardly see the picture. Leaving the Cathedral, we walked through the streets to regain the shore. They were filthy beyond description. It is said to be one of the dirtiest towns in Europe; but even the dirt does not take off the picturesque

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effect. The very tall white houses, with draperies of the brightest colours hanging out of the windows; the shops, also hanging out their goods of various hues; the costume of the people, and the glimpses, as we turned down every strada, of the lovely bay, made our walk through Messina a delightful one.

Towards evening we went on board, and soon after sailed. A second storm occurred after leaving Messina, and a terrible night and day followed. For those who never moved from their berths in the saloon cabins it did not much signify, but the unhappy occupants of fore-cabins were far worse off. In the middle of the night the skylight was torn off, and the sea poured into the cabins occupied by the nuns and nurses. The nurses on this occasion behaved extremely well, no murmurs escaped their lips. Gratefully they received every attempt to better their condition; and the ensuing night, of their own accord, they offered up a thanksgiving to Almighty God for their safe deliverance from the perils of the storm.

The scene of the storm was past description; the men darted in to bale out the water; some of the nurses were too sick to care for anything, some called "*garçon*," and others began to prepare for instant death. Sisters and nurses were to be seen, ankle deep in water, assisting the bare-legged sailors to bale out their cabins, in which were floating oranges, books, clothes, &c. When daylight came, the poor sisters found that the sea had penetrated into their trunks; and books and clothes, and ornaments for their chapel, were entirely spoiled. The misery the poor sisters endured, and most patiently, during this voyage, baffles description. No breakfast could be got that day; so sick and well fasted till dinner time,

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when the storm began to abate, and the night of December the 11th was spent in the harbour of Navarino.

On December the 15th we anchored off the Piræus; and on the night of the 16th we reached Galipoli, having passed the plains of Troy at sunset, (they were covered with indescribably lovely tints of soft lilac: that is the only expression which seems to describe it, but it was a colour rarely if ever seen before by any of us), and entered the Dardanelles.

We anchored for several hours at Gallipoli, and two French *Sœurs de la Charité* came on board to proceed to Constantinople. Many of us had never seen *les Sœurs de la Charité* before; we found on inquiry that they belonged to the order of St. Vincent de Paul, and are bound only by annual vows. The order was founded two hundred years ago, and they wear the peasant dress of that period, consisting of grey serge, with jacket and loose sleeves, and a large stiff white peasant cap, of which it is said one of the kings of France invented the shape by folding his dinner napkin into it.

The ship was so crowded that there was not a single berth for the *sœurs*, and they were quite contented to sit up; but they received a warm welcome from the Sisters of Mercy, who invited them to share their small cabin for the night. Next morning, some of our party, who could converse in French, were anxious to talk to them; but they were prevented. The French officers and soldiers on board evidently looked upon *les sœurs* as their exclusive property, and treated them with affectionate respect; immediately they made their appearance on deck, they were surrounded by their countrymen, who did not relinquish them until we ar-

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rived at our destination. The last day of the voyage had come; Sunday the 17th found the "Egyptus" rolling through the Sea of Marmora.

About noon the first haze of Constantinople appeared on the horizon, and every eye was fixed in that direction; but the distant view disappointed us; for it is only on rounding Seraglio Point, and entering the Golden Horn, as the eye slowly gathers in the wonderful extent of mosques and minarets, the varied shipping, the palaces, and the groves of cypresses, that the marvellous beauty of the imperial city bursts forth. No travellers had before, we supposed, so quickly called off their attention from the beautiful panorama of Constantinople, to gaze on objects possessing no beauty in themselves, but full of interest to us—the hospitals of Scutari, the goal of our long travel, and our future home. Both Hospitals stand in commanding positions near the edge of the cliff overhanging the Sea of Marmora on the Asiatic side, looking down upon the Golden Horn, Seraglio Point, and the city in the distance. How our hearts yearned to be in those hospitals, to be accomplishing the object for which we had left our dear country and our loved homes, to be soothing in some small degree a portion of the mighty mass of suffering collected in those wards. Such were our thoughts, as we slowly passed Scutari and anchored in the Golden Horn.

The vast collection of shipping which fills the bay adds greatly to the extraordinary beauty of the scene. At this time the flags of all nations, except the Russian, were flying. The fairy-like caiques shot rapidly by (even the commonest of these boats were richly ornamented with carving); then came the pasha's caiques with their bright cushions and carpets, their six rowers

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all dressed in white, with the crimson fez—the pasha himself sitting in state with his pipe-bearer behind him; then came the heavy passage boats, loaded with passengers and luggage, among the former numbers of Turkish women, closely wrapped in their feridgee and yashmac; the rowers of these passage boats rise from their seats each time they raise the oars, so that their progress is slow and tedious. These were some of the strange sights we watched that Sunday afternoon from the deck of the "Egyptus."

One of the gentlemen of our escort went in a caique to Scutari to announce our arrival to Miss Nightingale. All agreed it was necessary we should sleep on board that night. The passengers who were not of our party soon went on shore, while we sat watching the sunset, as its golden light fell upon tower and minaret, and shed a sort of halo over the queenly city. We watched till the stars came out; then the moon rose, and beautiful indeed looked Constantinople, bathed in its soft silver rays.

Mr. Bracebridge came on board in the evening, and brought news that the next morning the admiral's small steamer would be alongside to convey us, not to Scutari, but to a house belonging to the ambassador at Therapia—a village fifteen miles up the Bosphorus, on the European side—the reason of this change being that there was no room for us at present at Scutari.

This news insensibly cast a damp over our spirits, although it seemed but reasonable that we should be delayed for a few days. The French Sisters of Charity, who have a large convent in Galata, sent to offer to receive the Sisters of Mercy for a short time; for it being the Christmas holidays, and their boarding-school having

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broken up, they were enabled to spare them a room in their generally well crowded convent.

As we all looked forward to a week's delay as the longest possible time, this offer was accepted, and next morning the party separated. The nuns proceeded to Galata; the ladies and nurses, under Miss Stanley's charge; to Therapia; the gentlemen to an hotel in Pera. On December the 18th, with thankful hearts for our merciful preservation through a perilous voyage, we quitted the "Egyptus," and the little steamer quickly conveyed us to Therapia. It was a pleasant passage: the banks of the Bosphorus are thickly crowded with houses, which often overhang the waters: small Turkish cemeteries, with their dark cypresses and gaily-coloured tombstones, or a Sultan's palace, with its terraced gardens, or mosques and minarets of snowy whiteness, diversified the scene; on the high points of the hills are the picturesque kiosks, or summer houses: the many windings of the Bosphorus, the dark hills and valleys between, the varied colouring of the wooden houses on either side, made our passage up to Therapia seem like a series of pictures.

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CHAPTER III.

"Go, stranger, track the deep,
Free, free the white sail spread;
Wave may not foam, nor wild wind sweep
Where rest not England's dead."

FELICIA HEMANS.

We reached Therapia about eleven in the morning; and the steamer anchored at the quay immediately before the house we were to occupy, which was the summer residence of the *attachés* of the British embassy. The quay, between the house and the Bosphorus, is about four yards wide. Entering the garden, and ascending a long flight of steps, we were led into a long hall, from which various rooms opened. All the rooms were on this floor; the kitchen, as in most Turkish buildings, separate from the house. The house was only partially furnished, but all deficiencies were supplied that afternoon from Constantinople, and the evening was spent in arrangements.

Miss Stanley refused assistance from the English hotel in Therapia, thinking it preferable to employ the paid nurses in the household work which had to be performed. But now the evils of the equality system began to appear. The ladies had suffered from it during the journey; for having no authority to restrain the hired nurses, they were compelled to listen to the worst

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language, and to be treated not unfrequently with coarse insolence. Whispers were heard amongst them on the first evening, that they had come out to nurse the soldiers, and not to sweep, wash, and cook.

The following morning, after breakfast, Miss Stanley assembled the whole party, and after returning thanks for the termination of the long and stormy voyage, she addressed the nurses, stating to us all, that she could not tell how long we might be delayed at Therapia, but whether for a long or short time she trusted we should live together in peace and harmony, "serving one another by love," each of us assisting to the best of our power in the work of the house, as she should allot to us. She reminded us of the serious and important work we had come out to perform, and how much depended on our own conduct. She then assigned to each her work.

The discontent was not altogether quelled by this kind address; most of the paid nurses performed their work with an air of infinite condescension. One was asked, what she could do in helping the work of the house? Could she wash? No! Iron? No! Then what could she do? "Make a poultice!" she replied; but as there were none to make, Mrs. —— retired to her room, and employed herself about her own devices as long as we stayed at Therapia. Some few of the nurses worked hard and willingly for the public good.

Therapia is the summer residence of the English and French ministers; a good many country houses, and a large hotel, complete the fashionable part. All these are built on the quay. The British embassy stands a little further back, with a beautiful terraced garden, ascending from which one reaches a high point, on

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this is planted the flag staff. From here there is a magnificent view: one can see the entrance to the Black Sea; the village of Buyukdere, round the point; the many windings of the stream; the dark hills on the Asiatic side; and the Giant's Hill just opposite, the highest point of this part of the country.

Hills rise so immediately behind Therapia, that it would be a very warm situation in summer, were it not for the north breeze from the Black Sea, which renders it the most delightful atmosphere in Turkey.

Around the house in which we lived was a large garden, at the extreme end of which, quite hidden among the trees, was a small building, the summer residence of Lord Napier, Secretary to the Embassy; the use of this house also was offered to us by Lord Stratford de Redcliffe, and it was assigned by Miss Stanley for the use of the nuns, after they had been a few days at Galata. After passing the Hotel d'Angleterre the stone quay ends, and the village begins, which consists of a few wretched shops, several *cafés*, a French *magasin*, and a small Greek church.

After passing through the village the quay recommences, there are a few better sort of houses, then two large buildings, which were at that time converted into British and French naval hospitals, and the Sultan's palace; eventually, this last became the British naval convalescent hospital, but at the time we were at Therapia they possessed only the one building.

On Christmas-day there was no English service, the chaplain being indisposed. Prayers were read at home, and we adorned the rooms with green, sang carols, and tried to make ourselves believe it was really Christmas-day. The joyous sounds of an English Christmas were

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ringing in our ears; and it was an oppressive thought to remember, that through the length and breadth of the fair land we were then in, save from the few bodies of strangers who dwelt in it for a time, there went up no sounds of rejoicing for the glad tidings of great joy. No bells rang out their welcome to the birthday of the King of kings.*

Therapia is quite a Greek village. The services at the Greek church were most curious and picturesque. The church itself is small and common-looking outside, inside much decorated with pictures, chandeliers, great candlesticks, and painted pillars, all rather tawdry when looked into, except the rood screen, which is one of the most beautiful pieces of carving I ever beheld; it reaches entirely to the ceiling, and it is only in the space above the door which admits the priest into the chancel that you catch a view of the altar. This space is generally covered with an embroidered curtain, only withdrawn at mass. The service was most extraordinary. Two priests stood in stalls in the nave with large books, out of which they chanted (at least I suppose it was intended for such), but it sounded like the most dismal howling. It was an indescribably discordant noise. The congregation employed themselves in walking up to two or three little pictures, and kissing them repeatedly. They then crossed themselves a great many times, and lighted the smallest wax tapers in the world, which they stuck by the side of the same little pictures. Then the curtain before the altar was drawn back, and the priest appeared in an under robe of dark brown and fur, and an outer one of crimson and gold. He was an old man, with a long white beard. He brought with him a

* The Greek Church celebrates Christmas twelve days later.

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censer, with which he incensed the people; then the host was carried round the church, the people forming into two lines as it passed—the men bowing the head, the women bending down till their hands touched the ground—they never kneel. We could not understand the service; it did not seem like the celebration of mass. The priest at the altar was saying prayers; but the two in the nave would not let his voice be heard: they continued their dissonant sounds so as to drown all others.

It was certainly a most striking scene. The Greek men are a handsome race, very different to the women, who are extremely plain; even the common class of men are all like pictures—the dress doubtless has something to do with it. On Sundays and *fête*-days it is so picturesque; the full trousers gathered in at the knee, the tunic of the same colour, perhaps of deep blue, showing the embroidered vest, the bright-coloured scarf round the waist, and the crimson fez.

Miss Stanley found it necessary to be very strict in not allowing the nurses to go out into the village, and confining their walks to the Embassy grounds; but on two occasions she allowed the party to make an excursion. The first was to the Trafalgar man-of-war, then lying off Therapia. Captain Greville kindly sent his boats for the party, who were shown over the vessel, which is an extremely fine one. They were then rowed back again to the Embassy. The second excursion was to the Giant's Hill; it was taken under the escort of the medical authorities of the Naval Hospital, who lent their boats for the excursion. The Giant's Hill is on the Asiatic shore. It is the highest point of the hills of the Bosphorus, and from its summit there is a fine view of the Black Sea, the Golden Horn, and the Sea of Marmora.

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Our life flowed on monotonously enough at Therapia, —ironing the clothes which the nurses condescended to wash for us, taking a walk on the quay when weather permitted, and writing home, were our employments day after day. How long the weeks seemed! The constant expectation contributed to heighten this feeling. Every Sunday we hoped the next would see us at work, and Sunday after Sunday brought disappointment.

Miss Stanley answered all our inquiries as to the delay by stating that, in consequence of the arrival of eight hundred sick from the camp, there was no room for us at Scutari, and we were to remain where we were till arrangements were made for our employment.

The occasional amusement to some of us was shopping. We not understanding a word of Greek, and the shopkeepers knowing no English, the bargain was conducted entirely by signs; for instance, the supply of flat irons being very insufficient, one of the party volunteered to buy one; the others said she would never find it. She resolved to try, so she pointed to article after article to try and represent what she wanted, but in vain. At last she laid one end of her cloak on the counter, and ironed it with her hand. The Greek clapped his hands, while his eyes sparkled, and away he rushed into some back region, and brought out the oldest, rustiest affair in the shape of an iron ever beheld—a treasure to us, however; he asked thirty-four piastres (9*s.*), and took eighteen piastres (3*s.*), of course a great deal too much for it.

Then we discovered an old tin-man; he was a Turk, by-the-bye (and he lived in a barrel), and he made vessels in tin, which articles it was advisable after buying not to place too near the fire, as their construction

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was not very strong. The old Turk made treasures for us in the shape of tin pots or jugs, which would hold about a pint; in these we could boil water.

The Protestant afternoon service on Sunday (there were no morning prayers) was in one of the wards of the naval hospital. We suppose no other place could be found; but it was a trial to go there—the smell and atmosphere were both so unhealthy. This condition of the atmosphere of these hospitals arose from the number of cases of frost-bite then under treatment. The arrangements for ventilation were good, and every possible care and attention were shown to the patients.

The Catholic services were performed in a ward of the French naval hospital, the atmosphere of which was even worse than the British. Every morning the long train of the fifteen Sisters of Mercy was seen slowly wending their way thither; they never, except for this purpose, went beyond the grounds of the embassy.

Our services as nurses were offered to the authorities of the British naval hospital, but were declined, in consequence of their then expecting a party of their own, sent out, of course, by the Admiralty. In the mean time the surgeons said that, if any of the nurses could wash for their hospital, they would be very thankful, as their washing was three months in arrear. It is a matter of great difficulty to get washing done in Turkey. The surgeons had hired two Maltese women to wash, but both soon ran away.

Miss Stanley appointed some nurses for this work, and requested a lady to take charge of them, which she thankfully accepted, saying that as she could not nurse soldiers she would wash for sailors, and for about a month from morning to night she fulfilled her task, which

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was not a light one. There are few ladies whose health would have enabled them to undertake such a labour. Two or three of the ladies daily visited the naval hospital to talk to the men, and write letters for them.

They also sent large baskets full of the patients' linen to our house to be mended, and in the evenings we sat round the table in the hall at our work, while one of the party read aloud. Sometimes such a treasure as an English newspaper fell into our hands. It was astonishing how precious a scrap of home news became. We were quite sorry when the mending was done, but with so many hands it did not take long.

Our spirits were beginning to rise at the prospect of work, for negotiations were opened for nurses to be sent to Balaclava; and we heard it was intended to remove the Russian prisoners from the barracks at Koulali, and to occupy that building as a British hospital. There was a good deal of sickness among us, not of a serious character, but climatising. The naval surgeons attended those who were ill, and never can we forget the friendly kindness and attention which we received from these gentlemen. In them we indeed found friends in a foreign land.

The weather continued very variable; sometimes the cold was intense; snow would lie on the ground for several days. We suffered much from cold, not that it was so intense as some of the severe frosts in England, but the want of means to warm oneself added so greatly to it. In our large house were two stoves only, which gave but little heat. In the house occupied by the Sisters of Mercy there was but one stove, and a few charcoal brasiers. It should be remembered that these

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houses are built solely for summer residences, and are never inhabited in the winter. Blankets we did not possess, only the quilts used in Turkey, which by no means supply their places, so that railway wrappers and cloaks were useful beyond expression. One stove was supposed to warm the long hall, which it certainly did not do.

One night some one sitting beside the stove in the hall saw smoke issuing from under the stove plate; she gave the alarm, and we discovered that the plate was laid upon the floor, the woodhouse being underneath. In half-an-hour more the whole would have been in flames, and we turned out on a bitter cold winter evening. As all the houses were built of wood, and there were no engines, the destruction would have been great. Fortunately we were in time to stop it, the only disagreeable result being that we were forbidden to have any fire in it at all till the plate was raised on stones from the flooring. This simple operation taking a long time in Turkey, we were for several days in the coldest weather without any fire save a charcoal brasier.

Sometimes, after a severe frost, would come a day of spring more bright and lovely than any in England. One Sunday was like this; we watched the fishing from the window. A number of caiques all darted to one particular spot just before our windows, where shoals of fishes happened to be at little distances; a caique or two were scattered here and there, but the group in the midst was the most remarkable: they struggled and fought who should throw in their nets. It seemed as if they would overturn the caiques. At last in went net after net, and up they came brimful of little silver fishes; they emptied their nets into the bottom of

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the boat, and plunged them in again. The heap of fishes glistening in the sunshine, the bright blue Bosphorus smooth as a lake, the dark hills in the distance, the curiously shaped boats, and the picturesque dress of the boatmen, their shrill voices, rapid actions, and foreign language, made a picture not easily forgotten, and brought to mind the celebrated cartoon of the miraculous draught. We pleased ourselves with comparing the scene before us to that of the blue lake of Galilee, the eastern hills and Hebrew fishermen.

Immediately behind the Barrack Hospital, quite at the foot of the hills, almost secluded from sight, is the British naval burying ground. It looked a dreary spot then; the grass had not grown over the graves, the rain had made the clay mould wet and muddy. No stone marked who rested there—no sign that they whose remains slept there lay down in a better hope than the poor Turks who were buried close by; no sign that the sleepers were enshrined in the hearts of their country, and died in her service.

About halfway up the hill was the French naval burying ground, almost every grave marked by its little wooden cross, with the name of him who was buried there, the ship he belonged to, and the date of his death written on it. True, the wood would in time sink into the earth, but it was pleasing to see the care and thought bestowed. We did not like the contrast between the countries, and the ladies of our party determined to raise a monument to the memories of the sailors and marines who were buried in our burial ground. We had to ask permission for this from the Admiralty, and therefore we could not see our wish carried out before we left Therapia. It was our unani-

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mous wish that it should be a cross to distinguish the burial ground as a Christian one. It now stands in Therapia's British naval burying ground. We afterwards heard that it was badly constructed, and badly placed by the sculptor; nevertheless, we trusted the friends of those whose bodies rest beneath that foreign sod would not despise our offering. The stone is inscribed with these words:—

"This stone is raised to the memory of the sailors and marines buried in this graveyard [their names are then inscribed in order] by their countrywomen." On the arms of the cross are engraven the words: "I am the Resurrection and the Life."

Miss Stanley was frequently absent from us for a day or two at a time; her anxiety to have us released from our very unpleasant position was very great. She went frequently to the British embassy at Pera, and met there with much kindness from Lady Stratford, who interested herself warmly in procuring employment for our band. Miss Stanley also went often to Scutari, to try and make arrangements for the reception of some more of her nurses.

During Miss Stanley's absences our anxiety to know our fate grew very intense, and we used to watch for the steamer by which we expected her return eagerly. Two steamers went daily from Buyukdere to Pera, touching at Therapia; one returned at four in the afternoon, the other half-an-hour later. When it touched the quay, loaded with passengers, we looked anxiously for Miss Stanley, or Nicola, the interpreter, who would, perhaps, bring us letters if she were not there. If she were there, she was instantly surrounded by the number of expectant ladies. "Oh, Miss Stanley, what news?

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Are we going away? Are we to be sent home? What can it all mean?"'

Miss Stanley's unvarying answer was, that we must be patient, that obstacles were in our way which must be removed ere we could gain admittance to the hospital; she would never say in what these obstacles consisted, and very patiently withstood all our questioning. She was deservedly much beloved by all for her just government of the community, her uniform sweetness of temper, and thoughtful kindness for all—but many and bitter were the complaints made of her "vagueness." We could not find out from her why we were detained, and whose fault it was, and this was a cause of extreme vexation.

Wherever the fault lay, it was most unaccountable that 47 women should be kept idle at Therapia, while so much work was to be done at Scutari—when the hospitals were crowded, and the numbers greater than at any previous period. The deaths at Scutari had been, in September, 165; in October, 256; in November, 388; in December, 667, and now they had reached the frightful number of 90 per diem; the deaths in January having been 1473. There were, at this time, only 10 nurses at the General Hospital, and 30 at the Barrack Hospital. If there were really no room to be found for us at the Hospital, why were we not accommodated with a house in Scutari? There could have been no difficulty in this, for houses in Scutari were procured for other purposes. But there were many strange things done at this period, and no doubt many others strangely left undone. If we had been only allowed to help in the cooking—there were but 12 cooks for upwards of 3000 sick—it would no

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doubt have promoted the well-being, and alleviated much of the sufferings, of the poor patients.

Great excitement was roused amongst us when the summons came for one or two of the party to leave us for Scutari. This happened twice. Two nurses who were known as very good surgical nurses were sent for. One of these women happened to be a soldier's wife; her chief motive for coming out was to be near her husband. Her friends at home tried to dissuade her from coming, pointing out how very unlikely it was that she should be able to meet with him. She persisted in her wish, and curiously enough, the day we entered the Golden Horn, he among other sick came down from the camp to Scutari. She did not know this for a week after, and was then prevented by her own illness from going to him for another week. She went at length, and found him dying. She waited on him the last two days of his life, and then, after his death, remained as nurse for several months.

Next, one of the ladies of our party was sent for, Miss Nightingale wishing her to take the office of superintendent of the nurses in the General Hospital, Scutari. Great was our anxiety to know what became of our companions. As soon as they left us we heard no more of them; they wrote short notes, saying nothing of what we most wanted to know; viz., their work.

Next came a great move; two ladies, five nuns, and several paid nurses were sent for. We were told at the time that this band composed the whole of those who would be admitted into Scutari Hospital, the rest of the party were to be divided between Balaclava and Koulali, and we waited with as much patience as we

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could for the conclusion of the arrangements which would open these new fields of labour to us. Although five of the nuns were to work in Scutari Hospital, and the remaining ten were destined for Koulali, the community was not divided, but remained as one body in the charge of the superioress under whom they had left England; and previous to the departure of the five sisters for Scutari the Rev. Mother made an arrangement with Miss Nightingale that she should have the right of withdrawing her sisters when it should seem fit to her to do so.

Miss Stanley was requested to take the office of superintendent of nurses at Koulali; and she consented to delay her return home for a time in order to start the nursing there.

About Balaclava there were many and conflicting opinions; some thought that the Crimea was not sufficiently in the hands of the allies to make it safe for women to go there; that, in the event of an attack, they would only be a burden; while the hardships they would have to endure would be too great. We were told that, though Miss Nightingale did not forbid it, she would not sanction it. The point was, I believe, decided by Lord Raglan's expressed wish for the assistance of eight nurses.

Miss Nightingale appointed, as superintendent of the Balaclava nursing staff, one of Miss Sellon's sisters under her charge; her seven companions were to be selected from those of our party who should volunteer to go; there were nine volunteers, seven were selected by Miss Stanley, two ladies, five nurses. Great preparations were made for their departure; *rumour* (our only source of information) said, that they would find

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nothing but unfurnished huts at Balaclava; and so the village was ransacked for cooking utensils, as far as the miserable shops of Therapia would furnish; bedsteads and bedding were packed, and all was ready.

A note from Miss Stanley (who was staying at the embassy in Pera) announced, that passages were taken on board the "Melbourne" for the party for Balaclava; that the superintendent would go on board in the Golden Horn; that the "Melbourne" would lie off Therapia sufficiently long to allow the party to go on board, but that all the luggage must be embarked in caiques; they were to lie off the house, ready to start as soon as the "Melbourne" should arrive. She was to sail on the 15th of January; early on that day the caique, well-loaded with luggage, lay off the quay before the house.

The party were all dressed and ready, and every eye watched the vessels as they passed; but the day wore on, and no ship appeared off Therapia. When night came on, a general sense of disappointment fell on all the Balaclava party. We had grown so familiar with suspense and disappointment, that they were not satisfied with our assurances that ships hardly ever sailed on the day they professed to do; they could not be persuaded but that some obstacle had arisen. When the next morning came, six of the party declared they could not bear to spend the day as they had done the preceding one, with their bonnets on, watching the ships; they would employ themselves in some way, and be ready at five minutes' notice. A lady of the party, the one who had washed at the hospital, and who was especially distinguished for her self-devotion, had been from the first most anxious to go to Balaclava; she was greatly

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afraid some obstacle had arisen from the non-arrival of the "Melbourne;" and would not wait like the others, but dressed and was ready as on the day before.

The day was stormy, the Bosphorus very rough. Nicola came directly after breakfast to say, that the caiquejee declared it was too rough for him to lie off the quay; he must go into a little bay opposite the village. Our friend would not lose sight of her boxes, so she insisted upon going thither with him, and seated herself among the boxes in the caique, and patiently kept her place the whole morning. As little groups of our party passed down the quay for pleasure or for shopping, there they found her settled. How we laughed! She did not care a bit, but took it all in good part. To crown the whole, early in the afternoon a vessel was seen in the distance; it would have taken nearly an hour to ascertain whether it was the "Melbourne"—we could not even see her colours; but our friend could not wait, so off the caique and boxes and lady went, over the billows of the Bosphorus, which were many and fierce that day, till it lay alongside the vessel. The lady boarded her and found she was French; the captain was very polite, but could give her no information respecting the "Melbourne." Again she seated herself in her caique; watching from our windows we saw the little dark speck dancing on the waves. "Surely she is coming home now," we said. "She certainly will be drowned on this rough day;" and, exclaimed one of the Balaclava party, "She has got all our boxes with her, and *they* will all be lost!"

Another sail was seen on the horizon, and we saw the little speck turn in that direction, and soon lie alongside this vessel. Though we were really alarmed

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at the freak, it was impossible to help laughing at the pertinacity with which she pursued her object. At this juncture one of the naval surgeons came in and joined in the laugh, but soon said, "Really it is too rough for such an adventure. I hope she has two caiquejees with her." "No, indeed; only one," we answered. He instantly ran out, and ordered a caique with two rowers to follow our adventurous friend. However, before it could reach her, she had returned in safety, and her mind at rest. The second vessel was English, and the officer in charge knew the "Melbourne" was still in dock, and had not finished coaling. So now all were satisfied, and it was well, for three more days of suspense were their portion. At length, on the 19th at noon, the "Melbourne" lay off Therapia, and the party were put safely on board.

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CHAPTER IV.

"And as she looked around, she saw how Death the consoler,
Laying his hand upon many a heart, had healed it for ever;
Many familiar forms had disappeared in the night-time;
Vacant their places were, or filled already by strangers."

EVANGELINE.

THE day at last arrived when the establishment at Therapia was finally broken up. Seven had gone to Balaclava; three hired nurses had been sent home (one from ill-health, two from their habits of intoxication); two more hired nurses had been sent to private cases at Pera, while waiting for Government work (they afterwards joined the Koulali nursing staff); eighteen were received at Scutari, and the remaining sixteen under Miss Stanley's charge, went to Koulali. We will now follow the footsteps of those proceeding to Scutari. We landed at the wharf, and climbing the steep hill, found ourselves at the main guard or principal entrance to Scutari Barrack Hospital. The hospital is an immense square building; long corridors run completely round it, and it is three stories high. Numberless apartments open out of these corridors, which are called wards. At each corner of the building is a tower. The main guard divides corridor A; turning to the left, after passing through one or two divisions, from which the guard rooms open, we came to the sick.

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To avoid the cold air of the long corridor, wooden partitions were put up, and the spaces between these were called divisions. We made our way, through the double row of sick, to the tower at the corner (Miss Nightingale's quarters); the smell in this corridor was quite overpowering—the cases were almost all surgical, which, I suppose, was partly the cause.

On arriving at Miss Nightingale's quarters, we entered the large kitchen or hall, from which all the other rooms opened. There were four rooms on the lower story, occupied as follows:—Mr. and Mrs. Bracebridge in one; Miss Nightingale in another; the five nuns in the third; fourteen nurses and one lady in the last. A staircase led to two other rooms in the tower; the first occupied by the sisters from Miss Sellon's, and other ladies; the second by the nurses belonging to St. John's Training Institution. The kitchen was used as Miss Nightingale's extra-diet kitchen. From this room were distributed quantities of arrowroot, sago, rice puddings, jelly, beef tea, and lemonade, upon requisitions made by the surgeons. This caused great comings to and fro; numbers of orderlies were waiting at the door with requisitions. One of the nuns, or a lady, received them, and saw that they were signed and countersigned, and then served them.

We used, among ourselves, to call this kitchen the tower of Babel, from the variety of languages spoken in it, and the confusion. In fact, in the middle of the day, everything and everybody seemed to be there. Boxes, parcels, bundles of sheets, shirts, and old linen and flannels; tubs of butter, sugar, bread, kettles, saucepans, heaps of books, and of all kinds of rubbish, besides the "diets," which were being dispensed; then the people,

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ladies, nuns, nurses, orderlies, Turks, Greeks, French and Italian servants, officers, and others, waiting to see Miss Nightingale; all passing to and fro, all intent upon their own business, and all speaking their own language.

The ladies' quarter was the first room upstairs. It was a good-sized one, with eight windows, and having a fine view of the sea. A divan ran round the room, covered with stuffed cushions, which, together with the matting, were well furnished with fleas. A number of rats also lived in the divan and wainscoting, and took nightly promenades about the room.

On Friday mornings, a Turk came to hoist the Turkish flag from the summit of the tower. He therefore passed through our room at sunrise to put it up, and at sunset to take it down: he always omitted the ceremony of knocking at the door, and as he took off his shoes below, it was not very easy to discern his approach.

Two days after my arrival, Miss Nightingale sent for me to go with her round the hospital. (Miss Nightingale generally visited her special cases at night.) We went round the whole of the second story, into many of the wards, and into one of the upper corridors. It seemed an endless walk, and it was one not easily forgotten. As we slowly passed along, the silence was profound; very seldom did a moan or cry from those multitudes of deeply suffering ones fall on our ears. A dim light burned here and there. Miss Nightingale carried her lantern, which she would set down before she bent over any of the patients. I much admired her manner to the men—it was so tender and kind.

All the corridors were thickly lined with beds, laid on low tressels, raised a few inches from the ground.

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In the wards a divan runs round the room, and on this were laid the straw beds, and the sufferers on them. The hospital was crowded to its fullest extent. The building, which has since been reckoned to hold, with comfort, seventeen hundred men, then held nearly three thousand. Miss Nightingale assigned me my work— it was half of corridor A, the whole of B, half C, the whole of I (on the third story), and all the wards leading out of these corridors; in each corridor there were fifteen wards, except in No. I, where there were only six. This work I was to share with another lady, and one nurse. The number of patients under our charge was, as far as I could reckon, about one thousand.

Miss Nightingale told us only to attend to those in the divisions belonging to surgeons who wished for our services. She said the staff-surgeon of the division was willing we should work under him, and she charged us never to do anything for the patients without the leave of the doctors.

When we had gone round the hospital, we came out of corridor A upon the main guard. The blast of cold air from the entrance was refreshing, after the overpowering smell of the wards. The corridors of the lower story were under the charge of Miss E—, from Miss Sellon's, assisted by nurses; the remainder of A, under Sister M. S—, of the Bermondsey nuns; corridor H, on the third story, under another nun. Several nurses were engaged in different divisions of corridor C; the rest in the diet kitchen.

It seems simply impossible to describe Scutari Hospital at this time. Far abler pens have tried, and all, in some measure, failed; for what an eye-witness saw was past description. Even those who read the harrow-

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ing accounts in the "Times" and elsewhere, could not have imagined the full horror of the reality. As we passed the corridors, we asked ourselves if it were not a terrible dream. When we woke in the morning, our hearts sank down at the thought of the woe we must witness during the day. At night we lay down wearied beyond expression; but not so much from physical fatigue, though that was great, as from the sickness of heart occasioned by living amidst such a mass of hopeless suffering. On all sides prevailed the utmost confusion—whose fault it was I cannot tell—clear heads have tried in vain to discover this: probably the blame should have been shared by all the departments of the hospital.

It is necessary here to particularise some of the hospital rules, to give an idea of our work. First, the diet roll:—In London hospitals a diet card for each patient hangs at the head of his bed, and any alteration in it is generally, if not always, made by the house surgeon. In military hospitals the diet roll is a book of foolscap paper, with a sheet for each day, and small divisions for each diet. Whatever is inserted in the diet rolls (as in all hospitals), is not furnished till the next day. In military hospitals a man is placed either on full, half, low, or spoon diet. If a man is on full diet, one column is sufficient, as by it is understood that he is to have daily twelve ounces of meat, one pound of bread, and one of potatoes, together with vegetables, tea, &c. Half-diet consists of half a pound of meat, one pound of bread, half a pound of potatoes, &c. Low diet four ounces of meat, twelve ounces of bread, eight ounces of potatoes, &c. Spoon-diet is simply half a pound of bread, and tea; but it had this difference, that the surgeon could give a man on spoon-diet extras; but for

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any patient on full, half, or low diet he could not: nor could the surgeons order more than two or three extras to the spoon diets—the extras at this time were fowls, mutton chops, potatoes, milk, eggs, arrowroot, rice, sago, and lemons for lemonade. There was an alteration made before we left the East in respect to extras; they were, and are now, regularly allowed whenever a surgeon may think them necessary, even in cases of full diet. But the above allowance for the patient's diet, though it may be amply sufficient in England, when the quality of the provisions is good, was found quite insufficient in Turkey, where the meat, &c., was at all times wretchedly inferior.

Before the diet roll could be sent into the purveyor's stores, it had to be signed by the assistant-surgeon in charge of the patients, whose names were inserted on it, and then it had to be countersigned by the staff-surgeon of the division. The staff-surgeon being the assistant-surgeon's superior officer, and medical etiquette entirely sinking in military discipline, it is quite possible that an assistant-surgeon may be called to account for any apparent *extravagance* in the diet roll; and this sometimes happened, for extravagance seemed to be the great bugbear of our Eastern hospitals.

The diet rolls were written by the sergeants or corporals appointed as ward-masters; if they made any mistake (which they very often did), there was no redress. If they had forgotten to insert an extra to any patient, he must have for that day gone without it.

The purveying department was at that time in a most inefficient state; constantly the requirements of the diet rolls were not complied with, the stores were given out most irregularly, the orderlies were often obliged to

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go down to the store-rooms at four A.M. to draw the rations for breakfast; the last of the band would not be served till past seven A.M. The men's dinners, which ought to have come at twelve, often did not come till five or six P.M.—three P.M. was excellent time. Very often we saw the orderlies cutting up the carcases of sheep in the corridor close by the beds in which were men suffering from every form of disease.

Of course, many cases must arise in which the patients are in such a state that their diet must be altered or added to that day. The means of doing this is by a requisition signed by the assistant-surgeon. He must write a separate requisition for each man; and after he has signed it, it is taken to the staff-surgeon to be countersigned, and then to the stores.

This regulation, and indeed all others, were made for military hospitals in an ordinary state, when the buildings only have the numbers they are intended for, where every department is sufficiently supplied with people to work it, where extreme cases are to be counted in each ward by ones and twos, and can then of course receive the full attention of the surgeon; but these rules when brought to bear in the Eastern hospitals, in that unprecedented time of distress, became useless, nay, positively injurious. Extreme cases in Scutari were counted by one or two hundreds—it was a matter of impossibility for surgeons to write requisitions enough for their patients' wants, especially as they had to be countersigned by the staff-surgeon, an officer having a large charge, besides many other duties, and who was never sure of being found in any one place after the regular hour of going his rounds. The purveying department was also so

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utterly inefficient, that constantly requisitions were signed and sent in, and then not honoured.

Miss Nightingale's diet kitchen has been before mentioned: the articles supplied from thence were intended for spoon diets only; but Miss Nightingale enforced the same rule,—*i.e.*, that they could only be obtained by a requisition signed and countersigned; so that, though a great number of requisitions were sent into her extra diet kitchen, they fell very far short of the number required. Another drawback to the efficient working of this kitchen arose from its fixed hours for distributing the different diets. Thus, arrowroot and sago could be obtained only from ten to twelve in the morning, and from five to nine at night; rice-puddings at one o'clock; beef-tea at three o'clock. Now, it would repeatedly happen that a requisition would be given for an article just after the hour at which it was served; and besides the loss to the patient for that day, the medical officer, on hearing of it, would be vexed and discouraged from giving another for the following day. That the requisitions sent into this kitchen were not nearly so numerous as they ought to have been, will appear from the following fact:—The surgeons would constantly give us *verbal* permission to give a man nourishment or stimulants. We never for an instant thought of giving anything without this permission (I mean the ladies and Sisters of Mercy, not the hired nurses, who in this, as in many other matters, often could not be trusted). We well knew that a man may apparently to us be sinking for want of food or stimulants, while his medical attendant would know that such were the very worst thing for him; but when we received this verbal permission, we had no means of getting anything for the patients. We used

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to receive such orders as these: "No. 1, give him anything you like. No. 2, he may have anything he can fancy. No. 3, keep him up as much as possible;" and so on. Drinks for the fever patients were allowed in quantities, could we only have had the materials to make them with. We could not get the assistant-surgeons to write out the number of requisitions which were necessary in order to procure these materials. At last some of us persuaded one or two of our surgeons to write a requisition for tins of preserved beef-tea, and for lemons and sugar to make lemonade. This was at first most successful. Many of the assistant-surgeons gladly accepted anything we prepared for the men. One difficulty only remained, *i. e.* hot water. It was of course necessary to make the beef-tea, and also for the lemonade, as the water was so unwholesome it could not be used without boiling. We contrived to boil water in small quantities on the stoves in the corridors and wards. It was a slow process, but still we succeeded.

The orderlies seemed roused from the state of apathy into which the distress around, and the apparent impossibility of getting anything for the patients, had thrown them, and they assisted us in every possible way. Some of the orderlies looked with eager eyes on us, as we carried round the small quantities of beef-tea; for it was of course only to the patients belonging to the surgeons who wrote the requisitions that we could give the articles. One night a lady and her nurse were going round with some beef-tea, when an orderly came up, and in a tone of entreaty pointed to a poor man. He was very bad, said he, "and some of that stuff would do him good, and the doctor said he might have any-

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thing he could fancy." The nurse turned round quickly upon him.

"Orderly!"

"Yes, nurse!"

"What's the use of your asking impossibilities? You know very well that we can't give this beef-tea to your men. You must get your doctor to write a requisition for a tin of beef-tea."

"Oh, very well, nurse," said the orderly, "I will."

"But that is not all," replied she; "at the same time get him to write a requisition for hot water."

Our plan of thus helping the men was put a stop to by an order from the inspector-general, that no cooking was to be done in the wards, and thus our only means of assisting the men was ended.

I have since been informed, that it was from no dislike to the nurses cooking, but from fear of fire, that this order was given. The stoves were so built as to be dangerous when the fire was large; and the orderlies, seeing the nurses were allowed to cook for patients, thought there was no harm in cooking for themselves. But it is extraordinary that, while such a strong fear of one evil in the shape of fire existed, there was none on the score of the starvation of men sinking from exhaustion and neglect. If it was so necessary to stop the cooking in wards, why was not provision made for its being done somewhere else?

We seldom dressed the wounds, as there were dressers who performed this office, and the greater number of our patients were cases of fever and dysentery, who needed constant attention and nourishment, frequently administered in small quantities, and this we were now unable to give. All the diets not issued from Miss

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Nightingale's kitchen were of such a bad quality, and so wretchedly cooked, that the men often could not eat them. After a man had been put on half or even full diet, the surgeons were often obliged to return him to spoon diet, from his not being able to eat the meat.

It was very sad work, after Dr. Cumming's order had been issued, to pace the corridor, and hear perhaps the low voice of a fever patient, "Give me a drink for the love of God!" and have none to give—for water we dared not give to any—[the water at Scutari was so unwholesome, that it was never touched without having been previously boiled; it would otherwise bring on diarrhœa;] or to see the look of disappointment on the faces of those to whom we had been accustomed to give the beef tea. The assistant-surgeons were very sorry for the alteration, but they had no power to help it—their duty was only to obey. On one occasion an assistant-surgeon told us, that Dr. Cumming had threatened to place him under arrest for having given a man too many extras on the diet roll. Amid all the confusion and distress of Scutari hospital, military discipline was never lost sight of, and an infringement of one of its smallest observances was worse than letting twenty men die from neglect.

The General Hospital, Scutari, stands about a mile from the Barrack Hospital; it is built close to the cliff, and commands a most beautiful view of Constantinople and the Sea of Marmora. It is a very fine building, not so large as the Barrack, and it holds one thousand men, allowing room for doctors, chaplains, nurses, &c. The nurses at the General Hospital were then superintended by Miss Smythe, who shortly afterwards went to Koulali; and assisting her were three of Miss Sel-

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lon's sisters, one lady, five nuns of the community called the "Kinsale Nuns," and I think about ten nurses. The ladies had a diet kitchen, and the routine was the same as at the Barrack Hospital.

When the nuns first went to live at the General Hospital, the only room they could get was a small one, near which were some drains; the stench of this room was perfectly awful, so that after going into it for a few minutes I used to feel quite ill; yet there the sisters lived for several weeks, waiting till another room could be vacated for them. How they escaped fever is perfectly wonderful.

When we went out for a walk, it was generally to this hospital, or to the cliff around it. On one side of the General Hospital is the British burying ground—a spot which we could never visit without emotion, for there rested, oh! how many of England's noble sons! There had been buried in this spot already nearly three thousand brave officers and men, who had left their native homes but a few months before in the highest spirits. Whenever we went, they were digging graves; for from fifty to sixty a day were interred. Once we saw the araba loaded with the bodies coming slowly along; but we turned away, the sight was too much to bear, for the bodies were only wrapped in canvas. Coffins were not used, nor were there even proper covered coffin carts till a much later period. The burying ground is beautifully situated, just on the edge of the cliff—the sea lies spread before it. On one side, in the distance, lies Constantinople; on the opposite side, far beyond where the eye can reach, stretches the great cemetery of the Turks, thickly studded with cypresses, and the strange tombstones of various colours, with their different devices,

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the turban, the broken lily, and other heathen emblems. Dark and gloomy looks the vast cemetery whither the Turk prays to be borne, that, when European Turkey shall become the property of the Christian, his bones may rest with his fathers.

Brightly in the open sunshine, under no dark cypress' shade, rest Britain's loved and lost. Here and there a stone, or wooden cross, marks in Whose name, and in what hope, they were laid down. The blue waves sparkle near their resting-place; the birds sing sweetly over their graves; the grass grows green upon the mounds, and in their countrypeople's hearts the spot must ever be sacred.

Returning from our walk over the large common which lies between the two hospitals, one's heart was weighed down by the thought of that mighty mass of suffering inside the barrack walls, the sounds of which, though unheard by men, went up to the ear of Heaven. The thought of its immensity and apparent hopelessness was oppressive beyond description. All that was done for relief seemed but a drop in the ocean, and ere things could get to rights, or order be restored, how many hundreds of precious lives would have passed away!

Day succeeded day with little variation, and suffering and agony went on and on, and the angel of death stayed not his hand, but went swiftly day and night through the corridors and wards, and took hundreds with him as he passed. In the morning, when we entered our wards, sad it was to see the numbers of empty beds, but it was seldom that they were not filled again before night.

Among the numerous cases in corridor B at this time,

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were two in a very bad state of fever. The orderly attending them was a brute; he never did anything for them unless desired by the surgeon or nurse, and all the poor creatures did in the wildness of their delirium he treated as done on purpose. He declared that they *would* tear the wet rags from their heads, and it was no use to put them on again, and he never replaced them unless we obliged him; he used to put down their food by their sides, just as if they were strong and sensible, and able to help themselves, while their poor hands were lying helpless by their sides, or clutching and picking the bed clothes, the unerring sign to those who know sickness well, that their days on earth were numbered.

Poor fellows! their passage through the valley of the shadow of death was hard indeed. They lingered many days. Among so very many others we could not give them much time. One day, passing by their beds, I saw one of them was near death. I was obliged to go to our quarters on an errand for another patient. I made all possible haste, and in a quarter of an hour returned to the bed of death, but it was vacant—he had died in the interim, been wrapped in his blanket, and carried away to the dead house—the other died that night.

Death indeed became familiar to us as the ordinary events of life. Among one thousand sick committed to the care of three women, it was impossible to attend to the greater number, and it was grievous to be obliged to pass by so many on whom we longed to wait—cases like some of spotted fever in corridor A—and see the poor hands grasping the sheets, and the sufferer in his delirium refusing the medicine on which

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his life hung. Once, in corridor B, I was passing along, when an orderly called me to the bedside of a patient. He was in his last agony, and he eagerly attempted to speak to me. Some request was evidently hovering on his lips, but, alas! he tried in vain. I knelt close beside him, but could catch no articulate sound—human speech was over with him. He saw it was useless, and, making a last effort, pointed to his pillow and expired. We lifted the pillow, and found beneath it a letter from his mother. It was one that touched me deeply, so full of loving anxiety for him, "not knowing where he was, but trusting no news was good news." Her love was at least rewarded, that his last thought had been of her.

The want of clean linen was bitterly felt at that time in Scutari. How it was issued from the stores was a mystery no one could ever unravel. If things were sent to be washed, they never returned; and there was not the slightest order or regularity in the issue of linen, either sheets or shirts. Towels and pocket-handkerchiefs were both considered unnecessary luxuries for the soldiers, and could be obtained only from Miss Nightingale's free-gift store; and, generally speaking, only from it could flannel shirts be had. Orderlies thought nothing of taking off a soiled flannel from a man and giving him a clean cotton one in exchange.

Confusion, indeed, so prevailed in all quarters at that unhappy time, that though quantities of things were sent to Scutari, but few ever reached the sufferers for whom they were destined. Every ship that came in brought to Miss Nightingale large packages of every imaginable article of wearing apparel; great numbers of bales of old linen and lint also arrived; and these

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last were quite useless, as both were amply supplied from the medical stores of the hospital.

The packages were unpacked and put into Miss Nightingale's free-gift store, which was a large shed outside the hospital. It was impossible for Miss Nightingale, with her numerous and arduous avocations, to find time even to look at them; and she had placed no one in regular charge of them; nurses, and sometimes ladies, when they had time, went to assist at the endless task of putting them to rights. There was another store inside the hospital, which was under the charge of the Superioress of the Sisters of Mercy. This store was kept in beautiful order, but was quite full. From neither of these stores of Miss Nightingale could anything be procured but on the same plan as the diets,—*i. e.*, a doctor's requisition, signed and countersigned. It was even more impossible to get such stores than those for diets, from a feeling amongst the surgeons that clothing for the men ought to have come from Government stores, and they disliked fully to acknowledge the gross neglect of the purveying department. So we only saw how miserably the men were off, and were obliged to leave them so.

It was a common thing to find men with sheets and shirts unchanged for weeks. I have opened the collar of a patient's shirt, and found it literally lined with vermin. It was common to find men covered with sores from lying in one position on the hard straw beds and coarse sheets, and there were no pillows to put under them. Pillows were unknown to the Government stores, and we could not get requisitions for them from the surgeons on Miss Nightingale's free-gift store. The only exceptions to this rule were, that some articles

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which were given to the nurses they gave away to the patients. Mrs. Bracebridge gave away numbers of things, for their personal use, from the free-gift store, to those who assisted in the unpacking of them. By this means we sometimes gained possession of shirts, pocket handkerchiefs, or towels, and they were much prized by the men.

A great deal of sickness prevailed among ourselves; two nurses at this time were lying ill with fever, one not expected to live; two out of the five nuns were in the same state—they both lay for days at the point of death, but ultimately recovered. During the whole of their illness, they remained in the room where the three other sisters slept and ate! There was no infirmary to remove the sick ladies to! The sick nurses were taken to a room outside the hospital. Among those of ladies and nurses not ill with fever, many were laid up for a day or two at a time, from over-fatigue and want of proper food.

Our life was a laborious one; we had to sweep our own room, make our beds, wash up our dishes, &c., and fetch our meals from the kitchen below. We went to our wards at nine, returned at two, went again at three (unless we went out for a walk, which we had permission to do at this hour), returned at half-past five to tea, then to the wards again till half-past nine, and often again for an hour to our special cases. We had prayers read by Mr. Bracebridge at eight in the morning, and at nine at night one of the chaplains came; but at that time they were often prevented from press of work. We suffered greatly from want of proper food. Our diet consisted of the coarse sour bread of the country, tea without milk, butter so rancid we could

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not touch it, and very bad meat and porter; and at night a glass of wine or brandy. It was an effort, even to those in health, to sit down to our meals; we forced the food down as a duty, but some of the ladies became so weak and ill they really could not touch it. For one in particular we tried to get a little milk or an egg, but both these articles were scarce. A small quantity of both was regularly taken into Miss Nightingale's and Mr. and Mrs. Bracebridge's rooms, but they were not furnished to the rest of the party. Occasionally Miss Nightingale kindly sent some light dish from her own table to the sick ladies. The nuns took all their meals in their own apartments, the nurses in theirs, the ladies in theirs: Miss Nightingale and Mr. and Mrs. Bracebridge in their own sitting-room.

The quantity of vermin in the wards was past conception. The men's clothes and beds swarmed with them, so did every room in the hospital. Our clothes had their full share, and the misery they caused us was very great: we never slept more than an hour at a time because of them. We much rejoiced, on reaching Scutari, to find plenty of blankets, which we never had at Therapia, and the want of which there we had been feeling in the cold winter nights; but when we found that the surface of the blanket was closely dotted with tiny black spots, our joy somewhat diminished. The poor men felt this very much, but, of course, without clean linen it could not be helped.

People have often spoken of the patience, courage, and endurance of the sick in English hospitals; but there they have only pain to endure, and doctors are busy to alleviate this, and careful to give them all necessary comforts. It was in the Eastern hospitals that the true

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heroism of patient courage was pre-eminently displayed. We have attended many hundreds of the sick of the British army suffering under every form of disease—the weary wasting of low typhus fever or dysentery, or the agony of frostbite—and they were surrounded by every accumulation of misery. For the fevered lips was there no cooling drink; for the sinking frame no strengthening food; for the sore limb no soft pillow; for many no watchful hands to help; but never did we hear a murmur pass those lips. We have seen the brave and strong man laid low; have seen him watch death coming, and meet it calmly, for he died in doing his duty. Oh! that they who speak harshly of the British soldier had been with those whose privilege it was to nurse him—had witnessed that wonderful spectacle of woe during the winter of 1854-5—had seen the obedience to orders, the respectful gratitude, the noble qualities there displayed!

Often did our hearts burn within us as we passed along, and heard the thanks and blessings poured upon those who were doing, oh! so miserably little for so great affliction; or as we knelt by the dying, to hear his last request to write home and tell them all about him; or as we watched the death-struggle, and saw one noble heart after another cease to beat.

The sick came in almost daily, so that the beds which death had emptied during the night were sure to be filled again in the course of the day. Sad it was to see the sick coming in—the orderlies putting down the stretchers, and looking round in despair for a bed on which to lay the poor sufferer: a low moan was the only evidence of the torture he was enduring, or how he longed to be laid in any place where he could die

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in peace. Then, again, they hastily raised the stretcher on their shoulder, giving frequent jerks to the agonised frame, and turned down another corridor in search of a bed. Patience, deeply-suffering ones, we whispered to ourselves, all is not forgotten, every drop in this most bitter cup is portioned out for you, and as you drink it, will be treasured up in heaven. You have followed bravely an earthly captain to victory, through wounds and over dying comrades; follow now the Great Captain of your salvation, through the dark valley.

Sickness is sad at all times—sad is it to languish and suffer on our English beds, with skilful physicians full of anxiety, with tender nurses and loving friends, with every comfort earth can give; but only those who witnessed them can enter into the dreariness of those sick soldiers' beds. It was sad to see them die one after another—we learned to love them—ever ringing in our ears seemed the anxious hopes and prayers of the fond hearts in England. The mother's only stay was there, or the loved husband or brother; and they were dying, not in the glory of the battle-field, but in these dreary corridors. They who had fought so bravely, suffered so nobly; they who, if they had lived, would have been honoured by a nation's gratitude—they were passing away by hundreds—no name would mark their graves, and they would, save in the loving hearts at home, be soon forgotten.

No, not forgotten, either. Surely, when the tale of that memorable winter shall be told, when future generations shall hear how they stormed at Alma, charged at Balaclava, and held their ground at Inkermann; how they resolutely waited before the walls of Sebastopol, till at length the gallantly-defended city yielded

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to her dauntless foes—England will not forget those who shed their blood for her sake, though no glory hovered round their death-bed, save a ray from His glory who first taught us to be "obedient unto death." Sad it was to hear the tales they would tell, such mere boys as some of them were; how they had enlisted in a moment of folly, and bitterly regretted it; or to listen to their long accounts of friends at home; how they would describe every little incident relating to them, as if it were engraven on their hearts.

Very often we wrote letters home for them from their dictation; we sat on their beds to do it, for there were no other seats of any kind. It was remarkable to see the eagerness with which they accepted our offer to write a letter for any of them—they hardly ever asked us to do so—they seemed to be so resigned to everything, that it was quite a surprise to them to be able to have a sheet of paper and an envelope placed at their disposal, still more a friend's hand to write for them; and then they were so full of solicitude—"Were we not too tired to do it? or was it not uncomfortable sitting on that there bed?"

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CHAPTER V.

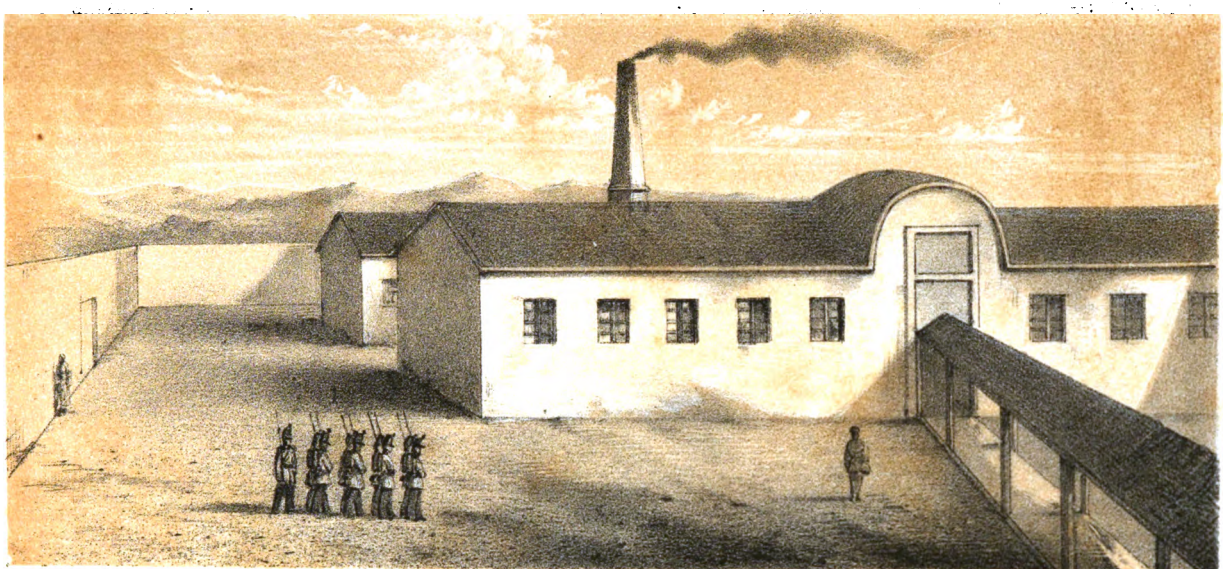
"It is little:
But in these sharp extremities of fortune,
The blessings which the weak and poor can scatter,
Have their own season."—Ion.

After a fortnight had been spent among these scenes, a change occurred in the nursing arrangements. Miss Stanley at Koulali was in great want of additional hands, as she found her staff inefficient for the work of the British hospitals there, and requested help from Miss Nightingale. Miss Nightingale said, that any lady who preferred going to Koulali might do so. Miss Smythe and myself, therefore, went, and another lady followed us in a few days.

Before giving an account of my own experience at Koulali, it will be well to return to Miss Stanley and her party of sixteen, *i. e.* three ladies, four nurses, and ten sisters, who proceeded there on the 27th of January, the same day on which ten others and myself went to Scutari.

They arrived about noon, when a large steamer was unloading her melancholy cargo, and every hand was engaged. The apartments selected for the nurses were at the south-west corner of the barracks—five small rooms, an ante-room, and a small kitchen—three ladies, four nurses, and ten sisters of mercy were the party. Patients had been

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very recently moved from these rooms. They had been whitewashed, but not cleaned. The kitchen range was not complete, the stoves were not put up. The ante-room was piled up with luggage and furniture, and it was with great difficulty that any one could be spared to assist in unpacking and arranging what was necessary before night set in. The following day was Sunday. No chaplain was at that time appointed to Koulali; the patients were dependent upon the services of the chaplains from Scutari. It is not to be wondered at, if the newly-arrived band of nurses felt a doubt as to how far they would be welcome after the long delay at Therapia, owing, as they were told, to their not being required at Scutari. Miss Stanley's first step was to send for Dr. O'Connor, the medical officer then in charge, and request him to give his own orders as to what he wished the nurses to do. He informed her, that there were at the present time about 500 patients, that there were five doctors, and he thought it would be best to place two nurses under each doctor—reserving the remainder for the upper hospital, which would be opened the following week. That they could be of the greatest use in attending to the diet-rolls, cooking what was ordered, and seeing it properly administered at the night times. On Monday, January 28th, the nurses were appointed to their respective work. There were scarcely any wounded men. The patients were chiefly fever, dysentery, frost-bites, &c. "It is not the surgical cases," said one of the doctors, "for which we require your assistance: they are as well or better dressed by the regular dressers; but it is the medical cases which require watching and feeding, and just that care which nurses can, and we cannot give; and a large proportion of the present cases require

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good nursing more than medical skill." The morning rounds with the doctors, to receive their directions, occupied from two to three hours. The afternoon was occupied in preparing the extra diet, and going round with it; and the nurses went a third round in the evening. It was found no easy matter to manage the cooking, with an imperfect kitchen range of small dimensions, and a very limited supply of kitchen utensils. It required good management to keep the respective diets of each ward apart, and many were the amicable dissensions amongst the nurses over cans of rice, portions of arrowroot, and jugs of lemonade. On February 1st, the upper hospital, which had only been vacated by the Turks a week or two before, was occupied by a fresh cargo of sick. When they were ready to land, but few beds were up, and there was no kitchen range. Wood fires were lighted, and large copper cauldrons of hot water prepared; all the nurses that could be spared from the lower hospital were sent up; arrowroot had to be made and served to the poor exhausted men as they were brought up. "Give them whatever you can," was the doctor's order to the nurses. While some nurses fed the men, others washed their hands and faces, and cut off their long matted hair, after which the orderlies put them on clean shirts. Many were the affecting expressions of gratitude poured forth by these poor sufferers to the nurses.

The Sisters of Mercy were allowed two rooms at the upper hospital, half of the sisters came down every day to their duties in the lower one. But as the number of patients had now increased to about 1000, the number of nurses was found quite insufficient to carry out the orders and wishes of the medical men. "There should be at least one nurse to twenty-five patients,

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besides the orderlies," said they. The hospital at this time was in a very sickly state. Dysentery turned to a malignant kind of low spotted fever. It was impossible to do the work properly; and application was made by Miss Stanley to the authorities at Scutari for a reinforcement from thence, or for leave to apply to England to have more sent out. Both applications were refused, and the nurses worked on, braving all difficulties. Some portions of the free gifts sent out from England to the soldiers were forwarded from Scutari.

The unpacking of these boxes was an affecting sight; and many a wish was expressed that the kind contributors could know the pleasure their gifts gave. There were packages of lint, of mittens, of comforters, made up and enclosed as the gift of the poor. There was one packet of sugar-candy, with a note in a large round hand, "For the sick soldiers, from a little girl." The rule adopted by Miss Stanley for the distribution of these gifts, was to ascertain the amount of gifts, and then divide them in equal portions to the nurse of each ward, who distributed them, as she, from her knowledge, saw fit. Order was being gradually established in the nurses' quarter, when sickness broke out amongst them. The Greek servant was the first seized, and he died after a few days' illness.

The following day, Miss E. A. was taken ill, and fears were entertained that her malady would prove to be fever. Arrangements were made for removing her from the unhealthy apartments at Koulali to Therapia or Buyukdere. At this juncture, Miss Smythe and myself joined Miss Stanley and party. The day after our arrival Miss K. A. complained of illness, and it was fixed she should accompany Miss E. A. Thus

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Miss Smythe and myself, instead of increasing the number of nurses as Miss Stanley hoped, only took the places of those removed by illness. She, however, arranged that Miss Smythe should take charge of the fever ward, which had been without a regular nurse. One of the surgical wards, which had been attended by Miss E. A., was assigned to me; while Miss Stanley herself undertook the one thus left vacant, in addition to the countless and wearying duties that must necessarily fall to the share of a superintendent.

Koulali is about five miles north of Scutari. I once went there from Scutari in a Turkish carriage; the drive was for some distance through the Turkish cemetery, which, as I said before, extends for miles round Scutari. There are no roads in Turkey worthy of the name, nor have the carriages any springs; between these two misfortunes, one runs a chance of being jolted to death. Certainly, I never expected to reach Koulali with whole bones, and firmly determined, as it was my first drive in a Turkish carriage, it should be my last.

Koulali barracks are built on the banks of the Bosphorus, a few yards from the quay; the depth of water allows steamers to come alongside, therefore its facility for landing the sick is very great. The hospital is a square red building, three stories high in front, very much smaller than Scutari, but a large building nevertheless. The principal entrance is raised a few feet from the quay, ascending which you then pass under the archway into the barrack-yard. Apartments are built over the archway, called the Sultan's apartments, at that time occupied by the commandant, chaplains, and medical officers. Standing under the arch-

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way, to the right and left, were the wards, which extended more than halfway round the square, two stories high. Opposite were stables, which were then about to be made into wards.

The wards were of a very peculiar construction, a long corridor, with a gallery over it; the doors of almost all open upon the different entrances of the hospital, which have all archways. This made the wards seem like separate buildings, though on the upper story, by passing through rooms, we could walk from one end of the hospital to the other, only descending at the different entrances. The three entrances were all guarded by sentries. Built in continuation of the hospital on the quay are more rooms and stables, occupied by the Turkish soldiers; beyond this is the riding-school, which was just then converted into the convalescent hospital: a most delightful one it made. It was divided into twelve wards, partitioned off by wood-work about eleven feet high; the roof was high with open beams. This hospital was well warmed and ventilated; there was an apartment for the surgeon in charge—and the surgery and kitchen were built off.

The situation was delightful, as all patients able to walk could get outside the hospital and catch the fresh breeze from the sea. Hills arose immediately around Koulali; it was literally shut in on all sides between hills and water. Great fears were entertained at that time that, in the heat of summer, this would render it unhealthy; these fears were, however, happily never realised. On the first hill above the Barrack Hospital, on the Scutari side, was built the General Hospital: the Turks always appear to build an hospital close to their barracks. Both buildings were now British hospitals. We

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distinguished them as Barrack and General Hospitals, or sometimes upper and lower. It was a good climb up the hill to the General Hospital, but one was rewarded by the fresh air and lovely view.

The General Hospital was built on the plan of the one at Scutari—three stories high, corridors running round, and wards out of them. It held with comfort two hundred and fifty men, with apartments for medical officers and nurses. Of course at that time many more were obliged to be accommodated.

In the hospitals of Koulali there were then very few wounded. The wounded of Alma and Inkermann had either recovered or died. It was the sick from the trenches who poured down upon us. Fever, dysentery, diarrhœa, and frost-bite, were our four principal diseases; and the sufferers were those who, having struggled with disease to the last, came down with their constitutions broken, and needing careful nursing. We were received and treated from first to last with the utmost cordiality, courtesy, and kindness, by the army surgeons. Dr. Tice was the principal medical officer, and was succeeded shortly after by Dr. Humphrey. The principal medical officer was, of course, the one under whose immediate orders we were placed. By these gentlemen we were treated with uniform kindness; they instructed us in what way we could be most useful, and always spoke warmly of the assistance we rendered them.

The wards of Koulali hospital were classified: No. 2, surgical; No. 3, fever; No. 4, dysentery; No. 5, diarrhœa; No. 6, dysentery. Every ward was full. We had by this time one thousand men, with very few exceptions all confined to bed, and hardly a case not a most serious one. Our duties were, to accompany the surgeon round

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the ward to receive his orders for the day, then attending to the food and medicine, seeing to the linen, and feeding those too weak to feed themselves. (For this purpose, if for no other, nurses are required to carry out the surgeon's directions. A patient may be ordered medicine, wine, and nourishment, and the article may be furnished, but the orderly sets it down by the patient's side, and thinks no more about it, whilst the patient is perhaps weaker than an infant, or unconscious of what he is doing.) Then came writing letters, procuring books for those who were a little better, and able to read—newspapers were always precious, but at that time an untold boon.

Our plan was to receive the surgeon's *verbal* orders for the men's food; and if there were any difficulty about the requisitions, or, when the requisitions were procured, having them honoured by the purveyor, we supplied the comforts out of our own kitchen. The doctors constantly left numbers of cases in our charge, to be fed as we thought best. Whenever a verbal order was given, the lady or sister wrote her own requisition on the ladies' diet-kitchen, and it was immediately attended to, as far as our Free Gift Store would allow. In the evenings the surgeons visited their wards; then came the night-drink distribution, sorely needed by all, for thirst was acutely felt by the frost-bitten and dysenteric, as well as the fever patients. Late at night, very weary, we sought our quarters. Gladly would we have undertaken night-work, but our numbers were far too inadequate for the labour of the day. All had a far larger portion than was commensurate with their strength, and it was only by God's especial help that we kept up at all.

The two ladies who were ill were removed to the Hotel des Croissants, Buyukdere, twelve miles up the

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Bosphorus, on the European side. The next day their illness proved to be typhus fever. One paid nurse accompanied them. One of the nuns fell ill with fever the following day, so our number was reduced to eighteen for both hospitals.

The same day, the Misses ——— left; we had hardly seen them off in a caique, when an alarm that our quarters were on fire burst upon our ears. It proceeded from the kitchen, and it was discovered that the flue of the chimney had been so built, that if it got heated it must catch fire. This was a common specimen of Turkish building. In five minutes the engineer officer and his men were on the spot; and by their prompt and vigorous efforts the fire, which was now bursting out, was arrested. Two engines played for five hours before danger was over, and then what a scene! The kitchen unroofed, the wall of one bedroom broken in, and the corridor a floating mass of mud, water, and stones—another room so stuffed with furniture we could not move.

The frost was just beginning to set in. We stood in the barrack-yard, watching the devastation with resignation, and wondering where we should sleep that night. We did not wonder long, for the officers and chaplains with ready kindness offered us the choice of their quarters. We accepted the principal room in the Sultan's quarters, which the commandant vacated for our use; two of the bedrooms in the old quarters were sufficiently habitable to accommodate the three nurses.

From this time the whole party of ladies ate, drank, and slept in one apartment. We felt that Miss Stanley, who filled so arduous and responsible a position, needed a separate room, and more tempting food than at that

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time fell to our lot; but although her health suffered from these causes, she resolutely refused to have any luxuries or comforts of which all those about her could not partake.

To add to our troubles, the next day one of the three nurses sickened with fever. Of course, each separate case of fever among ourselves not only caused the loss of the invalid from the nursing staff, but the principal, if not the whole, services of another to attend upon her.

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CHAPTER VI.

"What was their prosperous estate,
When high exalted and elate
With power and pride?
What, but a transient gleam of light,
A flame which glaring at its height,
Grew dim and died."

LONGFELLOW'S *Translations from the Spanish.*

How were we to supply our "extra diet" kitchen, how prepare the food on which so many depended? The erection of a shed in the barrack-yard was immediately set on foot; but it took ten days ere we gained possession of it, and our only resource was three or four small charcoal brasiers. As charcoal always draws much more quickly in the open air, we placed them in the barrack-yard.

"Misfortunes never come singly;" so we thought when John, the soldier cook, fell sick, and had to go into the fever ward. Then the thaw came, and the yard was a mass of snow and black mud; then it alternately froze and thawed, making our weary hours in the barrack-yard seem long indeed. Our cook ill, we did his work ourselves—our only staff being Henry, a sailor lad, and the Greeks, who had not the slightest conscience as to appropriating anything that pleased them; serious, indeed, was our loss when they did, for

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our "free gift" store was very scanty, and of course we could only draw the exact quantity allowed by the diet roll, so that an egg once lost was not easily replaced; an ounce of arrowroot or sugar was worth more than its weight in gold, while a saucepan to boil it in, or a spoon to stir it with, was guarded by its fortunate possessors with a dragon-like vigilance.

After ten days we gained possession of a kitchen, which was in two divisions, one was in the sultan's quarters, the other the shed in the yard; John recovered and took charge of the first, Henry of the shed; part of the cooking was carried on in one, and the rest in the other. Great joy was caused by the purchase by the government, through Lady Stratford de Redcliffe, of a large stove for charcoal, upon which we could fry as well as boil. It had been bought some time before, but it could not be used till it could be placed in a kitchen.

Our quarters, which had been burned, were now refitted; and we should have returned thither, had not the officers most kindly insisted upon making the exchange, thus relinquishing the best rooms to our use.

Lady Stratford frequently visited the hospitals, and sent, at the government expense, a quantity of jelly and beef tea, which was very valuable, but would have been much more so had it been made on the spot as it was wanted; for any one who knows hospital work, can understand that on one day there would be many cases requiring jelly, while on another there would be few, and the jelly would often arrive on one of these latter occasions; besides, the expense of sending it down the Bosphorus, owing to the high price given for boat hire and porterage, was very great.

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Four rooms in the Sultan's quarters were to be given up to us. We could only take immediate possession of three, because in the fourth Dr. G—— was lying ill. His illness was not considered serious, and we hoped he would be able to move in a day or two. Before that time had arrived, his illness proved to be typhus fever, and very soon his life was despaired of. He was quite delirious, and the only hope for him, humanly speaking, was incessant watchfulness, giving him stimulants, &c. Mrs. Tice, with her maid, undertook to nurse him by day, and we were asked whether we would watch him by night. Miss Stanley did not know how to comply with the request; she said she could not ask her overworked nurses to undertake night work: however, we begged her to let us try, and for ten successive nights three of us took it by turns to sit up. There was another nurse who was able to sit up; but we dared not leave her alone in the room with the brandy, which had to be used in large quantities for fomentations. The saddest part of these night watchings was, not the listening to the ravings of the poor sufferer, as we heard him wander back to his home, and call beseechingly for his mother, nor the keen anxiety with which we watched every symptom, not knowing whether he might last till morning; but the knowledge that in that very building there were many dying who might be saved if we could have given each the care we were bestowing on *one*.

We saw plainly what a fever patient required, when we received the minute directions of the medical men for the treatment of Dr. G——. During the whole night our attention could not wander from him for even five minutes without risk; and yet at that time, when fever

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cases were counted by hundreds, both at Koulali and Scutari, it was said by one who should have known better, "Fever and dysentery patients do not require nursing."

We were very thankful that our care was rewarded by Dr. G——'s recovery, which was very rapid: he was sent to Therapia as soon as he was able to be removed; and we took possession of his room, but only to move into it another sufferer from fever among our own party.

Dr. and Mrs. Tice, and the two Church of England chaplains, occupied the remainder of the rooms on the left side of the archway. The Bey, who commanded the Turkish troops, lived on the right side; and we had a room to keep our stores in, instead of a dark closet.

By very strenuous efforts we gradually, but slowly, improved the state of the kitchen. We were able, by means of our stove, to fry a small quantity of chops. In one of the boilers in our kitchen shed we boiled fowls, and then cut them in half for the patients. Another boiler contained water for arrowroot; everything was on the roughest scale; the orderlies brought large cans or wooden buckets, put their arrowroot and cold water into them, and stirred it up with a bit of stick; then Henry dispensed the boiling water, and of course the orderlies fought as to who should get it first. The lady in charge put in the wine, and the arrowroot was carried to the sister or lady in charge of each ward, and distributed to the men. Persons accustomed to make delicate food for some dear invalid, or who have watched the beautiful order of the kitchen of a London hospital, will smile at our extra diets for the sick;

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nevertheless, they were gladly received by the poor sufferers, who thought them a decided improvement upon *nothing*.

But the labour of life was lemonade. The patients suffered much from thirst, and those who were ordered lemonade were very numerous. The sight of a lemon squeezer (no such article could be furnished from the stores) would have been very gratifying, the cutting and squeezing were so long and tiresome. We employed the Greeks upon it, but their help was not to be depended on; sometimes they would work, at others suddenly depart for hours; and they would, moreover, pocket lemons, or other things, to any extent. Besides, all the Greeks in Government employ went home at sunset; and the chief call for lemonade was in the evenings. One evening a lady made a large pailful, and went into the "dark closet" for sugar; she put it into the lemonade, stirred it up, and tasted it to see if all was right—but salt had been put in instead of sugar, and wearily did she set about the task of making more; cutting more lemons, and getting more water—all the water came from a tank at the extreme end of the barrack yard, and had to be fetched by Greeks, who took an enormous time about it, so that water became very precious.

Our difficulties daily increased; the two sick ladies at Buyukdere were so alarmingly ill that the surgeon attending them required another nurse. We sent one of the hired nurses, but she returned the next day, having been found by the surgeon in a state of dead intoxication in the room of one of the ladies, then trembling between life and death; of course the nurse had to be sent home. One of the ladies of our party

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went to nurse the two others; another, whose duty it was, in addition to the care of her ward, to superintend the kitchen department, was suffering so much from inflammation and weakness as to be often unable to leave her bed for a day or more.

The light conduct of another of the hired nurses, even at this time of distress, necessitated her dismissal. The one who had been intoxicated was to accompany a lady to Scutari, from thence to take her passage to England. She went down quite quietly to the water's edge, put one foot into the caique in which the lady was sitting, and then jumped into the water, running the narrowest chance of upsetting the boat, in which case the lady must have been lost, as the strength of the current was fearful: the unfortunate woman was dragged out, and immediately went into what was apparently an epileptic fit. She was carried to her bed; there she would not lie, but got up, broke the windows, tore the matting from the floor, and her hair from her head. Poor woman! she had before that openly avowed her belief that there was *no God!* After some days she recovered, was sent home, and, I believe, is now a nurse in a London hospital. Many similar tales could be told of those who came from, and returned to nurse the poor of England.

March opened with variations of cold, and days of spring-like loveliness. Once, as a great event, we took a walk to the Turkish cemetery. The lady superintendent, fearing that our health would completely give way, desired us to do so—how we enjoyed the fresh air and lovely view, after our long confinement in the wards!

Our next trouble was the sickening with fever of the third lady, who had gone to nurse the two others at

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Buyukdere, and also of the nurse who had been sent to assist her. There were now at Buyukdere four in bed; the two first were out of immediate danger, but in a most precarious state. Miss Nightingale kindly sent a nurse from Scutari, for from our now limited staff we knew not how to spare one.

It was a sad sight to see these ladies lying in a foreign hotel, far from friends and home, and suffering under a deadly disease, their companions unable to be with them; but a merciful Father raised up help as it was needed. One of the surgeons of the naval hospital, Therapia (three miles from Buyukdere), attended them all through their illness—twice a day, sometimes oftener, did he come from his own arduous duties to their bedsides; he was not only physician, but, as they afterwards expressed it, "father and brother;" his kindness was beyond expression. The ladies belonging to the naval hospital also came forward with sisterly kindness in this time of distress. One who had herself risen from a bed of sickness took her turn to watch at night by the bedside of those who were strangers to her.

At Koulali the work did not abate; as quickly as we sent home convalescents to England, so did others begin to pour in from the camp. The Irish soldiers now came down in shoals. We suppose this was caused by their constitutions being more inured to hardships than the English, and their having in consequence held out longer, although now worn out.

Oh! what grievous scenes was our daily life now passed among! The cases of frost-bite exceeded in horror all one had ever imagined. Dressing wounds was not our business; there were "dressers" who fulfilled this office; when the frost-bite had extended so far

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up the foot that it could not be stopped, amputation was the only means of saving life, and that even was but a chance, for their constitutions were so broken that many were unable to rally from the shock. At this time, in the surgical ward, were three men in this state, named Fitzgerald, Flack, and Cooney.

Fitzgerald had lost a foot, so had the two others, and some of the toes of the remaining foot. Cooney was about eighteen or nineteen; he was an Irish Catholic. Poor fellow! from being obliged to lie in one position, he was covered with sores, and suffered intensely. He was so thin, his bones seemed almost coming through his skin; and his state was such, that not even an orderly was allowed to turn him from one side to another; the surgeon had to do it himself, and Dr. Temple most tenderly did it for him. Dr. Temple was one who almost lived in his ward, who thought no trouble too much, no time too long, to be devoted to his men.

Severe things have been said of the medical department of the army; and its members were, apparently, so despised that their work was taken from them in some measure, and put into the hands of civilians. No doubt some of the heads of the departments, who had grown old under the old system of military hospitals, and were unable to realise the necessity of a prompt and immediate change, were obstinate and hard-hearted. No doubt, among such a large body of men, many young and careless ones, unfitted for the awfully responsible charge then placed in their hands, were to be found; but in condemning such, the merits of others should not be overlooked. Most ungrateful were it, if the nurses should omit recording their experience of the much-dreaded "army surgeons." So misrepresented

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had this class of men been, that it was with far more fear of them than of the horrors of hospital life that the ladies entered the hospital. They were told to expect rebuffs, discouragements, and even insult. During a year's residence among them, the writer and all her companions never experienced from an army surgeon other than assistance, encouragement, and gentlemanly treatment, and from many of them the most cordial kindness.

The tenacity of life in poor Cooney was wonderful; day after day, night after night, he lived and suffered on; growing weaker and weaker. How his piteous moans went through the hearts of his attendants, how terrible was it to watch the distortion of agony on his young face. Poor boy! he was very patient, and he said he knew "it was best for him, or the good God would not send him such suffering, and his trust was in Him, and he did try to be patient." We used to tempt him with the best of the little at our disposal, for Dr. Temple ordered him anything he could fancy. At length eggs, beat up with wine, were the only thing he could swallow, and until ten minutes before his death his nurse fed him with this. He passed away as a child falls asleep, and with intense relief did his attendants watch the calm, peaceful look on those features so long tortured with agony. In half-an-hour (and that was longer than usual), he was wrapped in his blanket, and carried to the dead-house.

Then there was poor Flack; he suffered, too, we thought, the extent of human suffering. He was covered with sores, one foot entirely off, and two toes of the other; he was ordered anything he liked, but in vain: he was in too much pain to eat, he "cared for nothin'

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—nothin' would save him." One day he said, "Tell ye what I could eat—a bit of apple-pudding!" How was it to be got? how get the suet, the flour, and the apples? and how get it boiled? Nevertheless, it was made, but he could hardly touch it, though he insisted on its being set down by his side. Another man had the same fancy, and he declared it had "done him more good than all the physic." Nothing, however, could save poor Flack. He died one night quite peaceably.

Fitzgerald we watched by many an hour, expecting it to be his last, he looked so like a corpse; his strength was utterly gone. Among many interesting cases, he was one distinguished from all others, not only by his patience, but his cheerfulness. He was an Irishman all over, always merry, and making the best of everything; his gratitude for being waited upon was great. Even when apparently in a dying state, he would look up into our faces and smile. He lingered on, his doctors having no hope of his recovery; it seemed impossible he could rally from such a shock. However, he did; his improvement at first was very gradual, but three months afterwards we had the satisfaction of seeing him leave the hospital for England, though of course a cripple still, as stout and robust as one could wish; his face quite radiant with happiness at the thought of going back to "ould Ireland."

Each ward contained at that time sixty beds; and to give an idea how crowded we were, it is enough to say that the number was afterwards reduced to thirty. Each patient lay on a low tressel bed, raised a few inches from the ground.

The news of the death of the Emperor of Russia

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came upon us with startling effect. The news came at noon. Miss S. went into the wards and told the men. It was curious to see and hear the various expressions.

"The Emperor of Russia is dead! Well, that's the best news I've heard for many a day."

"Thank God! All blessings be with you for bringing such blessed news."

"Well, that's a lucky chance!"

"What! Nicholas! Nicholas is dead. Well, we ought not to be glad at any one's death; but we cannot help it now."

"How did he die? If he died by poison, we shall have peace; but if not, not."

"Pity he didn't die two years before."

"He's a deal to answer for; he's been the death of thousands."

One man burst into tears, and slowly raising his hands, clasped them in fervent prayer. "Thank God! Lord have mercy on his soul."

There was a sensation all through the wards;—from bed to bed in different tones you heard the news pass. "Nicholas is dead! Nicholas is dead!"

It was curious enough that the day of the death of the emperor was signalised by an earthquake of a very violent nature. That scene will never be forgotten by those who witnessed it. It occurred about three o'clock in the afternoon. The day previous, a heavy mist hung over the Bosphorus—a very unusual thing for Turkey. The hospital was shaken most violently; an instant rush was made by the nurses for the barrack-yard. Many of the poor patients jumped out of their beds, and, forgetting their sufferings in their terror, ran down the wards with fearful cries, and when the immediate ex-

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citement was over, were unable to return to their beds without assistance. The clocks fell from the walls, and innumerable articles rolled about in great confusion. The extraordinary costumes of the patients, and their extreme terror, made the scene, awful as it was, almost ludicrous.

The lower division of the fever ward was occupied by the few Russian prisoners who were too ill to be removed when the hospital was given up to the British. They were attended by our surgeons, and we occasionally sent cocoa to them, but were forbidden by Lord William Paulet to visit them. It has before been remarked, that the upper division of each ward was like a gallery with open palings. One of our patients, in a fit of delirium, jumped over these into the ward below, and falling upon one of the poor patients, broke his collar-bone. The Russian never could be induced to believe but that it was done on purpose.

The cases of delirium among the poor patients were very trying. I remember one of the orderlies calling upon me to persuade a man to go to bed; his manner and tone were those of a man completely in his senses, but calmly and earnestly he assured me that he had committed the most horrible crimes, that justice was about to overtake him, and that it was useless for him to go to bed, as he was about to be plunged into a dark dungeon. He continued in this state for days, and could never be kept in bed except by force; at last he leaped over the palings into the ward below, and was killed on the spot.

One poor patient among the frost-bitten attracted my attention by his constant refusal to take any sort of food, or to receive any kind of comfort that was offered to

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him. For a long time he would not speak; but one day, on my offering to write home for him, he burst into tears, and told me his history. He had been attacked by frost-bite in the camp, and had been placed on a mule to go to Balaclava, there to embark for Koulali. The mule on which he rode was fastened to another, carrying baggage, which slipped and fell upon him. None of the party conducting the sick possessed so much as a knife with which to cut the straps connecting the two mules, and so for many minutes the mule lay upon him, till a sailor fortunately coming by, released him from his dreadful position. He was brought to Koulali hospital, and treated for frost-bite; but when in a fair way of recovery, and with the prospect of being invalided home, it was discovered that he had sustained a severe internal injury, from which there was but slight hope of his recovery; the disappointment seemed to make his cup of sorrow run over, and he lay there in utter despair, not caring how soon death might release him. He was a member of the Church of England, had been religiously brought up, and was one of the many who had enlisted in a moment of folly, and afterwards bitterly lamented his rash step. We became great friends from that day. He grew more cheerful, and willingly took whatever I wished him, and his gratitude was unbounded. He became much better, but was then seized with typhus fever. He managed to rally through this also, and was able to walk to church. That night, however, poor fellow, he was seized with inflammation, and died two days afterwards.

These cases I mention merely as specimens of the kind then passing under our hands. The memory of each lady and Sister of Mercy would supply many such.

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Our occupations were so overwhelming, that those working in the Barrack Hospital had not time even to visit the General Hospital, but there was observed the same routine as at the Barrack Hospital. The plan was, for both hospitals to be served by sisters, ladies, and nurses; but of these the ladies were ill, and several of the nurses had been dismissed for immoral conduct. The whole burden, therefore, of the work of the General Hospital fell upon the sisters, who admirably fulfilled their duties, giving great satisfaction to the Lady Superintendent and the medical officers. It would be only repetition to describe their work in the General Hospital at this juncture, as it was similar to that performed by the ladies and sisters at the Barrack Hospital.

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CHAPTER VII.

"One who has fled from the war of life,
From sorrow, pain, and the fever strife."
BARRY CORNWALL.

EXTRAORDINARY were the scenes our one room would witness in the course of the day. At the door would appear successively on duty, a wild-looking Greek with a message, a grave Turk with another, a Scotch orderly, our Hungarian servant, his German wife, officers' French and Italian servants, an Irish nun, and an English lady.

On one occasion an orderly answered a lady impertinently in the ward, refusing to attend to her directions for the patients' comfort. It was necessary to show the orderlies that we were instructed by the surgeons to carry out their orders, and, accordingly, when the medical officer in charge came his evening rounds, the lady reported the circumstance to him. We thought he would rebuke the man, and there would be an end of the matter "Send him to the guard-room!" was the instant order. We were sorry, but of course thought the affair must end here. Next morning a tall corporal appeared at our room door, demanding the lady's attendance before the commandant. He did not say what it was for, and she was quite alarmed, and went in evident terror, to the extreme amusement of her companions. The commandant received her with his usual courtesy, and assured her that he was determined no instance of dis-

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respect or disobedience to the orders of the ladies should be suffered among the orderlies, and therefore he only wanted her evidence to dismiss the man from his post of orderly. As the lady passed from the "order-room," through the line of soldiers on guard, she firmly determined that the orderlies would behave *very* badly indeed ere she would punish *herself* so much again for their good.

One of the minor trials of life was our want of a female servant. With the severe pulls upon our time and strength, the labour of tending our own room was very great. On one occasion we were standing over the brasiers, cooking in the yard, when a tall and remarkable-looking foreigner abruptly walked up to us, and began, in very broken English, to make remarks upon the style of cooking, especially that of Henry, the sailor. Poor Henry's was certainly an original style, particularly in what he prepared for our own table. He always chose to think most of that branch of his business, and his delight was to send up *recherché* dishes, in which grease was the largest ingredient.

The stranger informed us, that his name was Papafée; that he had a wife and child; that he was an Hungarian refugee; had been an officer in the Austrian service; had castles and untold riches in Hungary, but, having taken the side of his country and Kossuth, had lost them all, and was obliged to fly and earn his bread. His wife was a German, and could, he said, do household and needle work: as to himself, he could do everything according to his own account—he could "speak nine languages, write, keep accounts, shop, interpret, cook:" in short, he was perfect.

Notwithstanding these perfections, as far as himself was concerned, we should have been unmindful of them;

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but we gladly engaged him for the sake of his wife, who, indeed, proved to us a treasure. Gentle, willing, and industrious, little Rosalie was a ray of comfort in our distress, though it was somewhat counterbalanced by her husband, who did everything we asked him with an air of infinite condescension, as if he were a monarch waiting on his subjects,—to forget to ask him for everything before he went downstairs was an offence not easily forgiven. To request a spoon or glass more than he allowed would bring down a severe rebuke on our heads. He used to favour us with his opinion of things in general; whenever we offended him, he would scold at us, not allowing our voices to be heard in self-defence, and saying, "It ees veri difficulte to please everybodie!" would fling himself out of the room. It was, however, an amusement, and many a laugh did we have over his eccentricities.

Our invalids at Buyukdere still continued very ill, so did the sister and nurse of our party. Our whole staff consisted of nine sisters, three ladies, and two nurses, and now Miss Smythe fell ill. She had till this time been the stay of the lady party, never having suffered in the least from sickness: she had the charge of the fever ward, and her labours there were great and unremitting: I never saw a person more zealously devoted to her work. She, as well as the others, almost lived in her ward; her whole thought seemed to be for her patients—she fed them, and waited upon them, with most attentive care. She caught a violent cold, and quite lost her voice. We begged of her to stay at home, to nurse herself; but if she had, no one could have taken her place in the fever ward, and leave her men she would not. She went, and stayed all day as usual, but came back at tea-time looking very worn and fatigued:

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with difficulty was she persuaded to give up her evening rounds, which another undertook to attend to in addition to her own, while Miss Smythe went to bed.

After going round the long fever ward with night drinks, this lady was about to return home, when a poor man raised himself up, and said, "Is not that ere lady a coming here to-night?" She explained the reason of her absence. "But is not she a cooking something for me?" No, she was not. "Well," said he, lying down again with a resigned look, "I be *very* hungry." The lady went back to her quarters, and asked Miss Smythe. She said he was very weak, and ordered by the medical officer any thing he fancied. It was so late, the kitchen was closed; however, we contrived to take him a little of Mr. Gamble's soup, with which he was delighted, and said, it was the "beautifullest" thing he had ever tasted.

For several days longer Miss Smythe struggled on; at length she gave in of her own accord, and stayed in bed. On that day letters reached us, announcing that in a fortnight or three weeks a staff of ladies and nurses for Koulali would arrive. The news raised our fainting spirits—poor Miss Smythe especially expressed much pleasure. It was the last conscious thing we heard her say. Next day fever attacked her, and delirium as usual followed. She was placed in the room vacated by Dr. G. A very excellent nurse attended her, and most skilful surgeons: all that could be done for her was done; and though we knew her case was a most severe one, still we hoped on, for up to this time all the members of our staff attacked with fever had escaped death, though they had hung for days at its very point.

On the 27th of March the chaplain of the Church of England administered the Communion to her; she was partly conscious at the time. Throughout her illness she

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had alway displayed great patience; but she seldom spoke, and was constantly delirious. The doctors considered her case a very bad one, but still we hoped against hope.

March 28th, I was in the act of distributing the dinners to the orderlies for their wards, when the news of her death was brought to me: it fell like the shock of a sudden death; and yet, such was our strange life at that time, I could not leave my employment, but was obliged to count out mutton-chops and half fowls till the hospital was served, and then went upstairs to the room of death. She died without a sigh, and in a state of unconsciousness. She had suffered from a malignant form of typhus fever, and the surgeons said that immediate interment was absolutely necessary.

Next day she was buried; the coffin was covered with a white sheet; the orderlies of her ward carried her body up the steep path, which led from the hospital to the grave-yard. All the convalescents wished to follow, but the cold was thought too keen for them. Ladies, nurses, and officers followed the coffin, and we laid her on the green hill-side, far away from the old churchyards of England; but we felt the ground was in some sense sacred, from the noble and brave who rested there.

The sudden chill which comes at sunset in the east fell on us as we stood around her grave; the sun was sinking below the horizon, and lighting up distant Constantinople, the blue Bosphorus, and the dark hills around, with its last glow. On one side lay in shade the Turkish Cemetery, the sad token that we were in a strange land.

It was with a lonely feeling we laid her there, far away from friends and home; yet we knew God and His angels were as near, perhaps even nearer, to the exiles.

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She was not forgotten in Koulali. Deep was the regret expressed by the patients in the fever wards at the sudden death of their kind attendant. Many tears were shed for her; they spoke of her with real affection, and treasured up every instance of her kindness and self-denial. We immediately placed a small wooden cross at the head of her grave, and one of the soldiers carved her initials on it. We put it there to mark the spot, till we could learn the wishes of her relatives on the point. At their desire her grave was afterwards covered with a stone monument, bearing simply the inscription of her name and date of her death. No word of praise follows, and thus it is ever meet the Christian should rest—he needs it not; for her the world's applause has passed away, as shadows fleet before the sun. But we leave her in the humble hope that she will one day hear the words, "Inasmuch as ye did it unto the least of these, ye did it unto Me."*

* We have lately heard that both at Koulali and Scutari the monuments placed over our dead show signs of wanton destruction on the part of the Turkish soldiery. This might be expected from men who have no feeling of reverence for the remains of any Christian, but is it not the duty of our Government to see to this? Is it not worth the paltry expense that would thereby be incurred? Some one should be appointed to take care of the grounds, and if he were not able himself to prevent ruthless conduct on the part of the soldiery, he could bring the matter before the authorities, so that repairs might be effected at the expense of that government whose subjects committed the destruction. When the British in any way damaged a Turkish building occupied by them, it was repaired at the expense of the former; and it will only be by requiring the Turkish authorities to pay the expense of repairing the injury done by their own men to the monuments in the English cemeteries, that their interest will be enlisted in keeping the place sacred and in proper order. And will England be content till this is done? Shall we be so ready

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Two days after the funeral, Miss Stanley left for England. She had already, at Lady Stratford's earnest request, delayed her departure for several weeks. Her departure was deeply regretted by all, especially the ladies and Sisters under her superintendence, who were now deprived of her gentle and impartial government; by the medical officers, whom she had promptly obeyed and cordially assisted; and by the patients who regarded her (as they did us all) with affectionate respect. The day preceding her departure, Lord William Paulet's aide-de-camp visited us, to express his lordship's sense of the valuable services rendered by her to the hospital in his command.

The day she left us was very stormy, so that she had great difficulty in reaching the steamer lying in the Golden Horn. All the patients in the convalescent hospital, able to walk, came down to the quay to cheer her off as she left; the medical and other officers were assembled to bid her good-bye, and with many a heartfelt good wish and fervent blessing she was speeded on her way.

When she was gone, our next step was to prepare for the new party of ladies and nurses. Before Miss Stanley left we had decided on the necessity of finding new quarters, for two reasons; first, owing to the increased staff of medical and other officers, there was not suf-

to feast those who have returned to our shores, and to decorate them with the tokens of our gratitude, and yet quite forget the many thousand brave men who rendered up their lives in a foreign land? We need not fear for those who lie in Russian ground: our foes were Christians; and wherever the memorial cross is seen, the graves are known and honoured; but for the sake of the thousands of bereaved hearts, whose treasure rests mouldering at Scutari and Koulali, we appeal! England could not succour them in life, let her at least protect their graves!

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ficient room in the hospital for their accommodation, without the rooms we occupied; secondly, our health had suffered so severely from living and sleeping in the hospital in which we were all day at work, that we felt to have quarters outside would be far more desirable.

The first house beyond the Riding School was examined, and found to answer the purpose very well, but the Turk who owned it objected to letting it even at an enormous rent. It was necessary to apply through our embassy to the Sultan. Had we been French, we should have gained possession in a few days, but British negociations in the East are carried on with dignified slowness; so during the week that followed Miss Stanley's departure, we were kept in daily expectation of getting possession of the house, but were daily disappointed.

Two days after our superintendent left, one of the two remaining paid nurses sickened with fever; her companion was required to nurse her, so that the whole nursing work of both hospitals fell upon one lady and the ten sisters, one of whom was still dangerously ill. This lady can never forget the intense anxiety of that week, short as the time was. Every day precious lives hung in the balance; never can she forget the indefatigable manner in which the Sisters of Mercy carried on the work of the hospital. Already tasked beyond their strength, they willingly and cheerfully took the additional work which the departure, illness, and death among the nursing staff had thrown on their hands; and so admirable was their method, so unremitting their skill, that no patient in the hospital (it may be confidently said) suffered from the diminution of numbers.

As now the arrival of the new party might be daily expected, and there was still no intimation from the embassy that we might have the house, matters looked

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serious. We had especially shrunk from bringing those fresh from sea air into rooms impregnated with fever. In one the nurse was lying ill, in another Miss Smythe had died. There appeared no choice. However, Dr. Humphrey, P. M. O., gave us the temporary use of a room at the end of the new and unoccupied stable ward, situated at the extreme end of the hospital; this we made a dormitory for some of the paid nurses under charge of a lady, the rest we prepared accommodation for in our three rooms, the fourth having our invalid and her nurse.

At the end of the week, a large number of invalids went to England, which somewhat thinned the wards. It always caused a great increase to our work when the invalids went, as we had to give them articles of clothing from our free-gift store. Sometimes we had not enough to give. There was a great want of brushes and combs among the men. Soldiers are generally supposed to carry them in their knapsacks; but almost all the sick who passed through our hands in the winter and spring had lost their knapsacks either in the camp or on the passage down; they were therefore quite destitute. We applied to Mr. Stow, the "Times" Commissioner, for brushes and combs, and many other articles we required for the men. He sent them immediately.

Previous to this date, Mr. Stow had visited the Hospital; he informed us, that he had taken Mr. Macdonald's place, and was ready to give us any help we required from the "Times" Fund. We gladly availed ourselves of the offer, and we can thankfully bear witness to numberless comforts and necessaries supplied by the "Times" Fund to the sick. Mr. Stow was a gentleman admirably suited for his post. He visited

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the hospital constantly and thoroughly, gaining a complete insight into its working.

There were other visitors to the hospital, who paid their visits once a fortnight or so, attended by a long train of authorities; and though doubtless they were meant for good, yet it was impossible for them to gain a knowledge of the real wants of the hospital or the sick equal to that gained by Mr. Stow. Great was my astonishment upon being told one day by a distinguished lady, that the "Times" Commissioner was a "dangerous person." I made no answer to the remark.

Living as we then were, amid scenes of sickness and death, tending the wasted forms of those whom want and neglect had brought to this dire extremity—seeing, as we *hourly* did, the flower of the British army cut down in the prime of their youth and strength—finding those cherished in the heart of their country lacking daily the common comforts provided for the sick in English hospitals—my heart was too sad and weary to enter into any controversy about the authorities and the "Times" Commissioner. I only knew this—one let the men die for want of things—the other provided them; the one *talked*, and the other *acted*. I could not help thinking how little it signified to us where the things came from, so that we had them for the sick. Therefore, I went straight to the "dangerous person," who was pacing up and down the barrack-yard, caring very little what people thought of him, and laid a list of our present wants before him.

"These things are promised," I said, "but we shall have to wait very long for them, even if we do get them at all." Mr. Stow wrote them down in his note-book; ere twenty-four hours had elapsed, they were in our

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possession. This energy was one of Mr. Stow's characteristics. A thing once mentioned to him, he never forgot, and never rested till it was done. He was particularly anxious on the subject of washing; it was a great evil, but at that time there was no remedy. Mr. Stow asked, if we thought washing machines from England would be useful; but we told him there was no place to put them in, and besides that the plan would require much superintendence, for which we had no time to spare—we had not even time to search into the full extent of the abuse itself. However, his attention having been once drawn to it, he never lost sight of it. As time went on, we used to laugh among ourselves, and say, "Here comes Mr. Stow, and now we shall have something about the washing." If Mr. Stow had lived to return to Constantinople, he would have found Koulali much improved in that as well as in all other respects.

The last visit Mr. Stow paid us was when the fruit was just coming into season, strawberries especially. We told him how the men longed for them, and he gave us leave to buy as many as we wanted. The new Purveyor-in-Chief being then in office, Mr. Stow seemed to feel his services were no longer wanted to the same extent. He said he knew Mr. Robertson would see that every requisite was furnished, and that matters would soon be on a different footing. He went to the camp; and among the many who regretted the untimely death of one so talented, were those at Koulali, who will ever remember his untiring exertions in his country's cause, his extreme courtesy, and the kind and friendly manner with which he cheered on the sinking hearts that had struggled through that time of misfortune.

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CHAPTER VIII.

"Day after day and week by week past by,
In one unvarying round."

APRIL the 8th was Easter Sunday, but it, like joyous Christmas, fell strangely on us. On that day I sent Papafée, our interpreter, to Constantinople to be on the spot when the steamer was telegraphed by which we expected our staff of ladies and nurses, that he might go on board and bring two of the former to Koulali at once, in order that I might have an hour or two's warning to complete our preparations for the large party.

The morning of April the 9th passed away without Papafée's return, and I concluded the steamer had not come in; but at noon we were startled with the news that the admiral's small steamer, with "nurses on board," was alongside. I ran down to the beach, and welcomed the party to their strange home and untried work. My first inquiry was why Papafée had not attended to my directions, and brought me timely news. He, with violent gesticulations, excused himself, declaring he was the first who boarded the "Osiris;" but shortly after he had done so, there came a messenger from the embassy, desiring the lady in whose charge the party had travelled to proceed to Lady Stratford's immediately. This she did, and stayed there to breakfast, and thus the delay

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had arisen; and in the mean time, those on board the Osiris were kept without breakfast until they landed, at 2 P.M., at Koulali, as nothing can be procured in a French steamer after she has cast anchor.

The party had brought bedsteads and bedding with them from Marseilles, and this, with the number of boxes necessary for so large a party, was an inconvenient addition to our already overcrowded rooms. The corridor was nearly full of presses, boxes, and large cases of books, which could not be placed in the chaplain's quarters opposite. At this time there was no library, and the books were all carried to the chaplains, from whom we received them for distribution. The new party were twenty-five in number when they left England; five were left at Scutari, so that twenty joined our staff; they consisted of six ladies, and fourteen hired nurses.

Before, however, they could enter upon their work, it was necessary a Lady Superintendent, in the room of Miss Stanley, should be appointed. Up to this time the nurses in Koulali hospitals were nominally under Miss Nightingale's charge, but only nominally, for she had never visited Koulali, and of course the charge of the large hospitals at Scutari was more than sufficient for one person. She now resigned this nominal charge, and we were informed of the fact by a letter to that effect from Mr. Bracebridge, and afterwards by a verbal communication from Lord William Paulet, who said, that now the appointment of Superintendent of Nurses would rest with him, and that she would be responsible only to him, except in the details of hospital work, regarding which she was under the orders of the principal medical officer.

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Three days afterwards, Miss Hutton, one of the ladies of the new party, was nominated as Lady Superintendent, by Lord William Paulet.

Before the newly arrived nurses commenced their work, Miss Hutton laid before Dr. Humphrey, the principal medical officer, the rules for our work in the hospital, which had been drawn up by Miss Stanley previous to her departure. They were the following:—

1. The nurses in charge of the wards should take care that the orders of the medical officers concerning ventilation are carried out, that everything should be clean and in order, and they should see to the cleanliness of the patients' beds.

2. They should see that the diet and medicine ordered by the medical officers be given at the appointed times, and that all their directions be strictly attended to.

3. The nurses will be in the wards when the surgeons pay their morning visits, in order to receive any directions they may give. They will be ready to wash or dress wounds, change poultices, apply fomentations, &c. as may be required.

4. The strictest attention is to be paid to the orders of the medical officers; nothing is to be given to the patients without their permission.

5. To each ward will be appointed a lady, a Sister of Mercy, and a nurse. The lady and nurse will enter and leave the wards together. They will visit the wards morning, afternoon, and evening, as they are wanted.

6. One lady will undertake the charge of the store-room, giving out whatever may be needed to the ladies, sisters, and nurses for their wards. The same lady will also superintend the giving out of the extra diets for the patients.

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7. Books shall not be given or lent to the patients by ladies or nurses, unless received for that purpose from the chaplain of the communion to which the patient belongs.

The superintendent then assigned to each person her work, divided the wards between ladies and nuns, and thereby released the overworked sisters from the double charge they had had for some weeks. This week the only lady left of Miss Stanley's band sickened, apparently with fever, and the superintendent had her instantly removed to the new house (which had been at last obtained), but only one room of which was ready for occupancy. She very much benefited by this removal to a room where she could be quiet and alone. The relief could only be imagined by those who had passed many months, day and night, as we had, living in large numbers in one room, in sickness and in health. The change of air and other causes, by God's blessing, gave the illness a favourable turn, and she resumed her work in a fortnight.

Ere this the necessary repairs were completed, and the whole body of ladies and nurses (with the exception of the sick nurse, who had had a relapse, and could not be removed) left their two rooms in the hospital, and took possession of the house. It was a very pretty and convenient one. We called it the "Home on the Bosphorus;" but as this was rather too long a title, it always went by the name of the "Home." Some apartments in the right wing were occupied by Dr. and Mrs. Tice; two small rooms were allotted, by Lady Stratford's express desire, to the senior chaplain of the Church of England. The apartments occupied by Dr. Tice and

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the chaplain adjoined our dining-room, all of which were entirely separated from the rest of the house.*

The house was built in the usual Turkish fashion —halls, or wide corridors, on every floor, with rooms opening out of them; the kitchen, separate from the house, adjoined the bath-house. This was out of repair, and it would have taken too much time and expense to have put it to-rights. The front rooms quite overhung the Bosphorus. We could see the water through the chinks of the floor in the front part of the room. In violent storms, which occurred more than once during our stay in the East, when the quiet Bosphorus lashed itself into fury, and when no caique would venture out, our rooms rocked as if they were cabins on board ship. The new party were at first alarmed, and expected to be swept into the Bosphorus; but those who knew the climate comforted them with the assurance that it was mild at Koulali, compared with the winter storms at Therapia. Another earthquake occurred about this time, but it was not so alarming as the first.

From the first, our house shared the fate of other Turkish houses—it was overrun with rats. They galloped about the ceiling with a sound like a squadron of horse. When we opened the cupboards, we saw them running into their holes. The devastation they made in the store-room was terrible; every morning beheld the lady who acted as housekeeper mourning over her losses, and with no prospect of redress. At night they walked about our bedrooms, jumped upon our pillows,

* All Turkish houses are thus divided into two parts, each with a separate entrance, the lesser part generally being for the men, the harem (which we occupied) being for the Turkish women.

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and quite broke the stillness of night. They would jump from step to step, sounding on the stair like a heavy man's footstep; they appeared to hammer and drive in nails, saw and hack, till we could hardly believe they were only rats. Often did we rise, thinking there must be human beings moving about, but found it was only our usual visitors. One night a lady left a biscuit in the pocket of her dress; in the morning the dress was eaten through, and the biscuit gone. At length we heard that rat-traps were in the stores. We eagerly asked for some. The first night they were used, three rats were caught in one room; and from this time the store-room was better guarded, as we put the trap on the hole, and every night a rat came and was killed. But nothing could entirely subdue the numbers. There is not a Turkish house which is not overrun with them. Those we caught were like English rats.

We will now give an account of the routine of our life. When May opened, the sickness and death had considerably abated, and our system had become more organised, and our hours regular. It should here be mentioned that on April the 21st, three ladies and seven nurses from England joined us. Our numbers were therefore twenty-three nurses (including the sick one), ten ladies, and ten Sisters of Mercy. The Sisters, as already mentioned, lived in rooms at the General Hospital.

At the ladies' home we assembled at eight o'clock for prayers, read by our superintendent; then followed breakfast. At nine, when the bell for work rang, we all assembled; each lady called the nurse under her charge to accompany her to her ward, or kitchen, or linen

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stores (we never allowed the nurses to go out alone, unless under special circumstances); and in five minutes, all the different groups were on their way to the hospital. At two all the ladies and nurses returned home, unless there were patients who could not safely be left altogether to the orderlies' charge; and then the lady, or sister, in whose ward the case was, either stayed herself, or appointed a nurse whom she could trust; but, generally speaking, we thought it better on all accounts to be absent from the wards for an hour or two during the day.

At half-past two we dined, the ladies in one room, the nurses in another, with a lady at the head of their table. One of the ladies each week, in rotation, agreed to superintend the meals of the nurses, and sit at the head of the table. At half-past four the bell summoned us to return to the hospital. Some went sooner than this to the kitchen and the linen store. At seven we returned to tea; then one lady—we took it in turns—went out with the nurses for a walk; now and then, for a treat, in caiques, to the sweet waters, or Bebek. At nine, the chaplain of the Church of England came and read part of the Evening Service. Thus ended the work of the day, and after supper we soon retired to our rooms. Of course, such events as the arrival of sick, or extreme sickness in the hospital, would sometimes break the routine. So passed our lives for weeks and months.

We found our walks to and from the hospital rather inconvenient in the wet weather, and also in the extreme heat; for the road to the hospital was on the banks of the Bosphorus, and exposed to the burning sun. Umbrellas were at a premium, for those bought in Pera were made so slightly that they were continually breaking,

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and then we had to wait till some one went to buy some more. Those who possessed English umbrellas treasured them with great care, but we had great reason to be thankful for the good health that we all enjoyed. We had only one case of serious illness among either ladies or nurses. Exposed as we were to contagious diseases, we greatly attribute this freedom from sickness, under God's blessing, to our living outside the hospital walls, and also to the frequent exercise we took. It was often very fatiguing, after a long day in the wards, to escort the long train of nurses for an evening walk. They were rather exigeant in their wishes as to where they should go. Some wished to climb the hills to catch the breeze, while others declared they could only walk along the shore, while the oldest of the party (and rather a character amongst us) had yearnings after a *krogue*, as she termed a caique.

A favourite walk with all was, however, to a neighbouring village called "Greek town." It amused the nurses extremely to see the manners and customs of the inhabitants. On one occasion we found the Greeks all keeping festival; it was one of their numerous fête days; and apparently the day's celebration had something to do with a well, the water of which possessed some medicinal qualities.

One day, shortly after we had got into regular work, our interpreter came running in and said, "Make haste, and you will see a sight which no English ladies have ever seen before!" Those of our party who happened to be at home followed him, and he took us into the next house, a few yards from our own. In the court-yard we found a large assemblage of Greeks and Turks, who all smiled, and seemed very much pleased at our

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appearance, and conducted us into the house, and into a large room on the ground floor.

What a picture it was! On the cushioned divan, which, as is usual in all Turkish houses, ran along one side of the room, sat three venerable-looking Imaums, in flowing robes, long beards, white turbans, and with chibouques. On their right and left, upon the divan, were seated a dozen boys, of ages varying from six to twelve, whose dress marked them of high rank. In a conspicuous position among these was a tiny boy, about four years old. He wore a little coat of crimson velvet, embroidered in gold; trousers and vest to match; a leather band, richly worked, round his waist, from which hung a tiny sword. On his head a velvet fez, beautifully embroidered, with a heavy gold tassel, completed his attire.

On a small desk before the Imaums were several large books in the Turkish language. One was lying open. Below the divan were rows of little Turks, all dressed alike in the coat and trousers and crimson cloth fez. They sat in rows on the floor, like an English infant-school, and their little red caps made them look at a distance like a bed of poppies. Truth to say, they behaved a great deal better than the same number of little Britons would have done. Our entrance attracted their attention; only for an instant they gave us a look, and then settled themselves again. And now an Imaum called up one boy after another to read a sen tence out of the great book. When he had finished his sentence, all the school cried out, "Amen." At length the little boy, whose dress we have described, descended from his seat, and stood at the Imaum's feet; then slowly repeated each word after the Imaums.

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When he finished a sentence, a very loud "Amen!" followed, and a buzz and a smile on every one's face succeeded, as if some feat had been accomplished. The child returned to his place, and the other boys went up in rotation for their lesson.

Now we were beckoned out of the room. Outside we found two pretty Greek girls, who, by smiles and signs, invited us upstairs to the hareém. We accepted the invitation, and soon arrived at the upper corridor of the house, from which numerous rooms opened. Here we were received by a number of Turkish ladies, children, and slaves, one or two other Greeks, as well as our conductress. Here we for the first time saw the Turkish women without their feridgees or yashmacs.

There was no furniture of any kind in the rooms but divans; the floors were matted, and everything looked beautifully clean. We were seated on the divan, and the ladies looked well at us, and inspected the textures of our dresses. They treated us with the greatest courtesy, and seemed delighted at the visit. Soon they brought us pipes, and began to smoke themselves, and evidently watched to see what we should do. We accordingly made an effort at smoking, but thought it unnecessary to do more than smoke for a minute or two for politeness' sake; and when we laid down the pipes, a general burst of laughter showed their amusement. Then came coffee, in tiny silver cups, and after this we rose to take our leave. But no, we could not go. A small table and chairs were now brought in, and some Turkish sweetmeats and pastry offered, which we were obliged to taste, otherwise it would have been considered an affront.

After this we again prepared to take our leave. A

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great deal of talking went on between the Turkish and Greek women. The result was, that when we reached the courtyard, where our interpreter waited for us, the Greek girls told him that the Turkish ladies hoped we would honour them again that evening, and bring all the others with us. We said we were too large a party, but this made them miserable—so the superintendent consented.

At seven in the evening, they sent in to know if we were not coming. A large number of the nurses were disengaged from work, and they went in. We were received with great delight; chairs were placed in the corridors, and our Turkish friends seemed hardly to know how to make enough of us. There were a large number of Turkish women present, and many Greeks. There were several of the former strikingly beautiful, but a great number of the others had a sickly look, evidently their beauty soon faded. Now they brought two large brass candlesticks, six feet high, with candles to match, and placed them in the centre of the room. We sat near the wall on our chairs—the Turkish ladies in groups on the floor.

Opposite the lights were three slaves with tambourines, who now began a hideous kind of music; the dancing-girls entered, and began to dance round the candlesticks very gracefully; but after a short time it grew very monotonous to us, although the interest the Turkish women took seemed not to flag for a minute. When this was ended, they had some game among themselves, in which a key formed a principal part. We could not make out what it was, further than that it was some joke about the key of the hareém.

At the conclusion of this game, some of the ladies

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approached us, and made signs that they knew we were doctors, that they were very ill, and wanted advice—they believed all the English were doctors. Of course we made the most of our medical knowledge; sent for our little medicine chest, and prescribed some simple medicines, which could do no harm, and which, with so much faith, might prove as efficacious as Parr's Life Pills, or other wonders in England. After this ceremony we took our departure.

This festival was on the occasion of the son and heir of the house going to school for the first time; the father of the child being dead, the little boy was a person of great importance. We should mention, that he was brought into the hareém, and made a great pet of, and much admired. He was a pretty, intelligent-looking little fellow. The dress of many of the ladies was very handsome; silk, or gauze, with a great deal of embroidery, and many jewels: the hair also much dressed, with gauze, artificial flowers, &c. Gloves evidently were considered the height of fashion among the ladies. They were only worn by ladies of high rank, who considered them a great ornament, and always liked them of bright colours.

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CHAPTER IX.

"I die not on the battle field,
But for England still I die;
My life I for my country give,
My soul to God on high."

We will now lead our readers through the wards, and endeavour to describe their arrangement, and the order of the work. Ward No. 1 was called the "Detachment Ward," it having been occupied by the body of men stationed at the hospital as a guard. No. 2 was empty, the surgical patients having been removed therefrom till the horses could be dislodged from the stables beneath, which had rendered the ward very unhealthy. No. 3 was the fever ward; both upper and lower corridors had been filled with British sick for some time, the Russian prisoners (with the exception of two bad cases left in the surgical ward) having been removed towards the end of March to the arsenal at Constantinople.

No. 3 lower ward was under charge of a lady and nurse; No. 3 upper under charge of a Sister and nurse. The floor in the centre of No. 3 lower ward was brick, a large stove stood in the middle, and one table, which was, of course, not sufficient for the wants of the long

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room. On each side of the ward, under the gallery, a wooden boarding was laid; on this were placed the tressel bedsteads. The heads of these beds were open bars of wood-work, on the top of which was a narrow ledge, which held the medicine bottles, drinking cup, and dish used by the patients (these two latter articles at least ought to have been there, but there was a sad deficiency of them in the hospital). Over the bed was nailed a printed card, the blank spaces of which were filled up in manuscript by the ward-master, with the name, regiment, date of admission, age, disease, and religion of the patient—the last was inserted respectively, Church of England, Roman Catholic, Presbyterian. The benefit of the regulation requiring the patient's religion to be stated on his card, was much felt in the hospital by the chaplains, ladies, and sisters, as they, by this means, readily found out those belonging to their own faith without questioning them.

The card over their bed did not originally bear this record of their faith, but the regulation was early enforced, on account of the mistakes, and almost absurdities, which the want of it sometimes caused. There were few things so painful to us as that of constantly being obliged to ask this question before we could lend a book or speak a word of religious consolation to our patients, and it did them no good—sometimes causing a smile, and sometimes a look of annoyance on their faces.

"I'm sick to death of that question," said a poor fellow, very wearily, one day to a lady; he did not the least intend it as rudeness, but the sergeant of the ward unfortunately thought that it was so, and, after she had left, reported to the medical officer that the patient

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had spoken rudely to one of the ladies. The physician was much displeased of course, and immediately, as a punishment, knocked off his "extras," *i. e.* reduced him to his original diet of bread and tea. The next day, in going my rounds, the poor man called me to his bedside, and burst into tears, asking me if I could tell him where Miss ——— lived, as he wanted her to come and speak to him. I replied that she lived in the same room as myself, and I would tell her to come; when she did so, he again burst into tears, and humbly apologised for his unintentional rudeness, saying, "It's not the extras I care for, ma'am, but having been thought to speak rudely to one of you kind ladies." She quite reassured him that the sergeant had been entirely mistaken, and that she never for a moment thought such a thing.

At one end of the ward was a long dresser, on which plates and tins, knives and forks, were kept; this dresser possessed cupboards in the lockers, two of which were assigned for the ladies' or sisters' use, to keep linen or wine, and other articles, likely to be needed in a hurry. The daily routine of the work was for the sister or lady to go round their wards with the surgeon, and receive directions, then give out the wine, which came in a large pail. Port wine was much used, one or two gills being given as directed; the other extras were then distributed. The regular dinner hour was half-past twelve, breakfast at seven, tea at four; but of course serious cases had to be attended to at all times, and food given to them constantly in small quantities.

The work was laborious no doubt, but now the agony of distress had passed away. Spring had come at last, and the woe of that terrible winter was already becoming like a dream. The party of ladies and nurses who

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arrived on April 9th saw scarcely anything of that sad distress, at least at Koulali. I am not aware whether the change at Scutari took place at the same time, though my impression is that it did; certainly with us, at Easter, the tide of death and disease suddenly turned, after we sent home invalids in Holy week. We were never again overcrowded; mortality began visibly to decrease.

The unremitting exertions of the medical officer to conquer the diseases by skilful treatment, better food, and constant nursing, were blessed; and those who had passed through those dreary months felt as if they indeed heard the words, "It is enough, stay now thy hand." No one can imagine, but they who experienced it, the oppressive, hopeless feeling the sight of that great mortality had left; I suppose similar to that felt by those who have been spectators of the destruction wrought by the plague in foreign countries, and the cholera in our own.

And now this emergency passed away, and our life had become a regular routine of work and rest (except on occasions of extraordinary pressure), following each other in order; but whether in the strain of over-work, or the steady fulfilment of our arduous duty, there was one bright ray ever shed over it—one thing that made labour light and sweet, and this was, the respect, affection, and gratitude of the men. No words can express it fully, for it was unbounded; and as long as we stayed among them, it never changed. Familiar as our presence became to them, though we were in and out of the wards day and night, they never forgot the respect due to our sex and position. Standing by those in bitter agony, at a time when the force of old habits is

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great, or by those in the glow of returning health, or walking up the wards among orderlies and sergeants, never did a word which could offend a woman's ear fall upon ours. Even in the barrack-yard, passing by the guard-room or entrances, where stood groups of soldiers smoking and idling, the moment we approached all coarseness, if it existed, was hushed; and this lasted, not a week or a month, but the whole of my twelve-month's residence; and this experience is also that of all my companions.

With some brilliant exceptions, the manner in which the war has been conducted is a source of humiliation to England; but yet she has something left to boast of in her noble sons—brave before their enemies, patient in all their sufferings, gentle to their countrywomen—yes, many a time have our hearts bounded with joyful pride in our countrymen. Many instances of their nobility of character might be given; we select some of these as we pass through each ward.

In No. 3 lower was M——; he was the only one seriously ill in the ward; a lady sat up one night on his account only; this he knew, and he was quite distressed about it, and did nothing but cry, for he was very weak. "Really, M——," said she, "it is useless for me to sit up if you are going to make yourself ill about it in this foolish way. I am quite strong enough to sit up till the morning, when I shall go to bed; but it is mere waste of time to come, if you are going to cry in this way all night." "I can't abeer it," said he, "to see you running about and tiring yourself for me." At length she succeeded in quieting him; and when the morning came, finding him better, she left him. Shortly after, the lady of the ward came in to her daily work,

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when he eagerly enquired after his night nurse; and though he was assured that she was none the worse for her exertions, yet his tears began to flow at the remembrance of what she had done for him. He was an orphan, and on his return to England had no home but the workhouse; his constitution being shattered, we fear, for ever. Perhaps it was his lonely lot in this world that made him cling to us, and seem so astonished at any one caring for his comfort. It was the look of surprise on his face, when he first came down from the Crimea, at the least little act of kindness, that affected one more than anything; he had evidently not been much accustomed to receive it through life, but he always said, with a smile on his face, that it was "all right—God knew best."

In this ward was Walter, a little drummer boy about twelve; he was a pretty child, with a remarkably clear sweet voice, and had been admitted into the singing class; he was very much spoiled by the soldiers, and had grown saucy and conceited. He caught fever, and came into No. 3 lower. When he was getting better, he said to the lady,

"I have been a very naughty boy before I was ill, but I mean to change now. I promised father, when I came away, that I would read the Bible every day, and say my prayers, and I have kept my promise in a sort of way, for I always did it; but then I chose out the very shortest chapters, and said my prayers as fast as I could, just to get over it somehow; but I sha'n't do that again, if I get well."

Afterwards he used to bring the lady beautiful flowers, as a childish mark of affection and gratitude for having nursed him.

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Another patient in this ward had a broken jawbone, which had been struck by a heavy blow at the taking of the Redan; and, consequently, though he recovered his health, he could not eat the usual hospital diet, and was dieted entirely from the ladies' kitchen with rice pudding, beef tea, arrowroot, &c. He was very anxious to be sent to England, but one day he said to the lady of his ward, in a melancholy tone,

"'I shall never get sent home if you are so kind to me, and feed me up like this, for my arms has grown so fat; and when the chief doctors come their rounds to examine the men for England, they takes holds of them and feels them, and then they don't think I'm bad enough to be 'invalided home.'"

"Well," said the lady, laughing, "I suppose I had better leave off taking care of you!"

He did not seem at all certain whether it would not be better to starve a little, for the sake of getting to England. However, his wish was granted, and he was invalided home. He told the lady, the night before he set sail, that his widowed mother would pray for her.

The surgeons were, of course, anxious to keep the men in the East as long as there was the least hope of their recovery; but it was weary work for them to be kept waiting month after month, with their constitutions so broken and shattered, that, in spite of all that was done for them, both by doctors and nurses, they were obliged to be dismissed home at last. The thought of going to England again seemed to pour new life into them for the time. Many of them came from the Crimea looking so worn and so *old;* it startled us sometimes, when we glanced at the card above their head, to see their real age.

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"You only twenty?"

"Yes, that's all," was the answer; "but we had a hard time of it up there!"

Our orderlies were a great help to us; they were always most respectful and obedient, though, of course, they needed constant looking after. One of our nurses mistook their names, and always called them "Aldernies."

"Now, Alderney, run and get this beef tea warmed!"

"If you please, nurse, there's no fire, and the charcoal is all gone, and the Greeks 'as run over the brasier in the barrack-yard with their carts, and 'as knocked off two of its legs!"

"Never mind that, Alderney, you can get a requisition for charcoal, and you can put up the brasier with stones, and get the water hot. If we want a fire we must have a fire, so that's the long and short of it!"

One day a man was brought in to No. 3 lower from the guard-room, where he had been confined for the night, in consequence of having been found drunk on duty. When in the guard-room, those who had charge of the prisoners were so struck by the strangeness of his manner that they thought it proper to watch him; and fortunately they did so, for he had loaded his musket, and intended to destroy himself. It was a sad case of *delirium tremens*—he never recovered his senses while with us. He more than once rushed out of the ward, managed to elude the sentries at the entrance, and attempted to throw himself into the Bosphorus; but our orderlies followed and brought him back.

When in the ward he was very quiet, seldom spoke, except to tell the lady that he was pursued by evil spirits, and had sinned beyond the hope of forgiveness; in vain she tried to cheer and comfort him. The chap-

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lain, too did all in his power, and some of the patients were very kind—trying to amuse and draw him out of himself, and to persuade him to walk with them in the barrack yard. He promised one of the lads that he would go with him to church, but when he got to the door he rushed back again, saying some one was going to kill him! Poor fellow, it was terrible to witness his remorse, and listen to his bitter self-accusations. We vainly assured him of pardon and peace; he seemed to have lost the power of believing. Sometimes he would repeat the Lord's prayer after Miss ——, and listen to a hymn, and say it was very nice; but he soon relapsed into his former despondency, and the doctors, after trying all they could to restore him to health, were finally obliged to send him to England under careful charge, lest he should drown himself.

In the same ward there was also another very interesting case—a young lad, with whose quiet and really gentlemanly manners we were much struck. He seemed much superior to those around him; but was so reserved that he rarely spoke, though he appeared unhappy, and as if he needed sympathy. At last he confided to us his history. He was the son of an English gentleman; had been sent to school at Rugby. In a wayward moment, he had enlisted and left England without the knowledge of his father or friends. After a little persuasion, the chaplain prevailed upon him to write and tell his father the truth; and we had the satisfaction of knowing, before he left the hospital, that he had obtained his father's forgiveness. We believe he eventually went up to Sebastopol.

It was not unfrequent to meet with men of a superior

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class of life. Some timep revious to the period of which I am now writing, there was in the dysentery ward a sergeant of the name of Hamilton. Sister M. S., who nursed him, was much struck by the superiority of his manner and appearance. He recovered from the dysenteric attack he had, and went out to take exercise in the barrack yard. The doctor of the ward said, as soon as he was well enough, he should make him ward master. The poor fellow caught cold, fever came on, and in a few days he died, to the real grief of the Sister who attended him. Some time after, a letter came from his relatives, begging for news of his last moments, to solace his mother, to whom the shock of reading his death in the paper had been so great. Many such letters reached us, and often, alas, we were unable to comply with their request, for in that time of confusion the military register was kept so irregularly, and it was impossible for us to remember the particulars of our countless cases; but when I enquired about Sergeant Hamilton, I met with ready information from Sister M. S., for his case had made too deep an impression to be easily effaced, and we were able to give this comfort to his relations. Answers were returned, both to Sister M. S. and myself, full of the most touching gratitude; it brought the tears into our eyes to read them. After my return to England I was anxious to see this family, thinking they might like to hear more of their lost one; but on arriving at the direction they had given me, I found they had moved their residence, and I could not ascertain where to.

Another case was a young man with very bad typhus fever. He was not expected to recover. His mind continually wandered, but he was very obedient and

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docile. He used often to sing hymns, such, we would fancy, as he had learned in his childhood at some village church in England, for he was evidently a country lad. He was extremely fond of repeating over and over again to the lady and the orderlies, that God was very good, very good indeed, and that he loved Him. He found great relief from having large lumps of ice applied to his head; he was very grateful, telling the lady that she was "like a mother to him, and better than a mother, for what he knew." Much to her surprise he recovered, and slowly regained his strength. He was so childlike in his obedience and affection, that she felt quite sorry, for her own sake, to see him quit her ward for the convalescent hospital.

Another poor fellow came down from the Crimea, after some months spent in the hospital there, looking utterly shattered and worn out, and apparently fifty or thereabouts; but on looking at his card we found he was only twenty. He rallied for a few days, but sank at last. The day he died he told the lady of his ward that he had a little money, which he wished to leave to some friend of his in Ireland, who had been the same to him as a father. He had no near relations living. The lady asked the commandant about it, who said that, unless he made a will, his money would of course go to the next of kin.

The soldiers have a little pocket ledger provided for each of them by the quartermaster, in which they keep their accounts, &c., and in which are printed several military regulations. At the end there is a form for making a will. The corporal of the ward wrote out, according to the commandant's order, a copy of this, and then the poor fellow was required to sign his

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name in the presence of the medical officer. But, alas! his mind was now wandering, and the death dew was standing on his forehead. He just rallied sufficiently, however, a short time after, to sign his name. It was so touching to see the eager way in which the trembling hand fulfilled its task. True, it was but a pound or so he had to leave, but he seemed so anxious to show this last little testimony of affection and gratitude to one who had loved him, and had been kind to the orphan boy, when father and mother were laid in the grave.

In the intervals of reason during his last day, he got the lady to write a letter for him to this friend, but she was obliged to finish it after his death; one sentence he bade her write was, "I have gone through a power of hardships up at the front." His worn face did indeed speak of a power of hardships.

He was a Roman Catholic; and the lady, therefore, requested the Sister of Mercy in the gallery above to come down and pray beside him, which she very often did during his illness; he died very peacefully, while she was reading the last prayers by his bedside, and without a groan.

Another man was quite an example to his regiment for his good conduct and sobriety; he had attained the rank of corporal. He had a very pleasant manner of talking to his fellow comrades, and persuading them not to indulge in drink. He had been a long time in the service, and, his health being shattered, was very anxious to return home to his wife and child; but he always said, smiling, that he was ready to stay if necessary: that he knew for certain all would be right, whichever way it was. He told us so quaintly one day,

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that it was "all through drink he came to be a good man." It sounded a strange anomaly, and we almost smiled, but the explanation followed. He had some years back, when a very young man, got into trouble through this habit; good advice was offered him. The captain of his regiment established a school, where those who wished to escape the temptation to drink which idleness offers, might find instruction and employment. He entered the school, overcame his bad habit, and said "he blessed God for the day he began to do so."

After his return to England, he wrote the following letter to the lady of his ward:—

"DEAR MADAM,—With gratitude to Almighty God I arrived in dear old England once again, after a passage of fourteen days; beautiful weather the whole way; good accommodation on board the 'Niagara' for the sick and wounded. My pains are very troublesome at times. I am afraid I am worn-out as far as military duties are concerned. It will be a great disadvantage to me to be discharged at the present time; but if it is so ordered, I am satisfied with my lot. I feel it my duty as a Christian to submit to the Divine Providence of God, for I can truly say I have been brought by a way that I knew not, and by that same good Providence I am restored to my dear wife and family.

"I return you a thousand thanks for your kind care over me in my affliction. The Lord will reward you, because He has promised so to do. He seems to raise up friends for me in all parts. Please to tell Miss —— that I can never forget her kindness in giving me the advice, and the address of her relatives. How many happy times have I spent in Koulali Hospital Church!

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the daily Morning Service was a blessing to me, and at the table of the Lord He was always present with me.

"You will please to tell the Rev. Mr. Coney that I return him my thanks for his spiritual care over my soul there, and that I trust he will have many souls for his care and labour, although discouragement is around him.

"The joy and happiness of meeting my friends once more, makes me almost forget what trials and hardships I went through. I am thankful my life is spared. I am content with my lot, but I am so much shook that I am happy to say I shall not be sent out again. I am at present attending hospital; I go for medicine three times a day. If the weather was not so wet, it might be better for me; still I must not dictate to the Almighty what weather we are to have. And now, dear madam, you will excuse me if I have in any way transgressed in freedom in writing; my prayers shall ever be offered up for you, and all who belong to you; and you are a treasure to your family and the British army in the East.

"I remain your humble servant,

"—— ——.

"2nd Battalion Rifle Brigade, Aldershott Camp."

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CHAPTER X.

"I have never seen
So brave a patience."—TALFOURD.

THE extreme youth of some of our patients, and their childishness, were a great amusement to the orderlies, especially the Irish ones, who delighted in having, what they called, a spree with some of them.

"Now, Dick, my boy, what would you like this morning—a bit of plum-pudding or a few sugar-plums? ask the lady for some, she's sure to get them for you if you ask her."

"I'll tell you what, my boy, you better had stayed at home along with your mother than come a knocking out in this country; a bit of a chap like you ain't fit for such rough work."

One of the No. 3 orderlies was quite a character, and his eccentricities were a great amusement to us; his name was Rooke. Part of his business was to fetch the extras from the ladies' store-room for his ward; when he came back with a pail full of extras in each hand, and his shirt-front remarkably enlarged from the bottles of soda-water he had ingeniously filled it with, he evidently considered himself of great importance, making as much noise as he could in setting them down, and calling out to the nurse—

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"Now, nuss, here they be, and I hopes you 'as got enough to-day."

Whenever he had forgotten anything, he had a peculiar way of rubbing his head, pulling his hair, and trying to make excuses. He was nevertheless a capital nurse, full of rough kindness to the patients. He was generally so merry, and full of Irish fun, that it was a surprise to us to find him one morning looking sad and unhappy; on inquiry we found that he had just received a letter, telling him of the death of his wife, and asking what was to be done with his three little children.

He still went on doing his hospital work as attentively as before, but evidently with an aching heart. He said that he had known his poor wife ever since she was a little girl; his mother and hers had lived in two adjoining cottages, and they had been brought up and played together as children, and now she had died far away from him after a short illness. He used to save his money to send home to her and the children, looking forward with such hope to seeing them all again; and now he seemed utterly cast down, and the joking with his patients was at an end for some time.

At length, however, he somewhat recovered his spirits. In spite of his many good qualities, he was remarkable for being as dirty and untidy in his dress as he dared, without quite outraging military discipline.

One day Brigadier-General Storks and Mr. Stafford came round the hospital—everybody was astir—I think it was the general's first public inspection after he succeeded Lord William Paulet in command: such a clearing of wards, and such a brushing up of everything took place. The lady at the extras store-room was serving out

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requisitions as usual, when Rooke was the first on the spot to get his, and to her astonishment he was dressed up and in full regimentals. The expected visit had slipped her memory, seeing it made no difference to her work.

"Why, Rooke, what is the matter?" said she.

"They've a dressed me up to see that big man as is coming, if you please, miss."

Presently Rooke walked into his ward with a pailful of lemonade, and, setting it down by the lady, said—

"There, miss, now we'll give him a drink when he comes."

No sooner had the general's party left the hospital, when Rooke, the smart soldier, returned, with evident satisfaction, to Rooke the untidy orderly.

No. 3 upper ward was at first placed under charge of Miss M——, and also contained fever patients. It was a long gallery, with tables and cupboards at the end. The corporal, who was ward-master, was idle and inefficient, and did not look after his orderlies, who, of course, became a riotous set. Consequently, the ward was dirty and neglected. Upon one occasion the ward-master insisted upon giving out the wine himself, instead of the lady; this was, of course, altogether against rules. The lady spoke to Dr. Beatson, who was staff-surgeon of the division. He instantly came in and told the ward-master, that if he disobeyed orders a second time, he should go to the guard-room.

The superintendent, seeing the ward was one requiring peculiar care from the lady in charge, appointed Sister M—— A——, considering her the best nurse in the Barrack Hospital.

In a few weeks the whole aspect of No. 3 upper was changed—it was clean and in order. The sister gained

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her usual influence over the orderlies—they loved and respected her, and would do anything to please her, and also soon after she had a better ward-master.

It was astonishing to observe the influence gained by the ladies and sisters over the orderlies. Without their superintendence they were an idle, useless set of men, callous to the sufferings of those around them, not caring to learn their business, which was of course new to them, and regardless of carrying out the doctor's orders, when they could do so without getting into disgrace; but under the sisters' and ladies' charge, they became an excellent set of nurses, forming that class of men-nurses, of course, essential in a military hospital.

A great drawback to this was, however, the circumstance, that often when one had a good orderly willing to learn, and had trained him into the way of waiting on the sick, he would be sent for to his regiment, his place supplied by another quite unused to hospital work, and with whom the teaching had to begin *de novo*.

One day a poor fellow was brought into No. 3 upper, from a ship proceeding to Balaclava. He was an Italian, and could not speak a word either of French or English, and, although the surgeon of his ward could speak Italian, we could gather little of his history from his few dying words; for he was in the last stage of fever when brought into the hospital, and it was soon all over. He seemed so grateful for all that was done for him, and was so delighted to get a drink of lemonade, with plenty of sugar put in it.

Another case in this ward was a poor little sailor, who was also brought in from a ship going to Balaclava. He remained for a long time, and was eventually sent

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to England with the military invalids. He was such a curious little man, very meek and quiet, but as frightened and nervous as a woman, always thinking himself much worse than he was in reality, speaking invariably in a tone of deep despondency, much to the vexation of the orderly, who was especially directed to look after him night and day, and who was a great tall fellow, not apparently much afraid of anybody or anything. He was most kind and attentive to the small sailor, but evidently much chagrined at his want of hope and courage; he also seemed to think it must be very discouraging to the sister who attended to him; so whenever he saw her going up to the sailor, he followed her, and exhorted him very energetically to "spake up to the lady; don't be so down-hearted, man; spake up, man, spake up, she don't hear what you are a saying of; why don't ye cheer up a bit? ye'll never get well at that rate; ye'll make yourself a deal worser being so low-spirited."

This was, of course, quite true; but the poor sailor did not seem much inclined, or, indeed, well able, to follow the advice of his soldier friend, though at last we did sometimes succeed in making him smile, by declaring we would ask the commanding officer to make a soldier of him, and inquiring which regiment he would like to be enlisted into, picturing to him how brave he would look marching about with the coloured ribbons in his hat.

Writing their letters home for them was most amusing; very often they had not a word to say, but trusted entirely to the lady.

"What shall I say?" we began with.

"Just anything at all you like, miss—just the same

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as you writes your own letters home. You knows how to make up a letter better than I do!"

"But how shall I begin?"

"My dear Thomas," the lady writes on, hoping dear Thomas is well, and informing him of the illness and whereabouts of his friend.

Then she inquires what relation the said "dear Thomas" is to him.

"Oh, he's just my father, miss!"

She suggests the propriety of addressing him by his usual title.

"Oh, never mind, miss; it's all the same—it will do very well!"

One of the men received a letter from his wife, entreating him, in the most broken-hearted words, to allow her to come out and nurse him—that she was utterly miserable, could not sleep at night, thinking of what he was enduring, and so on. The poor man very likely felt more than he cared to express, but he chose to treat it with apparent indifference, and almost amusement.

"That's just the way women talks—they're always a-wanting to do unpossibilities. They fancies they can do anything! Oh, yes, they fancies it fast enough, but then, you see, they can't, so what's the good of it? I should like to see her come out here, indeed! A pretty place for a woman by herself, and I shouldn't be able to see after her. She's much better at home, and I'll write and tell her once for all that it's impossible, and no good whatever talking about it no more!"

Fortunately for the poor wife's feelings, his arm was too stiff to write that day, as he evidently intended to send her a severe reproof for her folly, rather forgetting

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in his wisdom the deep affection and anxiety contained in her earnest pleading to come and nurse him. As the post went out next day, he rather reluctantly accepted the sister's proposal to write in his stead, and she, of course, took care to soften the refusal as much as possible, and poor Mrs. —— was very likely rather surprised at the unusually affectionate letter she received from her husband by that mail; which, we must hope, in some little measure compensated for her disappointment, though, doubtless, a few stern lines merely granting her request would have been far preferable.

Many of our patients could not read a word, and were delighted when we had time to teach them, or to read a few verses to those who were too weak to hold a book or read long for themselves. They were grateful, too, for slates to write and sum upon; but talking of home and bygone days, and then of their warlike adventures in the Crimea, was their chief delight.

The lower was the first of the stables turned into a ward. When Turkish stables, they looked as if it would be impossible to convert them into habitations for Christians; but when Dr. Tice was Principal Medical Officer, he designed the improvement, and the execution reflected great credit on him: it became the best ward in the hospital, holding one hundred and fifty beds. It was large and airy, and had the unusual merit of being, in the noonday heat of a Turkish summer, perfectly cool, but was unfortunately not rain-proof.

The surgical cases were moved into it, and Dr. Temple was the officer in charge. It was entirely on the ground-floor, and very much wider than the other wards; therefore, though no division was made in the

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building, the superintendent divided the nursing between a lady and a Sister of Mercy, with nurses; the upper part of the ward, with its four rows of beds, was under Miss ——, and the lower under Sister M—— E——.

Under them was a nurse, who was a member of the Evangelical Alliance. She was an elderly person, and very eccentric; but a very good nurse, and a respectable woman, and gave great satisfaction to the sister and lady under whom she worked. Sister M—— E—— always spoke in high terms of her usefulness and diligence, and she in her turn expressed the most unbounded respect and affection for the sister, whom she called an "angel upon earth."

In Sister M—— E——'s division was a very interesting case—a Scotch Presbyterian of the name of Fisher. He came in to be treated with frost-bite, but the seeds of consumption were sown, and when the frost-bite healed he was evidently in a hopeless state. Never was the deceitful disease more plainly displayed than in that case. He lingered on month after month; now better, now apparently at the point of death; then the flame of life would suddenly spring up again, and a feverish strength made him imagine he was getting better. He wore away till his bones seemed ready to come through the skin. He was generally hungry, and very fanciful.

It is very affecting to watch by one who is hovering on the verge of the grave, and in this case every one united in doing their best to alleviate the sufferings of his last hours on earth. Dr. Temple stayed long by his bedside, endeavouring to find something to ease him. Fisher insisted that no medicines did him good but

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those made by Dr. Temple's own hands; and the kind surgeon always humoured him, and when his rounds were over, went regularly to the dispensary to make up Fisher's medicines, together with a sweet effervescent draught, which was Fisher's great delight.

By his bedside even the rough orderlies grew gentle; one in particular was a great favourite with the poor sufferer, and Fisher was never happy when "Joe" was away. Dr. Temple told us we might give him anything he fancied; nothing could do him harm. Oatmeal porridge he used to long for very often, and Sister M—— E—— made it strictly according to his own directions, for he was very fanciful. He was always longing for something or other, and as far as our means allowed, we supplied his wants. Sister M—— E—— was most unremitting in her care of him, and the attention he required was constant.

Fisher was a singularly rough, quaint man, not given to many words of gratitude, but it was pleasing to see the way in which his pale, wan face lit up when Sister M—— E—— made her appearance. His eyes followed her about the ward as she went to her other patients; and though he did not *say* much to express his sense of her services, yet a few words from him spoke a volume of the deep feeling that was in his breast. When death came, he passed away without a visible pang.

In the same division of the ward was Hickey, another most interesting case. He suffered from the same disease as Fisher, but its progress was far more rapid. Hickey was an Irish Catholic. His great longing was to go home; he was haunted by a perpetual fever to see his own green land once more; and when the deceitful

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rallyings of his complaint came, his eye glittered as he talked of how soon he would be amongst his dear friends in the "old country;" but we who watched beside him saw in the very glitter of the eyes, and flush on the pale cheek, the signs that he no longer needed an earthly home. The goings to and fro of this world were soon to end with him.

To satisfy him, however, his name was put down in the list of "invalided home;" but ere the time for the departure of the band came, the fever strength was gone, and the death-struggle was at hand. The disappointment was sore, but he bore it meekly: neither that nor his severe sufferings elicited a murmuring word. He was a deeply religious man, and attended to the duties of his religion with fervour; and though the love of life was strong within him, he was "content to die," he said, "as it was God's holy will;" when death stood beside him, he passed away as a child falls asleep, and on his pale face was that look which clings to the memory for ever after, for it spoke of death without its sting.

In the upper division under Miss ——, were many cases somewhat similar; but Fisher and Hickey were among the most interesting cases that passed through our hands. Another case, of a very different character, was in this division.

Sergeant Everett was a ward-master when the hospital was first opened. He had been at the Crimea, and there lost one eye. He was discharged from this office for drunkenness, in which he indulged to a fearful extent. He belonged to the Church of England, but the chaplain was ignorant of his propensity. Sergeant Everett had evidently got the right side of him, and

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the clergyman, being convinced he was a very worthy, religious man, appointed him Scripture-reader.

Everett had the Bible by heart. He could quote texts for an hour without stopping, and his power of talking on religious subjects was very great. He often went round at night, and read the Holy Bible to the soldiers, generally in a state of intoxication. Unfortunately he contrived to do it at the time the ladies, sisters, and officers were absent.

One night, however, he was reeling about Lower Stable Ward, Bible in hand, desecrating the name of Christ in an awful manner, when Dr. Temple unexpectedly entered. The doctor immediately reported the circumstance to the chaplain, who, of course, dismissed him from his situation as Scripture-reader. A week afterwards, he was brought into the Lower Stable Ward raving in *delirium tremens*, brought on by his habits of excessive intemperance. He was a fearful case to attend. He used the words of Holy Scripture in awful blasphemy; he would spring out of bed, and knock down the orderlies, and it was with a great effort that the lady and sister approached him; but they had sufficient power to make him lie still and quiet while they were there: when they were gone, he would recommence, and at night his fearful shrieks would be heard from one end of the hospital to the other. He required much attention, as it was necessary he should have a great deal of brandy given to him, and it was to be administered in very small quantities at a time. Often my hand shook at the glaring look of his one eye, as he watched me measure out the brandy. At length he recovered, and was invalided home.

To our astonishment, some months afterwards, a pa-

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ragraph appeared in the papers, stating he had performed several feats of unheard-of valour at the siege of Sebastopol, which, as he left the camp immediately after the battle of the Alma, must have been done in his dreams. The paragraph stated, that he had received presents from both Her Majesty and Miss Nightingale. I am pretty sure he never saw Miss Nightingale at all, and a statement he made regarding the ladies at Koulali was utterly untrue.

There were still in this ward the two Russian prisoners who had been too ill to be moved with the others; they were very gentle and submissive, and the cheerful smile with which they greeted us was somewhat of a relief to the usual heavy cast of their countenances. They were, while in the ward, treated the same as the other sick. They were the lions of the hospital, and a great many sailors and others came to see them, at which they appeared pleased. They talked a great deal to each other, and had a Russian Bible, which they read very constantly. Dr. Temple knew a little Russe, and when he made inquiries after their health in their own language, their delight was very great.

This ward, at a later period than this, was principally filled with patients who had been wounded in the trenches, treated in the camp hospitals, and then sent down to Koulali for change of air and nursing, before they were invalided home. The lady of the ward often remarked their great kindness to each other; men who had lost an arm would be seen helping others who had lost a leg to walk, then these in their turn would cut up the food, or help in other ways those who had lost their arm, or the use of it, as the case might be.

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The men were delighted with newspapers, and nine or ten would assemble together while one read aloud. It was very amusing to hear their remarks on the things going on in the Crimea: they were so astonished and vexed at the attack of the 18th of June: "That was an unfortunate day, we did not gain any honour." One man comforted them by saying, "But no wonder it was not, *as* it was not *men* but *boys* that were driven back and behaved badly."

Some of the men were very clever at needlework, and hemmed dozens of pocket-handkerchiefs and towels to be given to the invalids when going to England, or those going up again to the camp. They also mended hundreds of the blue jackets and trousers, the hospital outer clothing. There was one man six feet two high; he had been wounded in the foot, and was unable to put it to the ground for a long time: he made a dress for an officer's wife in the Crimea, and made besides about thirty or forty sets of mosquito curtains.

We used to laugh among ourselves, and say, this was the talented ward, for there were in it an artist and a poet. The artist's name was West. He was a boy of nineteen, and he had really a talent for drawing figures.

He was very diffident about his drawing, and for some time practised in secret, without the lady or the surgeon's knowledge; but at length the admiration of his fellow-patients was too great to be kept to themselves; the sergeant also evidently thought it a pity a likeness of him should be "wasting its sweetness on the desert air;" and so one day, when the surgeon and lady were going the rounds, and standing by West's bed, the secret was divulged, and how West blushed as he exhibited his performances! When the ice was once broken,

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and he really fouud we admired his sketches, his pride and pleasure knew no bounds. We supplied him with pencils and paper, and he whiled away many an hour by making sketches of his companions. He was "invalided home."

Another man was in the ward at this time, called Shelley; he was the poet, and wrote very good lines on the different battles, whieh I regret I cannot give to my readers.

In this ward, too, was an orderly, who embroidered a pincushion with beads, and it was really beautifully done; he gave it to the lady of his ward, as a token of his gratitude. The men who were nearly convalescent were often sent to watch by the bad cases that required constant attention. There was one fine Highlander put to this duty; the patient in the next bed to him was very ill, and Miss H—— gave him in special charge to the Highlander at night. Going the night rounds once, she found him lying on his bed, his face turned towards the sick man, and one eye open watching him, ready to spring out of bed at the slightest movement; the lady laughed and said, it was just like a cat watching its kitten: this was heard by the others, and the pair went by the names of cat and kitten among their comrades for a long time.

There was another instance of the extreme patience of the men. One young man of the 9th regiment had been in the attack of the 18th of June; soon after it began, his foot was shot off; the spot where he fell was so exposed to the fire of the Russians, he could not be brought in; he lay there the whole day—he tore up his shirt to stop the bleeding; and when the evening came, and he was carried to hospital, he was delirious

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from the agony he had endured from thirst; brain-fever followed, and he had to undergo amputation of part of his leg.

Soon after this he was brought down to Koulali. The movement again brought on fever, and made his leg very bad: the surgeons found another amputation would be necessary, and they feared he would sink under this. However, it was tried, and he survived. His sufferings were very intense, beyond all expression, but he never murmured. We never heard him even groan, except in his sleep, and then his moanings were piteous.

He was nineteen years old. His case was one which required most careful nursing; all the surgeons said, nothing but constant care and nourishment could save him. Great judgment was required in the administration of nourishment and stimulants, and great care also in the preparation of the first, which could not have been done except by the extra-diet kitchen. It was pleasant to see his looks of delight when the ladies were waiting upon him; his eyes would sparkle, and many a time did he take the food to please Miss H——, which he would otherwise have turned from in disgust, having completely lost his appetite. At length he recovered, and was able to walk on crutches.

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CHAPTER XI.

"There's many a harte
In dreary hospitalle on couch of pain,
That ne for fever's force or wounds dire smarte
Will utter groan or spake in words of plain,
But still of courage high and pious hope full fain."

OLD POEMS.

No. 4 wards were exactly opposite No. 3, on the other side of the barrack square; their formation was exactly similar to that of No. 3. No. 4 ward lower was under Sister Anne (of St. Saviour's Home, Osnaburgh Street, an Anglican Sisterhood). No. 4 upper was under Sister M—— B——. This sister was the one who had been so seriously ill with fever in the winter. She recovered and resumed her duties, and performed them with the utmost zeal and devotion; early in the summer fever again attacked her, and the second attack was even more dangerous than the first. For some days, her life was despaired of; but she survived it, and on her recovery the surgeons declared it to be essential she should go home, as it was evident she could not bear the climate; and to our deep regret, accompanied by Sister M—— C——, she left Koulali on July 2nd.

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All the other Sisters of Mercy were fully occupied at this time; and as the number of patients had diminished so as not to render the charge too laborious, both wards were assigned to Sister Anne.

This lady had a good deal of experience in nursing, and gave great satisfaction to the superintendent by her devotion to her work, while she was much and deservedly beloved by her patients. The surgeon in charge of the ward was Dr. Watson. Both Sister M—— B—— and Sister Anne spoke in the warmest terms of his skill and attention to the men. No. 4 wards were always kept in beautiful order.

There was a man in this ward named A——. He was in brain-fever, and perfectly unmanageable, both by ward masters and orderlies, and even by the surgeon, and they were forced to put on a strait-waistcoat to keep him in bed. Whenever the ladies came near him, he grew calm; a single word seemed sufficient to compose him, and while they were present he would lie as still as a child.

A—— was a strong, powerful young man, doubly strong from the fever; his head required shaving, but the operation seemed impossible. No persuasion of doctor, ward master, or orderly, would induce him to submit to it quietly. They told him, if he would have it cut quite close to his head, it would do as well. No —he raved furiously at the idea. It was night, Sister Anne had gone home, and the lady appointed to the night-watch came in, and, hearing of the difficulty, said,

"Now, A——, do let them do it."

"No one shall touch my head."

"That is very unkind of you, A——, when I have come so far to do it for you."

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He looked at her and said,

"And please, ma'am, have not I come as far to let you do it?" and then, without another word, he submitted while she cut his hair off.

A—— ultimately recovered.

C—— was another case in No. 4 upper ward. He was for a long time a patient from fever and diarrhœa, but recovered; and, after several months of illness, was discharged to duty.

A few days after this, Sister Anne went up to the hospital at half-past nine at night, as she wished to see whether a patient, who was very ill, would require sitting up with. When she entered her ward, she was astonished to find the state of confusion it was in. As she stood in the doorway, a fearful cry of agony startled her. What was the matter? C—— had been brought in, in a fearful state of cholera.

The information was given her by the ward master, who was pale with terror, and trembled from head to foot. Sister Anne begged him not to show such signs of dismay, reminding him that fear would spread the contagion among the others sooner than anything else.

She then approached C——'s bedside, when she no longer wondered at the alarm of the sergeant and orderlies. It was an appalling sight. His face and hands were of a dark purple, both contorted with cramps—his whole frame convulsed; while at intervals he uttered a low moaning cry, between a scream and groan, scarcely like a human being. So dreadful was the sight, her first impulse was to turn away; but on reflection she thought, that what he had to bear she should not shun to look on.

The surgeon entered, and Sister Anne was very glad

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she was there, for brandy and other remedies were required immediately, and were furnished from her cupboard in the wards. The purveyor's store and the extra diet kitchen were both closed long before that hour of the night; and had they been obliged to send to either of these places for what they required, nearly an hour must have been lost; and so violent was the disease, and so rapid its progress, it might then have been all too late. As it was, with the means they had at hand for immediate use, and the energetic application of proper remedies, with the Divine blessing, although in the two days in No. 4 wards there were six cases of cholera in its most malignant form, they only lost one; and that one had been ill with *delirium tremens* for weeks previous to being attacked by cholera, so that when it seized him, not a shadow of hope remained.

There was another case of a man named Ferguson. He came down from the camp in June, and entered No. 4 upper ward, was soon pronounced convalescent, and put on the list to be invalided home. The day before embarcation, the surgeon and Sister Anne went as usual round the wards. The latter observed a marked change in Ferguson, which had taken place in the course of a few hours. Whether his excitement and joy at the prospect of going home had produced fever, or whether he had caught the disease from another, no one could tell, but certainly the first symptoms of the fearful disease were plainly visible.

The doctor had stopped at his bedside, as was the custom, to say simply, "You go to England to-morrow," but his eyes fell on the fever-spot on his cheek. He looked at him attentively, felt his pulse, and said—

"Ferguson, I am very sorry, but I cannot decide

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upon your going to England till I have seen you to-morrow, or at least this afternoon."

Poor fellow! he was so disappointed. With an expression of intense anxiety and sorrow, he rapidly assured the surgeon,

"I am quite well to-day, only weak; much better than I was yesterday. I am quite ready to go."

Sister Anne's heart sank as she listened to his words, for she felt assured his "going home" would not be to England; she was certain that he had no strength to resist the fever now preying on him. After the doctor was gone, in the bitterness of his great disappointment, he wept like a child.

Sister Anne reasoned with him, reminding him how impossible it was the doctor could have any motive for detaining him but for his own good; that he knew how kind the doctor always was to him, and surely he could trust her word. She begged him to keep quiet till the morrow, and not exhaust his little strength by sorrow; for she assured him, if he were better to-morrow, he should go. He grew calm and satisfied, consented to go to bed, and see what to-morrow would bring forth. Next morning, when Sister Anne entered her ward, her first step was to hasten to his bedside, and it was touching to meet his look of quiet resignation. He said:

"Please, ma'am, I don't want to go to England. You were quite right, I'm not fit for it. I am so glad to be here while I am so ill, that you may take care of me as you have done."

Every care was taken, everything that could be done was done, but in vain. He sank rapidly, and in a few days was numbered among the dead.

M—— was another patient in that ward; he lingered

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for many months with dysentery, which was attended by violent vomiting. This reduced his strength so much that he became unable to feed himself, and for ten days Sister Anne fed him with a spoon, giving him food constantly in the smallest quantities. He used to entreat her to give it up, saying—

"Please, it's of no use; 'tis only wasting good food."

But of course she persevered in that, and in everything else she thought could possibly conduce to his benefit, and she had the satisfaction to see her efforts, under God's blessing, crowned with success. He quite recovered, and was invalided home. On leaving the ward, he came up to her, and, holding out his hand, said—

"Good bye, ma'am, and God bless you; had it not been for you, I never should have been home again."

Among the orderlies belonging to No. 4, was one named N——. When Sister Anne first took charge of No. 4 lower ward, N—— was much addicted to swearing, —so, at least, she was *told*, for the men were far too respectful to swear in our presence. N—— was also given to drinking.

Sister Anne told him that, if he continued in these habits, she must ask for his dismissal from the wards. He admitted the truth of all she said as to the sin and disgrace, said he wished above all things to give her satisfaction, and that he would do anything she asked him to do. She said she expected him to give her his promise never to bring brandy into the wards. To this he agreed; and during many months he faithfully kept his word, infringing it only on the occasion of the anniversary of the battle of the Alma, when much feasting was going on, and an allowance was of course to be

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made. He also very much conquered the habit of swearing.

Another sergeant, who was in No. 4 ward, gave great satisfaction to Sister Anne. He was an example to the others. When he afterwards went to the camp he wrote letters which cheered the heart of this lady, and which, by her kind permission, we insert:—

"Camp, Sebastopol, 7th Sept. 1855.

"SISTER ANNE,—I hope you will pardon me for not writing sooner, but the truth is, I wrote a letter on the 3rd inst., but it was lost in the tent, and I waited until to-day, thinking I might find it. The bombardment commenced on the 5th. The French opened a terrible fire on the enemy; ours did not commence in earnest until 4 A.M., the 6th inst. On the night of the 5th we set fire to the large three-decker of the Russians (the 'Twelve Apostles'), and to-day, the 7th, another large ship set fire to also. The 28th lost one man killed and wounded on the 6th inst. I do not know our loss to-day as yet, but we are firing very hard all day. We are to have three days' rations cooked in our havresacks to-morrow, and to parade at 4 A.M., which looks pretty like another attack on the Redan and Malakoff by us. We have no huts up as yet, so I think we will not require them now, for we are all determined to go into Sebastopol this time. We are getting fresh meat three or four times a-week, bread sometimes too, and potatoes occasionally; so we are not so bad off as you think, and, thanks to your kindness, I am better prepared this winter than I was last. Hoping this little account will not displease you, and you will pardon errors,

"I remain your most obedient servant,

"J. J———."

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Goody was another orderly, and he deserved his name, for he was *good*. Every one in the hospital knew him for his willing spirit, his sobriety, industry, and constant good humour; he was willing to help anybody, grumbling did not seem at all natural to him, but he had such a perpetual grin on his face, that we thought he must go to sleep with it. Sister Anne talked to him one day about saving his money. He thought it was a capital idea, and he used regularly to bring it to her as soon as it was paid to him. By the time he left the ward, it had amounted to a large sum.

Goody and N—— were quite exceptions to the general rule concerning orderlies; they could be left and trusted very much. Their affection and attention to their patients were remarkable; they were as gentle as women. Sister Anne suggested to them that, in the case of patients who were much emaciated, it would ease them to be lifted in sheets when their beds were made, and they never forgot the hint.

There was one orderly in this ward who possessed unfortunately a very surly temper. He did not venture to show it to Sister Anne, but visited it upon one of her nurses.

One day when she went to the orderly side of the ward, to request him to do some part of the work which was left for him to do, he answered her insolently, and said, "she could do it herself." The nurse complained to Sister Anne, who said:—

"This is the second time the complaint has been made to me, and I have warned him that I would not again allow it to pass."

She sent notice to the commandant. To her astonishment, in a few minutes, he appeared at the door of the

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ward with a serjeant, corporal, and picket of men. The commandant expressed his regret, that any soldier should have spoken rudely to a lady. Sister Anne explained, that it was not to herself he had done so; but as the nurses were under her protection, it was her duty to see proper respect shown to them. In this he quite agreed, and trusted she would complain to him at once if any annoyance occurred, that it would be his pleasure as well as duty to assist her. He then asked, if she intended preferring a charge against this orderly. She said, certainly not. She only wanted him removed from the ward. This was done (the doctor's sanction having been obtained before the complaint was made), and another man sent in his stead. Thanking the commandant for his kindness, this formidable affair came to an end.

On another occasion, on going to the ward in the morning, Sister Anne saw something was wrong with her ward master. He was one of the best in the hospital, sober and attentive to his duty. He looked very miserable, and came, and told her he was a prisoner. She asked, "On whose charge?" "That of P——, an orderly who had told the commandant that Sergeant D—— had been out of the hospital after hours." She said, "Were you so?"

"No, indeed. I was not in my own room, but I was not even out of this division of the hospital; I was in another sergeant's room upstairs spending an hour. The time passed on; I had not told the orderlies where to find me, but they all knew I was in this division." Sister Anne first satisfied herself as to the truth of this statement. She knew the orderly who had reported him was one who was about to be dismissed that very

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day for bad conduct, and who had an ill feeling against the sergeant.

She then went to the commandant, admitting the sergeant was to blame in not being in his room, but spoke of his general good conduct, the real loss it would be to the ward, and begged he might be pardoned. The commandant, as usual, listened kindly, but said it was now out of his power to do anything, as it had been referred to the Brigadier-general at Scutari, and D—— must stand a court-martial.

This was sad tidings for the poor sergeant. He was in despair at the very thought, and begged her to use her influence at Scutari. She replied, that she could do but little there, she feared; she could only testify to his good conduct, and she was sure both his surgeon and staff-surgeon would bear her out—she would apply to head-quarters, and plead for his return. Beyond her expectations, the case was most readily attended to, and within two days she had the pleasure of receiving intimation that he was set at liberty without a court-martial; that he would have returned to Koulali at once, but that the adjutant having seen him, considered him a superior man, and as he wanted a clerk for his office, said he wished to retain him for that, and hoped Sister Anne would willingly part with him, as his pay would be treble what he received as ward master, and the situation was, besides, a promotion.

She, of course, said she would not stand in his way, and there it was thought the matter ended; but the best was to come. The following night Sergeant D—— came to the "Home," and begged to see Sister Anne; then told her he could not bear to accept the offer made him without her consent and approval, and that he had

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told the adjutant so, for that he had received so much kindness from this lady, he would rather give up the post than displease her. Sister Anne assured him, she had no wish to stand in the way of such an advantage, and was very thankful it had happened. She was much gratified by the good feeling displayed.

The following letter will show more fully the man's character:—

"Adjutant-General's Office, Scutari, Nov. 25, 1855.

SISTER ANNE,—I know you will be pleased to hear from me, and to know how I am getting on in my situation. I can assure you, that I have made a good exchange; in the first place, I will improve myself greatly; and secondly, I am separated from a few people at Koulali, who very probably would get me into another predicament. I am quite by myself, and associated with no one. I am very thankful to you for allowing Sangers to go to my box to take some things out for me. I hope you are quite recovered in health again, and able to attend the 'hospital.' I will content myself with the hopes of soon receiving a letter from you; and trusting you are in the enjoyment of good health,

"Believe me to remain yours, most respectfully,

"———.

"P.S.—Please remember me to F—— and ——."

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CHAPTER XII.

"To the experienced clinical physician these well-known Pathological inclinations as clearly and unmistakeably precluded the idea of Anti-phlogistic and Depletory measures, which must be regarded under such circumstances as worse than useless, for in many instances they would not have been devoid of danger to life."

DR. LYONS' *Report on the Pathology of the Diseases of the Army in the East.*

IN another ward in the Barrack Hospital both upper and lower divisions were under the charge of two Sisters of Mercy and two hired nurses. Both wards were under the same medical officer, Dr. ———, a civilian.

There were two civilians in Koulali Hospital, who held about the same position as first-class staff-surgeons, and were much better paid; for the former had forty-two shillings per diem, while the latter had only twenty-two shillings. Their position was an anomalous one; they were nominally under the staff-surgeons and principal medical officer, but pretty much set them at defiance, and sometimes the assistant-surgeons were forced to be under them. The military surgeons, of course, chafed at the intrusion of these gentlemen; and I only wondered how they bore it with any patience at all, for they certainly did not do credit to the civil branch of the profession.

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Dr. ——— was a very eccentric person; he had, many years previous to the war, lived and practised at Constantinople, and had now come out, he said, from a purely benevolent desire to enlighten the military medical staff upon the true mode of treating the sick. We sometimes wondered whether the pay of two guineas a day had anything to do with the benevolence.

Dr. ——— chose to try experiments on the poor men. He said their diseases ought to be treated as the diseases of the inhabitants of Turkey were, by starving, quite forgetting the difference in the constitution and habits of the Turks, and also the labours and privations our men had undergone in the camp, instead of spending their days cross-legged on a divan smoking a chibouque. But Dr. ——— had a profound veneration for Turkey, its habits and customs—he maintained it was the best governed, and most moral country in the world.

He told us we were sadly wasting our time by not using the privilege of our sex in seeking admission into different harems, and cultivating the acquaintance of the Turkish ladies, whose method of managing their households and children was so admirable.

In his ward the most exaggerated form of the starving system was established. How any of his patients existed, we could not think—more died in his ward than in any other. Here it is but fair to state that some of the worst cases in the hospital were under his charge, and that the doctor himself insisted his ward was not a healthy one.

Nursing under his directions was a most miserable work: it was the constant witnessing of suffering, without the means of relieving it. The ladies, one and all,

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declared the impossibility of working under him. The Sisters of Mercy made no remonstrance; and for many, many months, patiently and devotedly did they fulfil their appointed duty, and that was one indeed arduous.

The comforts and encouragement which cheered on the ladies and sisters in other wards failed here. They who had been accustomed to courtesy and cordiality from the army surgeons, were met with rudeness and constant hard rebuffs. In other wards, if one committed an unintentional error in carrying out, or omitting to carry out, as the case might be, the doctor's orders, we were sure of being treated leniently, and being taught how to do better for the future. In this one no mercy was shown to the offender.

The Government must have found in him one of their penny wise and pound foolish economists.

The sisters attached to this ward saw other wards gradually improving, while theirs remained in the old state of dirt and neglect; they saw in the extra stores numberless comforts, which they knew their men lacked, and they dared not procure them for the poor sufferers. They saw the other sisters and ladies counting numbers of convalescents in their wards, while their task was to watch the slow progress of disease and death in those committed to their care.

The depression of this was extreme—every one who visited the ward even felt its influence. The superintendent, who, of course, visited all the different wards, often said, she could not imagine how the sisters bore up under their labour; but they never complained, they did all they were permitted to do for their patients, and soothed them with kind and gentle words, and they were not unappreciated.

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"Never mind, sister," said one, "we know you mayn't give us extras as the others do, but we like to see you smile."

An instance of the doctor's eccentricity may be given. He had a great fancy for putting his men on milk diet; he said all doctors had their *fad*, and that was his.—If he had given them enough of his "fad," it would have been a different matter.

In the hot weather it was very difficult to get good milk. There are hardly any cows in Turkey, and the milk was a concoction of goats' and asses' milk, with large proportions of chalk and water (beside it *London* milk would have looked like country cream), and for which we paid the moderate sum only of six piastres (twelve pence) the quart.

In hot weather this milk would not stand boiling: We tried heating without boiling; it would not stand that either. The first time this happened was at the dinner-hour, when all the milk turned. A question arose what to send instead of the milk diets; a consultation with the other ladies soon settled the point as far as their patients were concerned, but the sisters of this ward dared not give an opinion; so the lady in charge of the extra diet kitchen sent a message to Dr. —— to know his orders. He immediately came to the kitchen and said,

"How many of my patients are on milk diet to-day?"

Glancing at the diet roll, the lady answered, "Eighteen: I was going to send you eighteen pints of rice milk."

"I will have chicken broth instead," said he; "send me about one pint, or one pint and a half."

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"You mean that quantity for each pint of rice milk which is deficient?"

"No, ma'am," with great emphasis; "I mean one, or one and a half pints of chicken broth. That, ma'am, will make four or five ounces' allowance for each man; and you may also send them each one a captain's biscuit," and he then departed.

A group of orderlies were standing by, waiting for the ward dinners; when the doctor was out of hearing, there was a burst of laughter from them.

"Well, I never!" says one; "if that ain't a rum notion, though!—five ounces of chicken broth each for eighteen soldiers! Why, 'tis worse than the camp and green coffee."

In the lower ward was a very interesting case named Algeo; he was quite a boy, and was a great sufferer, being covered with abscesses, and quite unable to move himself at all; but Sister —— used to say, she never saw him without a smile on his face, and when he slept it was touching to watch the look of calm endurance which was still there. The orderlies often carried him out on his bed, and laid him outside the hospital, on the shore of the Bosphorus, that the sea breeze might refresh him. It was obvious that he was passing away from earth, and the orderlies and all were kind to the poor sufferer, almost yet a child, whose young life had been so strange and sad; first the battle-field and trench-work, then the bed of wasting sickness.

Sister —— tended him with loving care, and he repaid it with his deep gratitude and affection.

An orderly in the ward was called Dick: he was quite a character in his way—so rough and quaint, he looked as if he were just made to knock down a dozen Russians

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at once; but Dick was as kind to Algeo as if he had been his own child, and poor Algeo was so fond of him: it was strange to watch the affection between the rough, hard soldier, and the dying boy. In the agony of death, just before he passed away, he called for Dick.

"Come here, Dick; I want to kiss you, Dick."

And as Dick held him in his arms, the boy died.

When the rough orderly told Sister —— of it, the tears stood in his eyes.

Dick was a strange character; he was so remarkably ugly, but evidently quite aware of the fact, and rather proud of it.

"I be the best-looking man in the hospital," he used to say.

One Sunday I called to him as he was passing, to take a message for me to one of the ladies. "You are the orderly from No. — they call Dick, I think?"

"Yes, Miss; they calls me Dick on week-days, and Richard on Sundays."

"Dick," said Miss ——, going into his ward to visit a sick man who belonged to the Church of England; "do you know if the chaplain has been here to-day?"

"I think I seed him a knocking through the ward," was the answer.

There was another ward also, occupied by sick when the hospital was crowded, but it was not considered healthy, and was emptied as soon as possible, and turned into a "detachment ward." Before we describe the other buildings of the Barrack Hospital, we will visit the General Hospital, of which we were very proud.

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CHAPTER XIII.

"Whose hallowed office is to tend the bed
Of pain and death, and soothe the parting soul,
Therefore are they called
Sisters of Mercy."

FELICIA HEMANS.

THE General Hospital, Koulali, has been mentioned before. It was originally built as an hospital to the Turkish barracks. Tradition says, that on or near to its site formerly stood a church dedicated to the Archangel Michael; exactly opposite, on the European side, stood another church of the same dedication; for it was the old Christian belief, that the guardianship of all the fortresses and buildings situated on the banks of the Bosphorus was entrusted to the Archangel Michael. It is remarkable that all ancient churches dedicated to St. Michael, not only in the East, but in every other country, are built on hills.

The Turks have one uniform plan for building their hospitals. Koulali was a miniature imitation of the large General Hospital, Scutari. The mode of building in some respects was to be admired; and with English improvements, the Eastern plan would make excellent hospitals. Koulali General Hospital was a quadrangular

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building, standing on the slope of a hill rising from the Bosphorus. The side of the quadrangle towards the Bosphorus was three stories high, opposite to which was the main entrance on the top of the hill, where it was only one story; each of the other sides, from the gradual ascent, being in part only two stories high. Lovely was the view that one looked upon from the windows of the different wards; hill and water, trees and villages, in one of the loveliest turns of the Bosphorus. In the centre of the quadrangle was a garden, which was planted with flowers: it was the great delight of the convalescent patients to tend these, and cultivate flowers to give to the sisters and ladies, and to adorn their wards with. Here we could see the men, just able to crawl out of their wards, basking in the sun, or trying their returning strength in walking on the grass. In the heat of summer a canopy was erected over the garden.

Round the quadrangle ran a corridor, which at the time we are speaking of was full of beds. The wards opened out of that corridor. Each ward held about thirty beds. It would be needless repetition to describe them, as their furniture was similar to that of the Barrack Hospital.

The rooms were square, with no galleries above—a stove in the centre of each. After passing through the upper corridor, we descended a flight of steps to the lower corridor, which ran round nearly three-fourths of the quadrangle, with wards attached. One of these wards was not considered healthy, and was therefore disused when the press of work had ceased; below this story, facing the Bosphorus, was one large ward, intended for convalescents, but little used for that purpose. Opposite the main entrance, in the court-yard,

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was a detached range of building, one story high, and used for the extra-diet and general kitchens, stores, guard-room, rooms for store-keepers, servants, &c.

The medical officer first in charge of this hospital was Dr. Hamilton, whose skill and attention to the men were remarkable. Early in the summer he was ordered to the camp, and his departure was much regretted by the patients, and by the Sisters of Mercy who worked under him. He was succeeded by Dr. Guy.

The nursing of this hospital was under the charge of the Reverend Mother of the Sisters of Mercy, she being, of course, under the orders of the lady-superintendent appointed by Lord William Paulet; but as the superintendent could not be at the General Hospital so frequently as she was at the Barrack Hospital, both Miss Stanley, and afterwards Miss Hutton, left the arrangements and direction of the nursing almost entirely to the reverend mother.

The mother had four sisters, two ladies, and two nurses, to assist her. She had had a long experience in hospital work, and possessed a skill and judgment in nursing attained by few. The hospital, from first to last, was admirably managed. The medical officers, both Dr. Hamilton and Dr. Guy, and the assistant-surgeons, fully appreciated her value, and there was a hearty co-operation between them. When the means of improvement were placed in her hands, they were judiciously used, and the hospital so improved that it became the admiration of all who visited it, and the pride of the ladies and nurses who worked in it; we used to call it "the model hospital of the East."

In the corridor, to the right and left of the main entrance, were apartments; those on the right being

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occupied by the medical officers, the two rooms on the left by the Sisters of Mercy. One of these formed their community room, the other their dormitory, in which the ten sisters slept for many months. Out of the community-room opened a very small one, hardly more than a large closet, which formed their oratory. When the soldiers attended their service, they knelt in the outer room. When one of the sisters was taken ill with fever, the medical officers had her removed into a small room in another part of the hospital.

The superintendent deeply regretted the insufficient room given to the sisters, while we lived in a large house; but the matter of hospital quarters was one over which she had no control.

Ultimately, however, three additional rooms in the detached range of buildings were, with much difficulty, procured from the authorities for the use of the sisters.

Visitors to the General Hospital usually visited the sisters, for they were universally beloved and respected, and they received all who called upon them with the utmost courtesy and sweetness of manner.

Their community room was a tolerably-sized and pleasant one, and furnished with the utmost simplicity —Turkish presses, with glass doors, stood round the walls, forming at once the sisters' hospital library and free gift store, a portion of all free gifts sent to the hospital being always forwarded by the superintendent to the General Hospital; a deal table, a few chairs, and boxes for additional seats, completed the furniture of the room, which, though occupied by so many, was a pattern of extreme neatness; and the warm welcome we ever met there, made it a pleasant resting-place after ascending the steep hill from the Barrack Hospital.

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Few of us had ever visited nuns before, and we often remarked among ourselves the bright, joyous spirit which pervaded the sisters one and all; in their work evidently consisted their happiness, and we often marvelled also at their untiring industry. They never seemed to pass an idle moment, for in their leisure time they were always busy about some needlework or drawing.

The sisters never left the hospital (except when business took them occasionally to Scutari) but in the evening, when it was considered necessary for their health to go outside the walls for a walk on the hills around.

In No. 4 ward, upper hospital, was a poor boy who was in the last stage of consumption. He was always craving for food, though it did him no good when he got it. He gave much trouble to the orderlies, and from disease was so very irritable to them, that they often complained of his ill temper and ingratitude. But, poor boy! one could hardly blame him, looking on his thin, wan face, whiter than the pillow he laid his head upon, asking one minute to be turned this way, then that, then begging for another and another pillow, till at last he had so many, that the reverend mother, when going her rounds one day, inquired the reason why he had seven in use.

"Not one too many," said the poor boy; "I don't lay easy anyhow!"

The sisters were very kind to him, and attended to his little fancies as if he had been a child. He was always asking for sugar-plums and acid-dops to moisten his parched mouth.

All these little things, sent out by kind friends from England, were of much comfort, and were very superior

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to those made in Turkey. We tried in vain to get acidulated drops and good liquorice both in Pera and Stamboul; and when our English stock was exhausted, we were obliged to content ourselves with the Turkish sweets, finding them better than nothing to give to those whose coughs not only kept themselves awake hour after hour, but their poor companions also.

This poor boy was as pleased as a child with some sugar-plums which Dr. Guy himself most kindly bought for him at the little neighbouring village. He used to keep them under his pillow, and the last thing the sister did for him at night was to make sure he had enough to last till morning. His first request in the morning was generally to have a bit of buttered toast, and to have his wine and water made boiling hot.

It was not at all easy, in the early days of the hospital, to get either of these two requests attended to without considerable trouble, as there was but one large fire for the cooking of the whole hospital, and that at some distance from the wards; and with so many needing the sisters' attention, it was a trying task to go up and down corridors, waiting, perhaps, an hour to get a slice of bread toasted, and a drop of boiling water, while others were also anxiously waiting their return. But as soon as the sisters had their brasiers, this want was supplied, and great was the rejoicing.

None but they who have worked in the Eastern hospitals can imagine the unspeakable comfort a little charcoal brasier and small saucepan became, or what a privilege it was to get ten minutes' use of a fire.

The poor boy died at last, after weeks and weeks of weary, restless suffering.

At this time the patients suffered sadly from chronic

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rheumatism, and this often depressed their spirits more than anything else; they felt so hopeless of ultimate recovery, or of ever being "any good again to anybody," as they expressed it.

One tall, fine-looking man, in No. 4 ward, was often seen with the tears rolling down his cheeks. He looked quite well in the face, and could walk about, but his left arm was utterly useless from long exposure in the trenches. He was blistered, leeched, cupped, &c., time after time; but it remained immovable, and he was at length obliged to be invalided to England.

He was evidently so superior to many of the others, that we were surprised to see by his card that he was only a private; but one day he related his history. Seven years ago he had been a corporal in his regiment, and would probably ere this have obtained further promotion, only that he had married without permission. He asked leave to do so of his commanding officer, but was refused, and, to use his own words, "she and I were both very young and liked our own way, and so, as we could not get leave, we married without, and I was degraded immediately, and have not obtained promotion since. She died," he added, "a few months afterwards." He related his story with a half-sad, half-proud smile, as if he thought the young wife now in her grave, far away in England—for whose love he had sacrificed his promotion—had been worth the sacrifice.

There was another, an Irishman, suffering from an apparently incurable malady in his limbs. He looked strong and hearty enough to have fought three or four Russians single-handed; but he was also invalided home. His joy at going back to "ould Ireland" was so great, that he thought it advisable to drink his own

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health, and those of the reverend mother and sisters, and every one else in the hospital, before his departure; so he persuaded one of the orderlies, who were sometimes open to temptation, to buy him some spirits; and when the reverend mother went in to give the invalids some clothes for their voyage home, she found him showering down blessings upon every one in such a very excited tone, that, instead of thanking him for those which, as soon as she appeared, he especially invoked on her own head, she very quietly went up to him, and, taking the large scissors which hung from her girdle, cut from his neck a ribbon, to which was suspended a religious medal often worn by the Catholics.

This silenced him at once. She left the ward with the medal in her hand, and poor Patrick was broken-hearted. He said "he'd have no pleasure in going home now," blamed himself for his folly in sending for the unhappy drink which had caused him this disgrace. In two hours they were to sail for England—what was to be done? One of the sisters advised him to go and beg the reverend mother's pardon, and perhaps she would forgive him. He seemed cheered by the hope, took courage and went immediately, begged her very humbly to forgive him this once, and he never would take a drop o' drink again till he got to the "ould country." Not liking to let him leave the hospital in disgrace, she restored his medal, and forgave him with many a word of good advice.

The patients often wished for a walk on the beautiful hills round the hospital; but Dr. Guy was afraid to give permission, as a few unruly ones might bring trouble on the rest. The innocent, as usual, had to suffer with the guilty, and that not a little; for it was

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most tantalising to sit at the gate of the hospital looking out on the lovely country beyond, longing, as the sick so often do, for the flowers and the fresh air, and yet not able to stir a step.

If those who nursed them could have put on the celebrated wishing-cap of Arabian Nights' notoriety, their patients longing for the green hills would soon have been gratified; but as it was, they were forced to console them with the hope of future walks in old England: but it used to fret them sadly, and it was difficult to make them understand, that it was at all reasonable for one man to suffer for the fault of another.

The Sisters' influence over the soldiers was very great. Earnest and touching were the blessings poured down on their heads.

"I shall be a different man when I go out of this hospital," said one.

"The prayers of my widowed mother in England will go up to heaven for you," said another.

The Irish were, of course, vehement in their gratitude, and very amusing besides. "It's myself that's proud to see you again this morning, sister; and is not it myself that knows who's the best doctors in the hospitals now-a-days?" And some added, "What you gives us is better than all the doctor's stuff."

Besides the two hospitals already described, there was also a convalescent ward, or hospital, as it was sometimes called. It was situated between the Home and the Barrack Hospital, and contained one hundred and fifty beds. As an ordinary rule, patients from the Barrack and General Hospitals were sent to the convalescent ward to perfect their recovery and gain strength. It was under the charge of a surgeon who lived in an

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apartment built on to the hospital; a small kitchen and surgery were also attached, so that the patients lived quite separate in every way from the other hospitals.

No nurses were required for this ward, as all the patients were in a convalescent state. A few were now and then in bed; but if any serious illness arose among them, the patients were sent back to the other hospitals. The men were, however, visited occasionally by the ladies and sisters.

We generally went in the afternoon, taking books and writing paper, and envelopes for their letters, and talked to the men, which they always enjoyed; for an hospital life, especially to a man, is a very monotonous one, so they used to appreciate what they called "having a bit of a chat."

The convalescent hospital was much admired; it was kept in beautiful order, and the men looked so well. It was in Dr. Tice's division, as first class staff surgeon. Dr. O'Callaghan, for some months, and afterwards Dr. Carolan, were the surgeons in charge.

Outside this hospital were always to be seen groups of invalids, in their blue hospital dresses and white nightcaps, inhaling the fresh breezes from the Black Sea, and watching the vessels going up to and returning from the Crimea. The rapidity and numbers of recoveries at Koulali were certainly greatly aided by the establishment and good management of the convalescent hospital.

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CHAPTER XIV.

"Watchers by the sick,
The dying and the dead."

From the first day of our commencing our nursing at Koulali, we much wished to have added night attendance as well as day. We felt that the want of this rendered our work imperfect.

During Miss Stanley's superintendence she had deeply regretted that it was impossible with our limited numbers, weakened by illness, and inefficient for the daily toil, to attempt it, except in such a case of emergency as that of the medical officer, whom we nursed at night.

When Miss Hutton had organised the work of her new party, she became anxious to establish it; and though the great sickness and mortality had passed away, yet we felt satisfied that for a month or two there was sufficient sickness in the hospital to make this useful and beneficial.

While we were considering the expediency of the plan, and the difficulties in its way, and especially whether the medical officers would now like it begun (they had wished for it in the winter), the point was decided for us. There was a serious case of illness in No. 4 ward. One evening Sister Anne was standing beside the

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patient, considering what she could do more ere she left him for the night, when the staff-surgeon of the division came up and remarked, that this was a case requiring watching every hour of the twenty-four. She assented, and added, "Why is it not done?" The surgeon asked if she would sit up? She replied, with all her heart; and explained to him that a strong wish for the establishment of night-work was felt by all the ladies, and how gladly we would undertake it.

Arrangements were soon made, and from that time the "night-watching" continued regularly for several months. The first night was taken by the superintendent herself, that she might more clearly lay down the rules to be followed. She then settled that a lady and a nurse should take the office each night, feeling convinced that the nurses could not be trusted without the ladies' supervision, while the ladies needed a companion. If serious cases of illness occurred, which required constant watching, the night nurses were to stay by their bedside; but the ordinary night-work was intended for the benefit of those patients who ought not to be left for many hours together without medicine or cooling drinks.

There was a small room opening from our free-gift store, which was a shed in the middle of the barrack-yard; this room was used in the daytime by the superintendent to see any one on business. She gave it up to us for the night-work. We entered it at ten in the evening, and then went our first rounds.

In each ward there was a table called the sister or lady's table; on it we kept books and stationery, flowers, &c. On each of these tables, there was always left at night a little book, in which was written the sister or lady's orders to the night nurse, as, of course, the regular at-

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tendants knew more about the cases in their own wards than those merely going in for the night.

It was a rule, that the orderlies should take it by turns to sit up; this, however, soon degenerated into the practice of one of them sitting up one hour, perhaps two, later than the others, then going to bed in his clothes, which, perhaps, he imagined would keep him awake; but it certainly had not that effect, as he slept as soundly as the rest.

On one occasion the night nurses could not find the sister's book of directions: there was a patient who had a blister on, and they wanted to know what time it had to be taken off, and other directions about him; so their only resource was to awaken the orderly, to know what he had done with it. The nurse touched, then spoke to him, but it had no effect—he slept too soundly to be easily awakened: at length she laid her hand on his shoulder and shook him, and he opened his eyes, but was some time before he was sufficiently awake to answer her questions. He knew nothing about the blister or the medicine; but we made him find the book, which he had been meddling with, and then we let him go back to bed.

Generally speaking, we much preferred that the orderlies should be asleep; for sometimes, after having been, as we well knew, fast asleep till we came in, they would stand up on our entrance, in order to make us believe they had been awake all night; and then they would walk about the ward, making such a noise. Besides this, they had a peculiar art, practised only by themselves, of poking the candle almost into a patient's eye, so that we soon established the rule of their leaving the night-watching entirely to us.

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The first round finished, we returned to our room, and remained there for an hour or two, according as our cases required. Some of us were rather frightened at first by the number of great dogs which rushed at us from the dark archways of the hospital, and also at the loud voices of the sentries challenging us at the entrance to each ward, with "Who goes there?" However, in a few nights, we grew accustomed to it; and answered, boldly, to the "who goes there?"—"A friend." Then came the reply, "Advance, friend, and say, all's well."

We pitied these poor sentries; they had often only just recovered from long illness, and were so weak as at times to be quite overpowered with sleep. Knowing that, if they were found asleep, they would undergo severe punishment, we always roused them when we found them in this state. Sometimes they would start up, looking very much ashamed of our having caught them; but often, and especially if they had been patients in our ward—they would thank us for our consideration.

One night we had just reached one of the archways, and were about to enter, rather surprised at not having been challenged as usual, when the sentry, quite a boy, who had evidently dropped off to sleep, sprang to his feet, and presented his musket, shouting the watchword at the top of his voice. We started back quite frightened.

"Why, sentry!" said the nurse, "are you going to shoot us?"

"Oh, no, miss," said he, lowering his gun, and looking rather ashamed; "but I thought I heard some one coming."

It was rather a break in their monotonous night-watch, to see the lady and nurse going their rounds across the barrack-yard to the different wards, carrying hot tea, &c.

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In the intervals of our rounds we occasionally tried to take a little rest; but it was difficult to do so, often impossible; for our enemies, the fleas, had a decided objection to our doing so: they never approved of it much in the day time, but at night it was altogether against their laws and regulations to allow us to rest for a moment; so we walked up and down, and did anything to divert our attention from the misery they caused us.

About twelve o'clock we lighted a fire, and put on a kettle to make tea for our next round, and also a little for ourselves. Sometimes we had no wood, and had to go foraging for it in the barrack-yard with our lantern, or by the light of the moon, which at times was dazzlingly beautiful, cheered by the songs of the nightingales, who warbled quite distinctly from the cemetery just above the General Hospital. When we had collected enough wood we returned, lighted our fires, boiled the water, and had a cup of tea—all the more refreshing from having had so much trouble about it. The two Russian prisoners in the Stable Ward were very grateful for a little tea at night, and told us so by expressive signs.

There were sometimes cases which required unceasing watching, and then some one was required to sit in the ward where the sufferer was lying, putting a piece of ice into his mouth every five minutes, or a spoonful of wine or beef tea. No words can tell what heart-aching work that night-watching was; for though many of the patients we watched recovered, it was mostly over the dying that we kept vigil in those long, dark wards, lighted here and there by a dim candle, and with two long rows of slumberers. It was indeed awful to stand by

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the wakeful, restless sufferer, to mark the gradual but too sure approach of that sleep from which there is no awaking on earth; to see the tossing of the aching head backwards and forwards, from side to side, and be unable to rest it, and to listen to the low moan which alone broke the stillness around.

This was especially the case with the cholera patients: restlessness seemed one of their sufferings. One poor fellow, dying of one of the worst forms of cholera, was always entreating to be taken away. "Take me somewhere, lift me up, take me away." All through one night this was his entreaty to the lady who watched him. "Pray, pray, take me away, I cannot stop here." She tried every means to soothe him, but in vain. At last she softly repeated in his ear the words of some familiar hymns, "Jesus, Thou our Rest shalt be;" or, "There is a happy land far, far away." It pleased him, and he lay quiet for a time, and dozed a little, but soon awoke again, with the old entreaty to be moved, to be taken away. His prayer was answered ere next day's sunsetting; he was taken away, and to where "the weary are at rest."

A Scotchman, who had lost a leg on the 18th of June, was very wakeful at night. Sister Anne, when it was her turn to take the night-watch, remarked upon his extreme cheerfulness. He was in Lower Stable Ward. She said she was glad to see how he kept up his spirits. "Why, ma'am," he said, "it would be impossible not to be cheerful, situated as I am. In the first place, I am going home with only the loss of a leg, and I am doing very well at present. I am free from great pain, and I ought to be cheerful and thankful when we are cared for, and waited on, night as well as day."

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We could say, with simple truth, that many lives, humanly speaking, were saved by night-watching; for, had the care been relaxed, they must have lost at night what they gained by day.

"Oh!" some of the soldiers would say, "it makes the long, long night seem shorter when you come your rounds; when we cannot get to sleep, we lie and watch for the sound of your footstep." "Will you have something to drink?" we used to say to those we found awake. "Yes, and God bless you! I am so very dry, my mouth so sore." And the Irish said, they were "just kilt with the drought."

In the summer the nights were oppressively hot, and we often fanned the fever patients with large feather fans, and so soothed them to sleep. If any bad case of serious illness arose in the night, or if we saw any bad symptoms appearing or increasing, we roused the orderly, and sent him for the "orderly officer," one of the assistant-surgeons who take it in turns to be orderly officer; he never leaves the hospital during twenty-four hours, and if any emergency arises he is always sent for, instead of the regular surgeon in charge of the ward.

Occasionally violent storms would occur in the night, the rain would descend in torrents like water-spouts, the gale would rise so high that it was impossible to keep our lanterns alight, while the sky was so black we could not see the glimmering of the lamps at the gateways; and then we really did feel nervous about the challenging, for there were so many Greeks prowling about the barrack-yard stealing wood or tools, or anything left about, that the sentries were on the alert in dark nights. However, we never *did* get shot, and the

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storms did not occur very often. Soon after we commenced the night-work, the weather grew settled, and it was charming till the intense heat came, and then the nights, though hot, were a relief to the boiling heat of the day. The moonlight nights were lovely, the surrounding hills stood out so clearly, the barrack-yard was still, and the distant Bosphorus was silvered over—all spoke of rest and quiet, save those many restless sufferers within the wards.

Beautiful was it to watch the morning break and the sun begin to rise—the "dawning of the morning on the mountains' golden heights;"—the hills, lit up with rays of gold, the bright-coloured clouds floating in the sky, and making distant Constantinople seem like a city of radiance.

The clear light air raised our spirits, but we were not unthankful when the wards were all astir, and our night-watching ended—for we are forced to confess that the vision of bed, and a few hours' sleep therein, began to have more charms for us than the lovely view around us. We took our last round at five A.M. (the orderlies were now wide awake, and able to attend to their patients); and about seven or eight o'clock we walked along the shore, and reached home.

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CHAPTER XV.

"She heard of the daughters of Vincent de Paul;
She felt in her spirit the summons of grace,
That called her to live for her suffering race,
And, heedless of pleasure, of comfort, of home,
Rose quickly, like Mary, and answered, 'I come.'"

GERALD GRIFFIN.

IT was sometimes necessary for us to pay a visit to Pera, the French quarter of Constantinople, for the purpose of shopping. We found that it did not answer to send our interpreter for what we required. He would return, saying such and such a thing could not be had. An enterprising friend assured us that everything could be procured in Constantinople, if we took the trouble to look for it. We therefore determined to try, as we could go down the Bosphorus in a steamer, two of which ply daily between Constantinople and Buyukedere, touching at different points on the banks. We had either to go to Candilee or Greek town to embark. We landed at the Galata side of the bridge, from which it is a weary walk through the narrow streets up the steep hill to the Grande Rue of Pera. This Rue was like an ever-moving picture. One saw every imaginable costume—a Turk, a Greek, a Parisian lady; French, English, and Sardinian soldiers and officers; a pasha on horseback with his train; a group of Turkish women; another of Greek

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ladies; a Greek priest in flowing robes, long beard, and square cap; a Greek Catholic priest, distinguished from the other by the black gauze veil thrown over his cap; an Armenian priest in dark brown robes; a group of French clergy; an English chaplain; a *Sœur de la Charité;* a group of English sailors.

"So went the scene—
So ran the din of many tongues."

The shops are kept chiefly by French, or Greeks who can speak the language. The goods sold are of a very inferior quality, and at an exorbitant price. We found the greatest difficulty in buying the things we wanted; and we should never have succeeded, had it not been for the kind assistance of Sœur Bernardine, one of the French *Sœurs de la Charité*, who, hearing of our difficulty, offered either to do commissions for us, or to accompany us through the streets of Pera and show us the right shops. She had been many years in the East, and spoke Turkish. We availed ourselves of her kindness, and one day, under her escort, we traversed the streets of Galata and Pera. Sœur Bernardine was an invaluable *cicerone.* She knew the right price to be given for every thing. She penetrated into streets we had never heard of, and found shops hidden in corners, as if their object was to keep out of the way. The very shops that looked most unlikely to keep the articles we wanted were found nevertheless to do so. We procured that day large baskets, darning cotton, stockings, gill measures, and many other articles for cooking, &c. They had repeatedly been sought for in Pera before, but in vain; and we gained that day also much valuable information as to the shops at which to buy, and the prices to give, from Sœur Bernardine.

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As we walked along the crowded streets, we met among the motley throng, as usual, many French officers and soldiers. They instantly drew back to let la Sœur pass, and taking off their hats, bowed as if to a lady of noble rank; for throughout the French army there exists a deep affection and gratitude towards the Sœurs; and well may they entertain both for those who have followed wherever the flag of France has gone to strife and bloodshed. Wherever her sons have lain languishing on beds of sickness, when home and friends were far distant, one comforter was ever at hand, one well-known form hovered by their side—*la Sœur de la Charité.*

Whenever the French armies, for the last two hundred years, have gone out to battle, as surely as they have taken with them weapons of war and destruction, skilful generals to lead them to victory, gallant hearts to fight, so surely have they also taken a gentle, holy band of *Sœurs de la Charité;* and amid rough soldiers, and among scenes of horror and distress, the Sœurs move fearless and unharmed. Around them is a shield which insult dares not touch. As safe on the battle-field, or in the hospital tent, or the "ambulance" in some foreign town, are they as in their convent home; the "wards of the hospital, or the streets of the city, are their cloisters, hired rooms are their cells, the fear of God is their grating, and a strict and holy modesty their only veil." No wonder the Frenchman pays them such respect and honour, for they are worthy of it tenfold.

After we had finished our shopping, and were very weary, Sœur Bernardine begged we would come and rest at the convent. *La Maison Notre Dame de la Providence* is situated in Galata; it is not far from the situation of

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the British Admiralty Offices; but though an extensive building, and standing close to a Catholic church, it is in such a narrow, dirty little street, that, unless guided there by some one knowing the way, one might wander about for an hour without discovering it. It stands in the midst of the Frank population of the city, its most filthy and abandoned haunts.

Arriving there, over a large door we found written, *Maison Notre Dame de la Providence, Ecole des Sœurs de la Charité.* Raising the knocker, the door opened by a pulley from within, and we entered. This convent is in itself a wonder; on one hand is the reception parlour, which is constantly thronged. Persons of all nations come here to ask information on various points; French officers come about their soldiers' wants. Here throng the poor of all descriptions. Everybody in trouble, distress, or perplexity, seems to come hither to be relieved. We pass a little further on into the great store-room; biscuits and wine, and such like articles, are dispensed from this house to the "ambulances;" the ambulances are a sort of out-stations for the *Sœurs de la Charité*, established near to each hospital; a certain number of Sœurs, under a *Supérieure*, are sent to these stations, and are supplied from this convent with stores for their patients. This convent is the *Maison Mère* for all the Sœurs scattered about the Turkish empire; here they return when they are ill, for rest and nursing. There are one hundred Sœurs in the convent, exclusive of those sent out; and women of eight different nations are in the community.

Leaving the store-rooms we visited the schools, which contain many hundreds of children, of as many countries as are gathered together at Constantinople—including

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almost all the countries of the known world—and the children of this strange gathering are all taught one common faith, gathered into one fold. It was a wonderful spectacle to look on the various faces of the little maidens, the blue-eyed German, and dark Italian; the cunning face of the Greek, and stolid look of the Turk. Next to the school we passed through the courtyard, where the children play.

A door opening from this admitted us into the adjoining church, which belongs to the Lazarist Fathers. It was very plain, and possessed no ornament worthy of note, save one or two fine paintings. Ascending stairs, we next visited the Sœurs' dispensary, which is kept in the most perfect order. The Sœurs are trained to make up medicines; and this is a most important branch of their work in Turkey, as they are the only doctors for large numbers of the poor, and among the poor of Constantinople exists an amount of disease far exceeding that of any other city of the same size and population.

Ascending another flight of stairs, we came to the orphans' dormitory. This we found in beautiful order; long rows of little white beds, and at each end, curtained off, was the simple bed of a Sœur, who by night as well as by day guarded her orphan charge. Higher still—we sighed at the number of stairs—and we found the orphans—one hundred of them, such a happy-looking set, sitting at work in a spacious room, Sœurs being with them of course. At our request they sang a hymn. We distributed some sweetmeats among them, which gave great delight. The orphans do a great deal of needlework towards their own support; they also dress dolls, in the different costumes of the country,

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and other articles of fancy work, which can be purchased in the parlour below.

The Sœurs have a boarding-school for girls of a higher rank than the day-school. There was not sufficient room for this in the convent, in consequence of the number of Sœurs attending the different military hospitals, and the boarding school had been moved to a house in Pera. The Sœurs serve six or more military hospitals in Constantinople.

When we had seen the orphans, we had not even then reached the last story; another flight yet, and we found the children's chapel. It is merely a room set apart for this purpose, and tastefully ornamented, though with great simplicity. Stepping out from the chapel we found ourselves on the house-top, which forms a broad terraced walk, — and what a panorama was before us!—what pen could describe it? The curious maze-like streets of Constantinople lay at our feet. We were too distant to observe their drawbacks, we only saw the picturesque. There was the bridge of boats, with its thronging multitudes, whose forms looked shadowy in the distance. The Golden Horn and its shipping, the distant minarets of Santa Sophia, Sultan Achmet's mosque, and many a mosque and palace, besides cypress groves, the grand seraglio, and the beautiful rounding of Seraglio point, the blue Bosphorus, the great cemetery of Scutari, the hospitals on the cliff, the Sea of Marmora, the distant chains of mountains, where the eye strives to distinguish the faint outline of Olympus. All this can be seen from any eminence in Constantinople.

The Sœurs, possessing no grounds to their house, come here to catch the fresh air. Here every August

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they make, according to their rule, a week's retreat; and those at the different ambulances change and flock into the convent for this end, during which retreat they spend much of their time in this quiet house-top. Sœur Bernardine said, in her pretty broken English—

"It is the time we love the best of all, for then we come here, and we have nothing to do but to pray and think of God. Last year," she said, "I was here, I was so happy, but, alas! the cholera broke out at Varna, and they sent for us in haste, and I and some more had to go so quickly."

The *Sœurs de la Charité* are those whom I mentioned as having met on board the "Egyptus." They were founded two hundred years ago by St. Vincent de Paul, a man of whom it has with justice been said, he "did more good in his single life than all the *philosophers* the world ever saw." He thought that to effectutually relieve the sufferings of the poor—besides the religious orders established for the relief of particular kinds of distress—there should be an order of women, taken themselves from the poor, who would be thus inured to the hardships they had to endure; and he ordained, that they should wear the peasant dress of the period, that they should be sent to nurse the sick at all times and in all places where they might be required, and that they should also educate young children.

Persons wishing to enter this order were to pass five years at least in the noviciate, after which they were allowed to take the threefold vow of obedience, poverty, and chastity; but this vow was to expire every 25th of March, and to be renewed or not at the Sœur's own will. No instance, we believe, has ever been recorded

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of a Sœur, after having passed through the noviciate, withdrawing. St. Vincent de Paul died in 1660, but his work lived on. He called his daughters the servants of the poor; but the people saw their deeds of love, and they named them *Sœurs de la Charité.*

From France, its birthplace, this wonderful order—wonderful in its extreme simplicity—spread into all lands. They number now eleven thousand. Ladies of high rank, even princesses, have laid down their rank and wealth and entered the lowly order of the daughters of St. Vincent; but the greater mass of the Sœurs is composed of the class for whom St. Vincent intended it—the women who in England are hospital nurses and schoolmistresses.

This is the order which made the infidel Voltaire exclaim, that if anything could make him believe in Christianity, it would be such deeds as those wrought by the *Sœurs de la Charité.*

In the din of the French Revolution, even in the Reign of Terror, the Sœurs won respect from those fiends in human form. During the Peninsular war, in one town, constantly taken and retaken by the French and Spaniards, was a convent of *Sœurs de la Charité.* Whichever army occupied the town sent sentinels to guard the convent, for the influence of their gentle deeds of love triumphed over the bitter animosity of war.

The mission of *les Sœurs de la Charité* in Constantinople was founded in the following way. Fifteen years ago, a German lady came to Paris, and sought to enter the order. On inquiry she was found to be above the age at which the novices are received, which is either twenty-eight or thirty. The disappointment was great,

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for it was the wish of her heart, and at length the superiors of the order agreed to receive her, should she be willing to endure the test they would put to her. They wished to found a house in Constantinople, they said; would she go there with one companion, establish a school, and so make their footing good? She consented.

Fifteen years ago, Constantinople was a very different place to Constantinople now. The Christian's life then was one, in outward things, not much unlike that of his Divine Master—being pelted with stones in the street, and suffering other insults, was the portion of these holy women. They persevered. Sœur Bernardine (for she was the lady we speak of) learnt the Turkish language, established a school—Sœurs came from France, and she entered their order. But so lovely have been their deeds during this period, that they have won respect from the Turks.

On one occasion a fire broke out in the vicinity of their convent, and it was in danger. Directions were instantly given by the Turkish authorities to save the convent even should half a street be lost in consequence; and on another, parties having applied for a house near the convent, and their occupations being likely to prove an annoyance to the Sisters, they were refused. Such is the Moslem's opinion of the *Sœurs de la Charité.*

For a contrast, let us turn to a Christian and enlightened country, into which ten of these holy sisters only set their feet to pass through it on their way to China to meet there at least the risk, if not the reality, of torture and death; and in the town of Liverpool hooting and insults were showered on those whose life had been a boast in Christendom these two centuries back.

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Sweet Sœur Bernardine! my memory loves to linger upon her. We shall never meet on earth again, but never shall I forget that saintly face, or that winning, loving manner, which spoke so plainly of the well of love within her heart. The toil the Sœurs undergo shortens their lives; many have died of fatigue during the present war—four at the convent in Galata, within a few weeks of each other. A lady who had been residing at the convent told me she never witnessed such peaceful deathbeds. Humbly but joyfully they went to Him they had so loved to serve on earth.

After leaving the convent, we descended the hill to Tophana, on our return to Koulali. We were too late for the steamer, and therefore took a caique.

As we were passing by the Sultan's new palace, we saw he was about to enter. Our caiquejee said "Sooltan, Sooltan," and rested on his oars. The royal caique touches the marble steps, the iron gates are wide open, the twelve rowers, all dressed in white, stand up, their hands hanging down straight by their sides—the attendants do so likewise. No one assists the Sultan to rise or step from his caique. The slight, feeble-looking man walks slowly up the marble steps and pathway leading to his palace. His loose great coat and crimson fez do not distinguish him from a pasha. He opens the door himself, and walks quietly in; not till he is fairly out of sight do the attendants move from their statue-like quietude, and prepare to follow their master. Such is Turkish court etiquette.

Now we glide on, the sun has gone down, and the delicious breeze from the Black Sea blows upon us, and we are silent, and look around. The last rays of the setting sun are lighting up for a few minutes mosque,

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dome, and minaret, and village, and the many sombre groups of cypresses on either bank, and in the distance the hospital of Koulali, the bright red colour of its walls standing out against the dark hills beyond.

And now the sun sinks below the horizon, but we are not at home, for the current is strong, and our caiquejees begin to pull more vigorously, for they have a sort of superstitious dread of being on the Bosphorus after nightfall; and they give us to understand very emphatically in their broken English that they shall expect more "backshish" on their arrival than they agreed for at Tophana, pointing up to the sky, and saying:—

"Plenty dark"—"No plenty sun"—"English, madama, bono chok bono"—"No bono Russe, no bono Greek"—"Turk bono, English bono; English, madama, plenty money, plenty sovereigns—caiquejee chabouk home, madama, give him more shillings."

"Chabouk (make haste), then, caiquejee," we reply "sixpence more, caiquejee; shudi, shudi (quick, quick)."

And now the moon rises, and bathes all around in its shadowy light, and we are thankful that earth is so beautiful; and now our journey is ended—the caique touches the threshold of our "Home on the Bosphorus," Georgi and Demetri, our Greek boys, fly down to welcome us, and thus our day's shopping in Pera is ended.

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CHAPTER XVI.

"Each pictured page,
Quaint tale, or scene familiar brings to view
Treasured memorial."

Up to this period, the improvements in the hospital had been slow and unsatisfactory, and resulted more from the merciful diminution of death and suffering, than from any exertions on the part of the authorities. To this we must except the medical staff, who, as far as our knowledge went, exerted themselves to provide all the remedies, and create all the improvements, they could consistently with the routine of their work. But this routine was so rigid, that many necessary improvements were left undone.

The two departments of the army who have most concern with its hospitals, are the medical and the purveying ones, the commissariat belonging only to the effective army in the field. Up to May, 1855, the purveying department continued in a most inefficient state. Requisitions on the stores for necessary articles were constantly dishonoured, while anything out of the common routine was never to be thought of.

Of course, in Turkey, there were all sorts of difficulties in the way of procuring the usual comforts for the

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sick, and up to this time every one, excepting the "Times" Commissioner, looked upon a difficulty as an impossibility. It was difficult to get wood, therefore it was impossible to have tables or benches. It was difficult to get iron bedsteads, therefore the men must lie on wooden tressels. It was difficult to get good washing done, so it was left to go on as it best could. Cooking utensils were scarce and dear, so the food must be cooked without. The ladies' efforts were crippled by their being wholly restricted to the use of the articles furnished by the diet-roll, and all deficiencies were to be supplied by our free gift store, which was small and uncertain.

We continued to buy many things ourselves; kind friends sent us presents also; but we felt the painful uncertainty of this, and we also felt this was not the way in which the army of England should be relieved. Private charity had flowed forth in our emergency, but it should not be overtaxed. The government of England ought to be the source from which supplies should permanently come. When Mr. Robertson, the new Purveyor in Chief, came into office, this was realised. The purveying department was soon in a very different state—in working instead of idling order. What was required in the hospitals was procured without delay. First came iron bedsteads and hair mattresses; next tables and benches; then a sufficiency of tins, out of which the patients could comfortably eat their food.

Other improvements followed. The hospitals assumed a different aspect; now, indeed, were English soldiers treated as they deserved. The just complaints began to be hushed; not that the improvements were wrought at once, or without labour and difficulty; but Mr.

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Robertson was an officer determined to overcome obstacles.

It was now we gained possession of the charcoal brasiers, of which incidental mention has been made. These treasures deserve a more particular description. They are small iron tripods, holding a few pounds of charcoal. They are very difficult to light, and the fire can only be kept alive by being placed in a draught. In the winter, as already described, we did all our cooking for ten days upon them, but those we then used were borrowed for the emergency. All the ladies and sisters complained of their not having any fire to go to if they wanted, as so often happened, to make a cup of arrowroot, or warm some wine or water, &c., and it was very tiresome to have to send so frequently to the diet kitchen for every little thing: first, it was such a long way off, and in consequence the fetching and carrying took up more than double the time it ought; and, secondly, the cooks in the diet kitchen found it almost impossible to keep it in order, when orderlies and nurses dropped in at all times asking for every imaginable article. A charcoal brasier for each ward, therefore, had long been one of the objects of our ambition; and now we had but to write requisitions for them, and they were procured immediately. They were placed in the lobby of each ward, both that they might have a draught, and also not be an annoyance to the patients.

At night we used our "Etnas." These valuable helps to those who nursed the sick were brought from England by the ladies—they were given by kind friends in England as a last thought for our own comfort, should we be laid up. Little did the donors imagine the vicis-

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situdes their Etnas would go through in an Eastern campaign till they were fairly battered out. Before the charcoal brasiers arrived, the Etnas were constantly used; but of course the spirits of wine required to light them made them rather an expensive alternative. Still they were our night companions, and many a little comfort did they enable us to give to our poor men, to whom they were also an extreme amusement. They would sit up in bed sometimes to watch us boiling an egg or some arrowroot in one of them, saying one to another—

"Ain't that a little beauty now? It's as handsome a little pot as I've see'd since I left England. I wish we'd had it in the trenches; there were no such things as them up there." Poor fellows! they were easily amused, and it was a real pleasure to us to hear them laugh.

The next good thing that happened was the construction of the ladies' ward-rooms, which was simply a small space divided off in each ward by means of canvas screens, in which were placed two or three chairs and a table. This was a great boon to the ladies, who could thus occasionally take a few minutes' rest, which before they could not obtain except by leaving the hospital and returning home.

The introduction also of canvas screens into the wards was a great improvement. Now the delirious, or cholera, or dying patients could be screened off from the others. Before this, the sight of the very terrible cases often had a sad effect on those around.

The fruit season had commenced, and every day the caiques loaded with fruit dashed past the windows of our home. Strawberries were first, through Mr. Stow's

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kindness, introduced into the wards. Mr. Robertson said the government ought to provide them, and we had as many as we required. The strawberries were very fine, though they did not seem to us to possess the flavour of English ones. There were quantities of melons brought in caiques for sale, but this was a fruit very seldom wanted in the hospital, and the men did not like green figs, of which there were plenty to be had; grapes followed, and they were much appreciated by the fever patients.

Then came the astounding news that the soldiers were to be supplied with pocket-handkerchiefs. Up to this period none were given in the hospitals but from the free-gift store, and it used to be amusing to hear the ladies' urgent entreaties for them from their superintendent. They were so prized by the men, especially when they were of some bright colour: in fact, with very few exceptions, the men highly appreciated anything which conduced to habits of cleanliness and neatness.

One day a box for me arrived from England, upon opening which I found the contents to be writing paper, with views of the war, published by Messrs. Rock Brothers, Walbrook. A kind friend had sent me a large quantity, and Messrs. Rock themselves added a present of more. Its arrival created a great sensation in the hospital; and each of the ladies and sisters begged hard for a share. It was impossible to give to all; but I divided the prize between the General and Barrack Hospitals. It was a great pleasure to distribute the views. I spread one of each on the table, and told the soldiers to make their selection. Every one who could walk at all, crowded round the table. Orderlies and sergeants left their work

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to have a look, and even the medical officer was attracted by the crowd, and came to see and admire. The different views were carried round to the patients in bed. The business of choosing took a long time. Each wanted some scene in which he had formed a part. Some had been with Colonel Chester, when he so gallantly led on the 20th; those who had been in the battle of the Alma, wished for that; those who had been at Balaclava, another; while those again who had fought at Inkermann, another. Some had seen General Strangways die, and wanted his last scene; others were less warlike, and chose the pretty views of the valley of the Alma before and after the battle; while the comic pictures also had their share of admirers.

One sergeant was particularly struck by the "Fresh Arrivals"—two young officers fresh from England, in all the pride of new uniforms and polished boots, meeting an old campaigner on a mule, who had been out foraging for the mess-table, and was bringing home his purchases; and this the sergeant held up for the admiration of his comrades.

I much wish my friend, and Messrs. Rock also, could have seen the extreme pleasure these gifts were the means of giving to the soldiers—the delight it afforded some to write home on these sheets of paper, while others were treasured up and gazed at and compared day after day. Many a tale did the pictures elicit as they brought back more vividly to mind past scenes of Alma, Inkermann, &c. When I wrote home, saying how grateful I was for the present, and how much it had been valued, the same friend sent another packet, which, however, shared the fate of but too many other kind offerings—it *was lost!*

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The soldiers were often fond of describing to us the engagements in which they had taken a part. "Would you like to see my battle?" said a poor boy, who was in hospital with frost-bite, having lost a bit of *every* toe; he could not read, but he took from under his pillow a sheet of the "Illustrated News" of the Inkermann: "That was where I was knocked over," said the lad with a broad grin of pleasure. He was a merry Irish youth, but quite deaf, from the effects of severe fever. When the lady of his ward last saw him, he was on his crutches, going home to Dublin, but always with "his battle" under his arm.

Stationery was very much prized. All we had was supplied from our free-gift store, and up to this period it had been very scarce; but about this time a great deal was sent out to us, sufficient to meet the demands of the patients. Now we had plenty of tables in the wards; we had a store of paper, envelopes, pens, and ink for all; and in some wards a box to receive the letters, which was emptied every Sunday and Wednesday evening, and the letters carried home by the ladies and sorted. Those to the camp went free, those for England were stamped by the chaplain, to whom we gave them. Extraordinary were the directions and spelling that used to occur in these letters—we often wondered how they ever reached their destination. A very common direction to the camp was "Sebastopol, Russia, in Turkey."

One great trouble we began to feel at this time—namely, the conduct of the hired nurses. We had, indeed, been tried by this from the beginning, and several, as I have mentioned, were sent home on account of bad conduct; no doubt, the distress around them, and

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the frequent sickness among their own numbers, kept some sort of check upon them, but still, after several had been dismissed for bad conduct, and others from sickness, only two remained when the new party arrived on the 9th of April.

The hospital costume in which Miss Stanley's party left England was worn alike by ladies and nurses: this was intended by the authorities to mark the equality system; but soon after beginning hospital work we found it impossible to continue wearing the same dress as the nurses, and therefore discontinued it. When the new party arrived, we were astonished to find that those who at home had the selection of nurses for the East had not accepted the advice, or listened to the remonstrance, of the ladies who had had to struggle with difficulties on the spot, and knew, from painful experience, that similarity in dress was far from desirable, and perfectly unnecessary for any good object. The ladies and nurses all wore the government costume. When we received them at Koulali, we expressed our surprise at the circumstance, and our conviction that the ladies would very soon follow our example, and make a distinction in dress between themselves and the nurses; and the sequel proved our expectations to be correct.

The ladies soon found it was necessary for their own comfort, and for the good of their work, that in every possible way the distinction should be drawn. None but those who knew it can imagine the wearing anxiety, and the bitter humiliation the charge of the hired nurses brought upon us; for it should be remembered that we stood as a small body of English women in a foreign country, and that we were so far a community that the act of one disgraced all. After this period, it

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is true, we had no longer to encounter the hardships some had endured in the winter; but as long as the work in the East lasted, so long were there difficulties to be surmounted, and trials to be borne, of no common character.

On April the 21st, a second party of three ladies and seven nurses joined us. They had travelled under the escort of Mr. Wallace, a clergyman of the Church of England. Immediately on their arrival, he informed the lady superintendent that one of the hired nurses had behaved so ill on the passage out that she ought to be sent home; it was determined that she should return by the next ship.

Before the party of nurses he had escorted out went to their work, Mr. Wallace wished to address a few words to them; but upon their assembling in the sitting-room, one of the number, Mrs. ———, declared she did not wish to hear it, as she did not intend to stay. No, the life was "different to what she had expected"—she had been two days in the East—and the nurses "were an ungodly set she could not live among. She was a Christian, and Christians must not live among the ungodly." Upon inquiry, we discovered that Mrs. ———'s husband was a bandmaster, that she had come out intending, as soon as she reached the East, to leave the service of the Government and join him; but on her arrival, she found he had been sent home, and now she wished to go back. The superintendent said she could go if she liked, but the Government would not pay her passage home. This quite upset Mrs. ———'s calculations, as she had reckoned upon a free passage to England. She became very insolent, and was obliged to be reminded that, if she did not submit to

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the rules of the house, as we were in a military hospital, we could call in the assistance of the authorities. The vision of "arrest" rather frightened her, she contented herself with warning us what we might expect when she did get back to England—she would expose all our doings.

One of the nurses came to report her threats in terror.

"Oh! if you please, ma'am, she does say such dreadful things that she is a going to do. We shall be as good as *massacreed* when she gets home!"

"Well, never mind," we said, "let her *only* go away and get home, and we will see when the massacre comes."

She left the house on the day the vessel for England was to sail, went to the British Consul, and, I believe, prevailed upon him to give her a passage to Malta. He probably did not want her among the British subjects at Constantinople. The other discharged nurse was sent to Galata to embark for England, but contrived to get away from the person in charge in one of the narrow streets of Constantinople. We never could trace her afterwards. Such were the consequences of sending out women of inferior character to such a work of trial and temptation. We felt it bitterly, when we wished so much that a good example should be set to the men, and that we should raise and influence them for the better; it would have been all undone by these women; while to them, poor creatures! a military hospital was the very worst place that could be imagined—rife with every sort of temptation.

A few weeks only had elapsed since the departure of the two women I have mentioned, when disgraceful

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misconduct caused the dismissal of a third. Ere a passage could be had for her, another was obliged to go, from her habits of intoxication. She had been one most highly recommended; and to hear her talk, one would have thought that she was a very religious person. These two left together. The chaplain himself offered to see them on board, and his task was no light one; for during the whole caique voyage down the Bosphorus, every sort of abuse and bad language were showered down upon his head.

Our trials were not ended. A similar case of bad conduct obliged the dismissal of one whom we had looked upon as amongst the best of our nurses. Another was found intoxicated in the wards; these two, therefore, went a few weeks after; and this source of annoyance continued till, after but a few months of the arrival of the new party, we had only eleven nurses left. To our utter astonishment we found that our sending home so many gave great umbrage to the authorities at home; for they demanded more particulars of the cases.

They were respectfully reminded that our superintendent's duties did not include the reformation of women of loose character and immoral habits, nor did we imagine the authorities would require details which were often too terrible to dwell on. We certainly did expect that the ladies intrusted with the arduous charge of controlling the nurses in our Eastern hospitals were better judges of what class of persons were or were not fit for that work, than those who, safe in English homes, had perhaps never entered a hospital ward at all —who certainly never toiled in a military one day and night.

Of the remaining nurses, two were very unsatisfactory.

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The others were all respectable and industrious, and, under a lady's supervision, did very well; but none, with one exception, could be entirely trusted alone.

This exception was Mrs. Woodward, who came from Oxford, and had been recommended by Dr. Acland. She was perfectly trustworthy, and altogether a most valuable person. Other six deserve to be mentioned as having been of the greatest assistance to us, and as having honestly performed the duty they had undertaken. The fault with them was, that they would either give things to favourite patients without the surgeon's leave, or would sometimes omit to carry out his orders unless made to do it.

In ordinary hospitals the nurses constantly do this. I have been told by medical men that, humanly speaking, they have known lives among their patients lost by the nurses' disobedience; but in English hospitals the doctors submit to this—they must have nurses, they can get no better—while in Eastern hospitals the nursing was acknowledged to be an experiment, and it was of the greatest importance that strict obedience should be paid to the commands of the surgeons, for we knew not but that it might end in their refusing to accept our aid altogether. It was no easy thing to introduce a new element into the beaten routine of military hospitals, and it required great care, skill, and prudence, in those intrusted with its management, to do it successfully.

Still, as compared with those who were dismissed, our remaining nurses should be spoken of with approbation. It was not their fault that they were placed in circumstances to which their previous life and training had made them unequal. Mrs. Macpherson worked during the greater part of the time in the General Hos-

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pital diet kitchen under the sisters; and they always spoke of her conduct in high terms. I should also mention as approved of by us, Mrs. Grainger, Mrs. Montague, Mrs. Howell, Mrs. Maloney, and Mrs. Stevens. Mrs. Harding, who was at Koulali during the press of sickness, and was sent home from fever (caught in the hospital), gave much satisfaction as a respectable, industrious, and kind-hearted nurse.

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CHAPTER XVII.

"What has been the cost to this country of the men who died in their tents or in hospital of exhaustion, over-work, and deficient or improper nutriment? It would have been *cheap* to have fed those men who are gone, on turtle or venison, if it could have kept them alive; the poor fellows whom the battle spared, but whom disease has taken from us."—W. H. RUSSELL.

I WILL now speak more fully of what I can with justice say was the most important part of our work.

We have described the first formation of the kitchen, its gradual advance from charcoal brasiers to a shed in the yard, and a kitchen in the Sultan's quarters of the hospital. This latter we gave up when we left our apartments there, as it was required for the officers' use. The shed in the barrack-yard was enlarged and improved, and all the extra cooking carried on there, but still it was far from possessing every necessary convenience.

At the General Hospital during all this time, the sisters' extra diet cooking had been done on brasiers; they had no store-room, and were obliged to keep their free-gifts in their own apartments. In the Barrack

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Hospital we had a good-sized store-room, but it was deficient in shelves and other improvements. There was also a great hindrance which stood in the way of real improvement in this branch of our business; the materials for the extra diets were drawn daily from the purveyor's store by the orderly of each ward, according to the diet roll, and then brought to the kitchen to be cooked. Great waste was the necessary consequence of this. Small quantities of sago, rice, arrowroot, were being cooked for each separate ward, while, if all had been done at once, half the quantity would have been sufficient; and, as I have before mentioned, for any mistake in drawing the rations, or for any deficiency in the food, there was no remedy except through private gifts, which were quite inadequate to the claims thus made upon them.

When the Purveyor-in-Chief visited Koulali, this difficulty was laid before him, and he remedied it at once by giving the lady in charge of the store-room authority to draw on the stores, and use the materials according to her own judgment. Finding that the General Hospital stood greatly in want of a kitchen and store-room, he furnished them; two small rooms in the building fronting the quadrangle were chosen for this purpose, and the Rev. Mother, assisted by Sister M—— J——, undertook the management. It was all that was wanting to make the General Hospital perfect. The two rooms were beautifully fitted up—the kitchen with oven and boilers; and brasiers were built into the wall where frying and boiling could go on—the store room furnished with shelves and drawers. When these arrangements were completed, the kitchen was well supplied with cooking utensils, plates, and dishes, and, what we admired most of all, small round tins, with covers at-

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tached to them by a chain—these were for the dinners to be served in, and thus they were kept hot in their transfer from the kitchen to the wards.

The store-room was filled with every comfort that could be wished for. Preserved soups of all kinds—we had never been able till now to draw these from the stores—we had in the winter a large quantity of them sent out by Mr. Gamble to Miss Nightingale at Scutari, and she sent a part to Koulali. They were much prized by the men, and also by the then overworked nurses, who at that time were very thankful for anything that enabled them to procure a diet quickly: Mr. Gamble's preserved meat only requires to be heated, and hot water added, and it is a most excellent soup ready at hand.

"It's the beautifullest thing I ever tasted," said one patient. "That's the stuff to do us good," remarked many others.

Now the store-room shelves had plenty of this soup, and plenty of essence of beef (an invaluable thing in sickness), sago, and arrowroot, rice, sugar, gelatine in large quantities, wine and brandy, soda-water, eggs, lemons, and oranges; other comforts were afterwards added. The diets were in a very different state; the fowls and chops did not look like the same, and the men said they tasted quite differently. Rice-puddings were an important branch in the extra-diet kitchen. It was difficult to make them good, owing to the inferior kind of milk, rice, and eggs. The Rev. Mother solved the problem, and rice-puddings as good as any one could desire were sent out of her kitchen, and gave great satisfaction.

We found it, however, quite impossible to make the puddings properly without using more materials than

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were allowed us by the diet-roll, so that we used our privilege of drawing on the stores to make up the deficiency. For all the expenditure of the store-room an account was required to be kept and sent in to the purveyor's office.

Sister M—— J—— was an excellent accountant. It was a pleasure to look at her books, and they gained great commendation when they went in to the purveyor's office to be checked. At the Barrack Hospital improvements in the extra diets continued, the kitchen was enlarged and furnished with fireplaces, additional ovens, &c. The rice-pudding reform was introduced: after we saw the beautiful ones sent out by the sisters, we were ambitious that ours should be equally good; and the superintendent, and the lady in charge of the kitchen, both begged the Rev. Mother to give them lessons in this branch of cooking, which she kindly did; they both went up to the General Hospital, saw how they were made, watched the general routine of the kitchen, and then tried to introduce it below—for the sisters' long experience in all matters concerning the care of the poor and sick gave them a great superiority over us; but they were ever ready to show us their method, and to enter into our difficulties, which, in our extra-diet-kitchen in Turkey, were not few. Milk that would turn, eggs one half of which or more were rotten, rice filled with dirt, were great obstacles in the construction of puddings; so also were green lemons when we wanted to make lemonade.

Most of these articles were supplied to the hospital by contract; and when it was a little more difficult than usual to get things—such as milk in the hot weather, or lemons, when the season for them was past—the con-

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tractor used to send *anything* he could get hold of, and the purveyor would have kept all such inferior articles had we not had permission from the Purveyor-in-Chief to send them back; for he said the contractor was well paid by Government, and ought and should send articles fit for use.

We soon had excellent rice and rather better milk, but it was impossible to get really good milk anywhere. Lady Stratford de Redcliffe sent about four gallons of milk daily to the "Home," from Therapia,* which was the best that could be had, and by heating this directly it came in, we prevented it from turning; but if this precaution was neglected, in the middle of the day it became sour. Good eggs were much sought after, but could not be procured, and we were obliged to be content with breaking dozens of rotten ones to arrive at the good. The green lemons we returned, and after several battles with the contractor, we got others.

Gelatine was the next difficulty. There was a call for jelly; of course no calves'-feet could be had, so we tried gelatine, one kind of which made it nicely, while the other made it so very thick and bad we could not send it into the wards. It was by no means sufficient just to state this to the purveyor, and ask for it to be changed; he thought it would "do very well," so we had to be very resolute to get our way.

The Barrack Hospital extra-diet kitchen had a civilian cook (several of whom had been sent out by Government). This was a great improvement, as it is difficult to find cooks among the soldiers, and even when they are

* This milk was always understood to be a gift from Lady Stratford, but I have since learned that it was paid for by the Government.

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found and trained, they are liable—as well as the orderlies—to be ordered up to their regiment. At the General, Hospital, however, Sister M—— J—— had a soldier for a cook, who gave her great satisfaction.

The routine of the extra store-rooms was as follows :— They were opened at nine in the morning ; the nurse who assisted the lady, or sister, sweeping and dusting, while the lady looked over the abstract of the diet Rolls and ladies' requisitions. The former was made by the purveyor's clerk, who examined the diet rolls of each ward, and then made an abstract of the extras required, and sent it in to the lady or sister ; the latter were for such articles as the ladies required extra to the diet rolls, such as they had verbal permission to give, and such as they wished to keep in their cupboards for emergencies. They were like the following :—

(No. 50.) July 19, 1855.

Required for 3 Lower Ward, Koulali Hospital—4 quarts lemonade ; 3 do. milk ; 4 do. arrowroot ; 2 doz. eggs ; jelly for two ; ½ lb. of butter ; 2 doz. biscuits.

Miss —— (Signed) Sister M—— A——.

Every lady and sister, if necessary, sent in a requisition. Except in a case of great emergency, they were permitted to send but once a day for all they wanted, as otherwise confusion was occasioned. These requisitions were then served ; the articles for each ward were arranged in order, in addition to the requirements of the diet rolls. Then the bell was rung, and in an instant a group of orderlies rushed across the barrack-yard to see who would be in time to carry off the extras first. Requisitions from the medical officers came in at all hours, and were instantly attended to.

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At 12.30 the bell again rang, and the orderlies assembled to fetch the dinners of the patients; for this purpose they had wooden trays, on which were counted out the number of fowls, chops, and potatoes required; then they returned again for the rice and maccaroni puddings, and for rice or sago milk; in a quarter of an hour all were served; then came the diets of sick officers,—for among the large body attached to the hospitals, there were generally one or two on the sick list. At two the store room was closed till four; at five the bell summoned the orderlies to fetch the night drinks —lemonade, barley-water, or tea, as ordered; arrow root or beef-tea was again made, if required.

In the evening the lady in charge sent her requisitions to the purveyor's stores for such articles as she required in her store room for the next day. On Sundays the hours were slightly altered, owing to the arrangement that every person in the store-room and kitchen should attend Divine service; but though each had this opportunity afforded him, the patients were in no way neglected thereby.

Most amusing scenes went on at times in the extra-diet-kitchen. The orderlies did not like the civilian cook, and he returned the compliment; they were perpetually telling tales of each other.

There were a good many Greeks also employed in the kitchen (for the labour of fetching water from the extreme end of the barrack-yard required a good many hands, and chopping wood was another piece of heavy work); the Greeks were a great torment, they were perpetually running off, staying away for a day or so, then coming back, and quarrelling and fighting among themselves; they were also idle and disobedient. We

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had to send messages almost every day to the sergeant in charge of the Greeks, "Wanted a Greek."

At last came an Italian, named Constantine. He was an old man, but worth six Greeks. Always at hand, willing, gentle, and obedient, he picked up a few sentences of English very fast, and was very proud of his acquirements. His favourite employment was to help the lady engaged in serving out the stores, lifting the heavy weights for her, and so on. He was quite honest, but he and the cook could not agree, and there were dreadful battles. Cook complained so much of his disobedience in the kitchen, that Miss —— was forced to remonstrate with him; but it was very amusing, as she could not speak either Greek or Italian, and had to express her displeasure by signs, and by using the little English that Constantine knew. Constantine, however, understood quite well, and made a vehement defence; he danced about the room, and, with many gesticulations, gave her to understand, that "Monsieur Cook" was so unreasonable, he wanted Constantine to be in the kitchen when he was helping madame in the store room, and that he could not be in two places at once; and Monsieur Cook was so rough, he called out so loud, and was not quiet like madame. However, the reproof did good, and the kitchen was more peaceable.

Monsieur Soyer paid a visit to Koulali before the improvements in the extra-diet kitchen had taken place. He offered to show a better way of making the hospital tea, *i. e.*, that issued from the large general kitchen for all the diets. There was room for improvement, for it was the most wretched stuff possible. Monsieur Soyer's was much better, and yet he made it, he said, with exactly the same proportions as before. I do not think

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his improvements were long attended to at the kitchen; but as it did not come within our province, I cannot speak with certainty.

Monsieur Soyer made his tea in the little kitchen outside the Convalescent Hospital. The medical officers and the ladies came to taste it, and it was an amusing scene: the group outside tasting the tea, the tiny kitchen, which just held Monsieur Soyer and his assistants, and the patients of the Convalescent Hospital, looking on and wondering what was to happen to their tea that night.

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CHAPTER XVIII.

"Brave hearts, to Britain's pride
Once so faithful and so true."

CAMPBELL.

THE routine of the hospital was often interrupted by the arrival of sick, who came in numbers varying from 50 to 100. We seldom had more than a few hours' notice, and often not that. Sometimes it was not till the steamer was alongside the quay that we knew they were coming; this arose from all the sick from the camp being sent to Scutari first, and then transhipped into a small steamer, and sent up the Bosphorus again to Koulali. When they arrived there was a general commotion; the principal medical officer, the commandant, and most of the medical staff, went down to the quay to receive them, and see that they were carefully carried up. Orderlies ran hither and thither, wardmasters and nurses were in a bustle getting beds prepared. The kitchen staff was hard at work to get fires lighted and coppers full of hot water, in readiness for the doctor's orders. Ladies and sisters were engaged in looking after the clean linen.

A different scene it certainly was from that which might have been seen a few months back, when the poor sufferers came in, and no beds were ready, and no clean

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linen, and no nurses to attend and watch by them. A blessed change, indeed, it was.

The newly-arrived sick were divided between the two Hospitals, part going to the Barrack and part to the General Hospital. All who were able walked, the rest were borne on stretchers. As soon as the sick were in their beds, requisitions began to pour in. For one ward was ordered beef tea, for another negus, for a third *good* tea. The orderly officer of the day was in great request, as he had to sign the requisitions, or give the sisters and ladies verbal orders, from which they might write their own requisitions.

Very touching incidents often occurred among the sick on their first arrival; they were so astonished to find so many comforts ready, and so many hands to minister to them. The quantity of clean linen was a great wonderment; they said they had more here in a week than in the camp for months together.

The poor Irish soldiers were much charmed at the sight of the nuns—"Our own sisters," they would fondly say.

I remember one poor man brought in who was a Roman Catholic; he was so ill he could not speak, could neither ask for temporal comfort nor spiritual consolation, but he looked up into the face of the sister who was attending on him, and perceiving the crucifix hanging from her girdle, he eagerly seized it with his dying grasp, and pressed it fervently to his lips.

The national spirit of the Irish was very strong; it was pleasing to see their reverence and affection for their priests and the nuns. The Irish orderlies were delighted beyond measure to be allowed to wait on the Catholic chaplain; nothing was so great a treat as to be doing something for "his riverence."

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Amusing scenes sometimes occurred with Irish sailors. There was a wharf just below Koulali, where steamers often came to coal; on one or two occasions the crews happened to be principally Irish. The sailors had leave to go on shore, and dispersed themselves about the country; they went through the hospital wards, evidently delighted at the comfortable appearance of the men. They looked at and admired everything; but when they met their countrywomen, the Sisters of Mercy, in the barrack-yard, they were quite overjoyed; and when they found that they lived at the General Hospital, they all went to visit them, and attended their chapel. Many who had not attended to their religious duties for years, were persuaded to do so now. They did not forget the ladies either, but were overheard one night on the quay to be talking the matter over, and saying, *however* those ladies could have come out all this way with nobody to take care of them, was past *their* conception.

Butter was a great treat to our men; before the arrival of the new Purveyor-in-Chief the bread was so dry and sour, that it was difficult even for those in health to force it down, unless very hungry. No butter was at that time given on the diet roll. We asked leave of the medical officers to give it to our patients. This was granted, and we were enabled to obtain it through the kindness of friends in England, who sent us money for this and such-like purposes. It will gratify them to know, that many and many a poor fellow had a comfortable meal through their consideration.

We are glad to take this opportunity of thanking them for the warm, affectionate sympathy and ready help they so often afforded us, not only in sending us

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money and other presents, but for the personal trouble they took in the matter. We had but to write to England, and say we wanted such and such a thing, and it was sent by the first opportunity; and not only this, but we often received letters begging us to write and say what things would be useful. Little school-children sent us money—small sums they had saved, and wished to be sent to the "ladies who nursed the sick soldiers."

Could these friends have seen the glistening eyes with which the poor men listened to the account of their kindness, and have heard their hearty "God bless them!—God bless them!" they would have been more than rewarded. It would have pleased them to have gone round the wards with us at tea-time, accompanied by our butter-bowl, and have seen the grateful look of each patient as he received his small portion, and have heard his exclamation, "Why, here's actually a bit of butter—that *is* nice and homelike!" Many would keep half their portions till next morning's breakfast. It certainly was very unlike English butter, and we sometimes wondered how they could eat it with such evident enjoyment; but long months of hardship and almost starvation, had taught them to be easily satisfied with what many in England would have grumbled at. Our means of procuring them this comfort of course soon came to an end. It was not fair to give butter in one ward and not in another, and one £3 after another was quickly spent in providing a whole hospital with butter, even once or twice a week, as it cost from 3*s.* to 4*s.* a pound. 4s. we always paid for it when we bought it at the canteens, but we could procure it at 3*s.* if we bought kegs of £2 or £3 value at Constantinople.

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When Mr. Robertson came, he ordered butter to be kept in the stores, and we drew it upon requisition, and gave it when we thought the men really needed it. We happened to be complaining to one of the officer's wives of the sour bread furnished to the hospital, which also came to our own table. She said, it was very strange, their bread was beautiful, as good or better than English. We found this arose from the officers' rations being drawn from the commissariat department, while ours came, like the patients', from the purveying, and that these two departments had separate contractors for bread. Upon this being represented to the Purveyor-in-Chief, he changed the bread contract at Midsummer; and from that time the hospital was supplied with excellent bread, the contractor being Mr. Hamelin, the American Missonary at Bebec. From his bakery, long previous to this, we procured biscuits which were very good. They were twelve piastres the oke (an oke is about two pounds three quarters,) so that they were much cheaper, as well as better, than any we could have procured in the French shops at Pera.

We spent a good deal of our free-gift money in purchasing them, for we often found that men who were very weak could eat biscuits when they could not swallow or digest bread. Eventually biscuits, like every other imaginable comfort, could be freely drawn from Government stores.

The bad washing, and consequent deficiency in the linen department, had been severely felt from the first, but there was no remedy. At Scutari the washing, we heard, was now well regulated, being done on the spot by means of washing machines; but this could not be done at Koulali, as there was no building which

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could be made into a washhouse; all that could be done was to place the linen stores under the charge of the sisters and ladies. It was a point on which Mr. Robertson was very anxious. He had rooms fitted up for this purpose at both hospitals; at the upper one, it was under the charge of Sister J—— M——, who began hers first, and it was kept in beautiful order.

The linen stores of the Lower or Barrack Hospital were under Miss M——, and nurses assisted in both stores.

The care of the linen stores was a very laborious work. The lady superintendent, in addition to her numerous duties, spent much of her time in those at the Barrack Hospital; she kept the accounts, and brought the stores by degrees into perfect shape and order.

The linen was sent across to Bebec, to Mr. Hamelin, at the Protestant Armenian College, who had the contract for the washing. It was done by Greeks, who sometimes thought fit to work, and sometimes not, so that often the washing was in arrear. A great quantity of linen had always to be returned to be washed again —a momentary dip in the water evidently having been the extent of labour bestowed upon it.

When the clean linen was sent in from the contractor, it was taken to the Purveyor's general linen store, and thence issued to the ladies' divisional linen stores upon requisition. The ladies and sisters who worked at the linen stores spent nearly the whole day there, only leaving it for their meals. Twice a week they received the clean linen, and, after selecting the good, and sending back the bad, they proceeded to sort the former; then followed the folding, the mending, and the arranging and placing it on the proper racks. Twice

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a-week the ladies and sisters of the respective wards sent in their requisitions to the ladies at the linen stores, and the different articles were then put in bundles for the wards, when the orderlies fetched them. The sisters and ladies had in their wards small cupboards (under lock and key), where they kept a few articles of linen and sheeting ready in cases of emergency from new and sudden arrivals.

It took a long time before the linen stores were arranged in a satisfactory manner, but we at length succeeded, and had then the pleasure of knowing that there was no comfort required in sickness which was not supplied to the British soldier. He had the best medical skill and attention, food as good as could be had in Turkey, and linen as frequently as in hospitals at home.

The work in the linen stores was so very arduous that the other ladies, when their work in the wards was lighter than usual, often dropped in to lend their assistance towards reducing the interminable mending, and in the evenings at our quarters we often were busy mending the socks and other clothing for the patients.

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CHAPTER XIX.

"Benefactors in the generous mother islands, whose care and bounty have provided them with comforts and luxuries beyond all price to the sickening and declining soldier."

W. H. Russell.

The Free Gift Store has often been referred to. It was the store supplied by the gifts of the people of England, who generously and promptly sent them out to their suffering army; and although much disappointment has, I know, been experienced by many, on hearing that numbers of these packages never reached their destination, yet it will be a satisfaction to many to learn the benefit given by that portion which did arrive.

The free gifts had to be carefully sorted, for often a good many useless things were sent out. A small portion of the free gifts sent to Scutari was forwarded to Koulali. Others were sent straight to us, and some we purchased with money sent out from England. Small-tooth combs we bought in great numbers when the hospital was crowded, for they were much needed. An old Turk sat at the hospital gate with a stall of trifles, and had some small-tooth combs—he looked so surprised when we one day completely cleared his stall of them.

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At first we had no separate store to keep our free gifts in. They were therefore placed in one of the purveyor's rooms, and under charge of a sergeant. He was an amusing individual, very unlike the soldiers in general, and so very important that he thought it rather a condescension on his part to attend to us.

After a time a shed in the barrack-yard, previously a canteen, was given up for our use, and was by the engineer officer made into a nice little building in three compartments: First, the superintendent's room; second, the Free Gift Store; third, for packing cases, &c. As soon as we could carry our free gifts into this store, the superintendent arranged them all in order on the shelves, with which the room was furnished. Sometimes they looked quite full, but never remained so for long together; a party of invalids ordered home soon made a clearance of the shelves. This store was under the lady-superintendent's charge. She saw the things unpacked and arranged, and received the requisitions of the ladies and sisters in charge of wards for the articles of clothing they considered their men needed before going to England or to the camp. Quantities of pocket handkerchiefs were sent; flannels, Jerseys, socks, night-caps; some crimson pocket handkerchiefs gave great delight, cotton shirts were also valued.

We found the free gifts principally useful as affording us the means of giving necessaries to the men going to England, for they would otherwise have often left without a change of linen or any warm clothing for the voyage. The men who came down in the winter and spring had usually lost their kits in the camp, and so were quite destitute. Subsequently, when the men did bring their kits down with them, but which were fre-

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quently imperfect, we always enquired what was deficient in them. After the quarter-master had given what he thought requisite, we then gave them articles from our store. It was thus always a very busy time when the men were being invalided; for it was a rule not to give the things till they were just going away, that they might have no temptation to sell their clothes for drink. Consequently, all had to be done in a few hours. The ladies prepared their list of what the invalids wanted, and the superintendent gave them out, and as soon as we had given them, the men went on board.

The scenes on these occasions were always very interesting. Groups of poor fellows in each ward, just risen from their beds and dressed in the uniform of their different regiments, were to be seen packing up their kits, and reiterating their thanks for the clothes they had just received. Orderlies were running about, trying to get the invalids' dinners a little sooner than the usual hour, that they might have a good meal before starting. Comrades who had fought together on the field of battle, or suffered side by side in the trenches before Sebastopol, were to be seen wishing each other good-bye; those who were left behind sending messages to their friends in England. Chaplains giving away Bibles and prayer books; and as a last kind thought, very often finding a quantity of tobacco for them to smoke on the voyage. Sisters and ladies having a last word with those whom they had long tended, and whom in all human probability they would never meet again in this world; many of the invalids with tears in their eyes loading them with blessings, and earnestly promising (what they well knew would more than compensate for any trouble they might have taken) that they

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would be different men henceforth to what they had been before they came into the hospital.

And now the order is loudly given at the entrance of each ward, "The invalids for England to proceed to the shore," and they slowly depart—orderlies carrying the kits of those who are too weak to do so themselves, and some of the wounded and incurable being taken down on stretchers. They all pass down the barrack yard, and through the main guard entrance, which is crowded with doctors and officers. One of these accompanies the invalids as far as Scutari, where they embark in a larger vessel for England. And now the little steamer is ready—the poor fellows are all on board, and we watch them depart with a silent prayer for their safe arrival in old England.

On Mondays and Thursdays patients were discharged from the convalescent hospital to proceed to Scutari, from thence to go to the camp; and what we considered deficient in their kits were made up from the Free Gift Store, so that it had enough to do to supply all these demands. Occasionally it did get alarmingly low; but somehow, by hook or by crook, it got up again, and we always had enough to give. The men were so grateful for these gifts, and so pleased with them. An amusing letter was once sent to one of the ladies, which I insert —the cotton shirts the writer speaks of had been given, but not the rest of the free gifts, and he was very much afraid none were coming.

"Miss ——,—Please if in your power to let me have the following articles, *viz.*, one pair of slippers, for my feet are very sore; one red scarf; one night-cap; one pocket handkerchief.

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"N.B.—None of the above have I received, though you have supplied me well with clean linen for the voyage, for which I sincerely thank you, and your kindness to me and to every one in the ward shall never be forgotten or neglected in the prayers of your humble servant, CORPORAL G——.

"A flannel shirt and a pair of drawers would be most welcome indeed, for I have one of each, and I'd like to have a change. G——."

Occasionally soldiers' wives would be leaving with the invalids. There were, however, very few of these women at Koulali; the greater number of them were at Scutari, where, if they were deserving cases, they received much kindness and assistance from Lady Alicia Blackwood when they left for England. They also received clothes for the voyage. She commissioned Sister Anne to undertake the business for her at Koulali. The women were often in great distress for clothes, both for themselves and children; and clothes were far more valuable to them than money, owing to the great difficulty in procuring, and the exorbitant price charged for, such articles in the East. Lady Napier was also very kind in sending clothes to Sister Anne to distribute among them.

One poor woman, who washed for the officers, had fallen asleep late one night in the wash-house, and her clothes caught fire. She was frightfully burnt, and was carried to a room over one of the wards, where doctors and nurses attended to her. For eight or nine months she lay there unable to move, her husband

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also in the hospital. They were both selected by a medical board to proceed home, but she was not able to undertake the voyage, and when we left Koulali she was still there.

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CHAPTER XX.

"Where the gorgeous East with richest hand
Showers on her kings barbaric pearl and gold."
PARADISE LOST.

IN June there were but 400 men on an average in hospital. This diminished number, together with the various improvements I have described, had completely altered the character of the work from that with which this narrative began. Our work now was that of ordinary hospital attendance, and our staff was more than adequate to its requirements. We had no thought, however, of diminishing it, because we lived in daily expectation that the number of patients would increase; the attack on Sebastopol being constantly expected to take place. We now, therefore, occasionally saw some of the venerable objects with which Turkey abounds, and the scenes of the deepest historic interest which lay close around us. There is scarcely a village on the Bosphorus which has not a tale to tell of the stormy scenes a few centuries back. We never walked far from Koulali, for it was not considered safe to do so. We used to go to Candilee sometimes. This name

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signifies "hung with lanterns:" and the exquisite beauty of the views cannot be conceived by those who have not seen them. "Europe and Asia at one glance," a visitor to Candilee once said.

Opposite Candilee, on the European coast, is the village of Bebek, with its lovely bay, a favourite resort of Europeans. Here are several American families, and also French and German. Here are also two colleges—one a French Catholic, under the order of Lazarist Fathers, the other a Protestant Armenian, under the care of an American gentleman. There is also a small convent and *enfant trouvés*, belonging to the *Sœurs de la Charité*. We visited these three institutions; the first contained about 500 boys, who were all dressed like French soldiers, part of their other studies being military exercises, a French soldier being their instructor. Boys of every nation are there—Turks even send their sons, so that the facility of acquiring languages is great. We counted ten that are spoken in the house.

We were most courteously received by the superior, and conducted over the college. We saw the library and the laboratory, and the boys at their gymnastics, and heard their singing in the little chapel. The music was an improvement on the general character of French music in the East; but the chapel was so much too small for the large body of voice, accompanied as it by was an organ, that we could hardly judge of its merits. We enquired whether the Turkish boys attended the chapel. The answer was "seldom." It was entirely voluntary; if they wished for religious instruction they had it, but they were not forced to hear it.

The superior himself conducted us to the *Maison de*

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Saint Joseph, close by, belonging to the Sisters of Charity; they are sent from the convent at Galata. Their house is for sick children and the *enfants trouvés;* on a very small scale, however, in comparison to the well-known institutions of Paris.

Here again the amalgamation of different nations struck us,—a Sœur was standing at a window holding in her arms a dark-eyed Italian baby, a fair-haired German child was climbing up her knee, while a little sickly-looking *Russian* sat beside her. Groups of other little ones, some suffering from sickness, and others the lonely and forsaken, played about the room. Four sisters were in charge of them, gathering, as these sweet sisters ever do, the most desolate and afflicted of God's creatures into their loving care. The college and sisters' house stand in a lovely situation, half-way up the hill, looking down on the Bosphorus.

We visited the Protestant Armenian College, and were most kindly received by the principal and his family. We were conducted over the college library, dormitories, &c.; but it being the recess, we did not see the pupils. The college is intended for young Armenian men belonging to the body of Protestant Armenians.

The sweet waters of Asia are situated just below Anatoli Hissar, and thus exactly opposite to Humeli Hissar; these two fortresses are called by Europeans the Castles of Europe and Asia, being built as defences for the narrowest part of the Bosphorus. Here Darius crossed with his army, with horses, elephants, and camels, on his expedition against the Scythians. On a stone pillar on each shore were inscribed the names of the nations who crossed with him. Here was also the rock cut into the form of a throne, where Darius sat and con-

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templated the march of his army from Asia to Europe. To the building of the walls of this fortress were applied the pillars and altars of the Church of St. Michael, which had been built at Koulali. The Castle of Europe was built in 1451, two years before the Ottoman conquest of Constantinople; the Castle of Asia had been erected some time previously. This latter was once called Guzel Hissar, *i. e.* the beautiful castle; but terrible tales would be told could those ruined walls find a tongue, for afterwards they named the castle the Black Tower, as many hundreds met their death there from torture and cruelty. Strange that in a spot which God has made fair beyond the power of language to describe, man has delighted in the cry of agony. Many other armies have followed the example of Darius, and crossed the Bosphorus at this point — Persians, Goths, Latins, and Turks.

The Castle of Asia is entirely in ruins, but the Castle of Europe is still standing. It was built with the intention of forming the Turkish characters of M H M D, which make the name of the founder Mahomet II.

After rowing three miles down, we came to the narrow creek leading to the sweet waters, about a quarter of a mile in length; the name of this creek or small river is Göhsu, *i. e.* the heavenly water. It is considered the most lovely spot on the Bosphorus—the water has rather a sweet taste, from whence has arisen its name—it is always called sweet waters. Each side is lined with trees bending down to the water's edge. At the end of the creek we generally landed and walked in the green fields beyond. The pleasure of this excursion principally consisted in our being well-nigh able to fancy ourselves in England. On Friday (the Turkish

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Sabbath), the valley of the sweet waters is the favourite rendezvous of the Turkish ladies. They assemble beneath some large green trees in a field on the banks; close by a new and handsome kiosk now being built for the Sultan. The windings of the Bosphorus, its hills crowned with kiosks, and its banks crowded with houses, can be seen for some distance from the valley of sweet waters. The white and ivy-covered towers of the Castle of Europe form a striking picture in the landscape; near the banks is a marble fountain, richly ornamented with carving; but on a Friday the scene in the valley itself almost distracted one's attention from the landscape.

Under the trees are spread carpets and cushions of various colours; upon these the Turkish ladies recline in groups, clothed in dresses of every bright hue—green, blue, red, pink, yellow, orange, violet, &c. Some are smoking, some are drinking coffee out of their tiny cups, some buying sweetmeats and toys—vendors of these are to be found in all directions—children in their quaint Turkish dresses, miniatures of their elders, are playing about—heavy Turkish carriages, containing the Sultanas and other ladies of high rank, drive slowly round the field—Greek, English, Armenian, and French ladies and gentlemen and children, were also there in numbers. Here and there an Albanian diversifies the scene.

As it grew dark, the ladies entered their carriages or caiques to return home, and we, too, sought ours, and were soon at home, for the current bore us swiftly along.

The currents of the Bosphorus are very strong, and on some days, without visible reason, will be much more so than on others. Immediately before our house was one of the strongest; it often drove quite large ships

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back—indeed, the larger ships and vessels seemed more under its influence than the small boats; for these, after two or three vain attempts to stem it, would go cautiously into the middle of the stream, and so avoid some of its fury. But the ships were helpless without the aid of a steamer; they turned round and round, and we often expected to see the yards come through our windows. In fact, it once happened that a ship did injure one of the rooms, and another knocked down part of our garden wall.

On one occasion, too, we witnessed from our windows a sad accident. A poor man, owing to a concussion between two boats, fell into the seething waters; his rescue was impossible, and he was drowned before our eyes. This current is called "sheitan akindisi," or devil's current; and to it there belongs a legend. A sultana in her caique was once proceeding down the Bosphorus, when she met a number of persons going to worship in a Christian church, upon which she ordered the church to be pulled down. On her return, her caique was seized by the current and upset; but all the attendants and boatmen were saved—the sultana only was lost. Almost every spot in Turkey has some old legend attached to it.

One of our favourite expeditions was to the lovely gardens of Bebek. They belonged to the Sultan's chief physician, who very kindly threw them open to the English and French. It was refreshing, after a long, hot day's work in the hospital, to row across, and wander among the orange and citron groves, and sit under the shadowy trees, while the air around was laden with the sweet scent of innumerable flowers, the birds singing over our heads the only sound, and everything above,

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beneath, and around bright with beauty. We could have fancied ourselves in fairy land,—"And the fire-flies glance in the myrtle boughs,"—completed the dream-like loveliness of the whole scene.

The gardens are most beautifully laid out, terrace above terrace, and bower succeeding bower, and many a winding path, forming gradual ascents to the hills immediately above, from whence can be seen, as usual, an extensive and beautiful view.

Our last visit to these gardens was late in the autumn, one evening at sunsetting; their aspect changed, but the golden tints on tree and bower, contrasting with the deep crimson of the autumn roses, rather increased than diminished their beauty. One night, too, we visited them by moonlight, and the scene was one of unearthly beauty. Bebek was so easy of access from Koulali that we often went across, and the nurses were very fond of visiting these gardens, and we were glad to find occasional amusement for them.

Ramazan commenced in June; it lasts thirty days. The Turks fast till sunset, both from eating, drinking, and smoking. The two latter privations make it very hard work, as ordinarily a Turk seldom has his pipe from his lips, and the heat causes great thirst. Shortly before sunset the Turkish troops assemble in the barrack-yard, with their large copper dishes; rice is portioned out to them, sometimes mixed with a sort of gravy, and they stand still looking at it, till the welcome sound of the sunset gun (which is fired the moment the sun sinks below the horizon) is heard, and then they set to with good appetites to enjoy their dirty-looking dinner.

The caiquejees greatly object to taking passengers

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when near sunset time; but if persuaded to do so, and the gun is heard, they will stop at the nearest village to get their pipes lighted before they proceed further.

After sunset throughout Ramazan all peace and quiet is over. When the Turks have done eating, they begin shouting and dancing to what they call music, a sound resembling that which would be produced in England by one hundred hurdy-gurdies, all playing together. About 12 or 1 at night, men parade through the streets, beating Turkish drums. The noise is distracting, and generally lasts until two or three in the morning. It was annoying even to those in the Home; but the officers, whose quarters were close to the Turkish barracks, complained bitterly of the impossibility of sleeping in consequence of the unceasing noise. All were thankful when the fast drew to its close.

Some of the English residents advised us strongly not to lose the sight of Bairam or Beiram, the Great Feast which follows Ramazan. This was a matter of difficulty, living the distance we did from Constantinople; but through the kindness of friends, some of our party were enabled to see the grand ceremony.

The proceedings at the Beiram are as follows. The Sultan rides on a fine Arab charger, with all the pomp and ceremony of Turkish state, attended by his ministers, from the palace of the Seraglio to Santa Sophia, where he must be at sunrise. There are two feasts called by this name commanded to be observed by Mahomet—the first, or the Greater Bairam, is kept at Mecca only when victims are sacrificed, and it is called by the Arabs "Id al Korbam, il al adha," *i. e.*, "The Feast of the Sacrifice," which is celebrated in commemoration of the sacrifice of Abraham.

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But the feast we were about to witness is called the Lesser Bairam, or in Arabia, "Id al Feti." It is dependent on the new moon; if the sky is so cloudy that she cannot be discerned, the feast is postponed for one day; but after that it proceeds, whether they see her or not. Watchers are placed on the surrounding hills to catch the first glimpse of her appearance, and then they run to the city, crying, "Welcome news," and the festivity commences.

We were obliged to quit Koulali at two A.M., to reach Stamboul in time. Caiques were engaged, and the Turkish sergeant-major volunteered to go as interpreter. This worthy was a remarkable character in the hospital. He prided himself on his knowledge of English, small though it certainly was. He took the opportunity of our row down the Bosphorus to inquire into the manners and customs of England—to ask about the pay of English sergeant-majors—to inform us that his own was sixpence a-day—to say that he admired the English more than the Turks, and intended to visit that country and enter its service—indeed his anxiety to visit England was so great, that he offered himself to us in the capacity of *cook*, if we would only take him. The grimaces he made, his gesticulations, his broken English, and his excessive amusement at our few Turkish words, kept us in continual laughter. He would say, "English very bono; Turk no bono; English soldier how much? Turk soldier so much; I go you? hidi England; I you cook; ship hidi Angleterre; very bono."

The night was very dark; but as our caiques glided down the Bosphorus, there were continual illuminations from the flashes of cannon, which were incessantly being

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fired from the batteries on the hill and on the banks, and from the Turkish and other ships-of-war. So continual was this discharge, that the Bosphorus was a blaze of light. As one flash died away another sprang up, and the hills gave back the echo of the cannon's thunder.

As we approached Stamboul the morning began to dawn. The first rays of the sun gilded the imperial city. We passed through the Golden Horn, and disembarked near Seraglio Point.

We left our caiques, and walked about a mile to the open ground before the Seraglio, where the Sultan was staying, and from whence he would pass to Santa Sophia. Stamboul was all alive. Pashas with their trains were busily riding hither and thither. Large bodies of Turkish troops were drawn up in the square, awaiting his Majesty. Visitors of all nations swelled the throng.

We waited here about an hour, amusing ourselves by walking up and down, and watching the evolutions of the Pashas on horseback. The enormous size of some of the Pashas made the management of their steeds a matter of difficulty. They certainly gave one the impression of a considerable falling off from the courage of their great ancestors.

Now the procession began to form. First came three or four carriages, containing the Sultanas and other ladies, very gaily attired. Now the Sultan's horses were led out, with their trappings of embroidered silk and jewels; then came many a Pasha with his train. At length the "Commander of the Faithful" appeared, surrounded by his guards, and on horseback. He was dressed in uniform, over which was thrown a cloak of

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dark blue cloth, fastened by a buckle of brilliants; he wore the crimson fez, in which was a plume of heron's feathers, secured by a diamond clasp. The simplicity of his dress formed a striking contrast to his magnificently-attired Pashas.

Slowly the procession passed to Santa Sophia—the Turkish troops cheering the Sultan, as he proceeded along the line, in deep solemn tones, very unlike the hearty, joyous cheering of our own land. A dense mass of people followed. We reached the entrance of the mosque, and beheld the floor entirely covered with Turks, all prostrate with their foreheads on the ground. The Imaums at the door furiously refused admittance to Franks. One naval officer had contrived to slip in, and, in answer to all their violent gesticulations, held up his shoes with an earnest look, to let them see how *much* he had given way to their prejudices; and he kept his place, for they dared not lay violent hands on an officer in uniform.

No wonder they did not want any Franks, if they really followed the universal custom at Bairam, and prayed either for the rooting out of all Christian princes, or that they might quarrel among themselves. It would be curious if they prayed in 1855 for the overthrow of Queen Victoria, Louis Napoleon, and Victor Emanuel; perhaps they thought, provided Alexander went too, it did not much signify if the Allies accompanied him.

Our being accompanied by an officer gained us admittance to the Seraglio gardens, to see the Sultan pass through them on his return to the palace. We waited there about an hour, while he took some refreshment. A throne was placed immediately before the palace, co-

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vered with crimson velvet; a carpet of the same material at its foot. An open space was cleared, around which were ranged troops. Opposite the throne was the royal band, and we and other strangers ranged ourselves behind the soldiers.

It was a beautiful "presence chamber"—the lovely gardens, and beneath the shade of the old green trees —the cloudless summer sky for his canopy—to receive his court in. Several ladies, and numbers of French and English officers, stood around. Conspicuous amongst them was Monsieur Soyer, whose costume always marked him out.

At last the Sultan appeared; he walked up ungracefully to his throne, and seated himself. We were in a position to get an excellent view of him and of the whole proceedings. He was a thin, pale, dark, wearied-looking man, giving one the impression of a person void of energy, and who would fain be rid of a heavy burden.

As soon as he was seated, the Sheik-ul-Islam (chief Imaum) advanced, and stood before him. The Sultan rose at his approach, the Imaum kissed the hand of his sovereign and retired; next the Pashas began to walk before him in procession—some kissing their sovereign's hand, others only bowing low to the ground before him; then the Beys followed in order. The Pashas and Beys were all in European dress, with the exception of the crimson fez; but their dresses were covered with rich embroidery. Then came the Imaums, hundreds of them, of different degrees and rank. All bowed low before him, making the salaam—*i. e.*, putting their right hand first to their forehead, then to their breast, and bending their heads nearly to the ground.

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Some of these, apparently of higher rank or dignity, kissed the Sultan's feet, or rather the hem of his robe; others merely kissed the fringe of a long scarf which was passed over his shoulders, and held by one of his chief officers at some little distance from the royal person.

Whenever the Imaums, dressed in the sacred green (the descendants of Mahomet), approached, the Sultan rose and extended his hand for them to kiss, which they did with the utmost reverence. He continued standing quite erect till they passed out of his sight. The whole scene was most striking, nearly all the Imaums being dressed in different colours—white, red, yellow, violet, or green, in all their shades—and the last in blue, the only one wearing that colour. All wore a high white turban, except the descendants of the Prophet, who were dressed entirely in green, turban and all.

During the pauses in the procession, which sometimes occurred, the Turkish band played; and, although the music was very inferior to that heard in our own land, yet it sounded rather sweetly that early morning in the beautiful Seraglio gardens, and added greatly to the romance of the whole scene. When they had all passed, which was not till about eight o'clock A.M., the Sultan rose and departed as ungracefully as he had entered, not even bowing to those around. The festivity of Bairam lasts three days, and incessant firing of cannon goes on day and night.

The assembly broke up, and we were not sorry; for the fatigue of six hours' standing, after a sleepless night, was very great. When we reached our caiques, the sun had become glaringly hot, and made our

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voyage home a most disagreeable one; so that we could hardly listen to the incessant conversation of the sergeant-major, who now quite changed his tone, and did nothing but extol the greatness of Turkey, its Sultan, and Pashas.

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CHAPTER XXI.

"On the bed of sickness bound,
In swift delirious fantasies,
That changed with every sound."
FELICIA HEMANS.

PAPAFEE, our strange interpreter, who has been already mentioned, did not improve as time went on. We were often on the point of dismissing him, and seeking another servant; but he went to Lady Stratford, and talked her over, for, much to our astonishment and vexation, she expressed her wish that he should remain. He was a real annoyance, and, had it not been for the sake of his wife, who was a great comfort in sickness, we must have insisted on his removal. He used to scold us, tell falsehoods, offer his advice when quite unasked and unwished for; sometimes refused to do what he was told, and, when he did condescend to be obedient, made us fully understand that he was good enough to bend his superior judgment to our want of sense.

If we seriously offended him, he would threaten to write to England, and report us to government. His whole conduct was so utterly absurd, that we had many

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a laugh about it; and had these scenes only occurred now and then, they would have been rather an amusement than otherwise; but with our various occupations and many calls, both on time and patience, this could not always be the case.

Papafée's wife was a little German woman, extremely gentle and quiet, and was the very opposite of her husband, who scolded her loudly and severely if she the least displeased him, which was not a difficult matter to accomplish, and one of daily occurrence, though it was generally quite unintentional on her part; added to which, she was much out of health, and needed kindness and attention. One of our ladies remonstrated with him on the subject.

"It ees very easy for you to talk," replied he; "you are an English lady, and it comes natural to you to be verie gentle and quiet, and you do say 'pleese do thees, and pleese do that,' but as for me, I am of a deeferent deesposition. I was born in a deeferent contree, and am verie passionate, and beesides I can reed the Bible, and I do see there that the wife is to obey her husband, and that he ees to rule over her."

"Yes," replied the lady, "but the Bible also says, husbands are to be kind to their wives."

"Oh, vell," said he, "so I am—I am verie kind indeed to her. You should jist see what beauteeful dresses I do give her. I do assure you they are verie fine. In my own contree I am quite a gentleman, and I could have married any lady I chose. My wife was verie luckee to get me for her husband." This was an opinion in which no one shared, however, not even poor Rosalie herself.

Happily for us we heard one day that our interpreter

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was wanted by a gentleman proceeding to the camp, who would give him better pay than he received from us. We were only too glad to release him, and he accordingly went up to the front, leaving his wife and child with us till he could make arrangements for them to join him.

Two months passed away, when, one evening, as we were all sitting at tea in our dining-room, which opened to the garden, we saw coming down the path a tall, distinguished-looking officer. We wondered who it could be. To our surprise, instead of calling the servant, he walked straight into the room, *sans céremonie.* I thought he was some official come on important business from the Brigadier-General. Walking up to the head of the table, and making a low bow to our superintendent, he "hoped we were all well, and was glad to see us again;" and not till then did we recognise our former plague and interpreter, Monsieur Papafée.

He then informed us that he was doing very well in the camp, and had come to fetch his wife and child, thinking Madame Papafée would make money there cooking for the officers. His appearance altogether was really so striking and elegant, that we asked one another, was it possible he had ever stood behind our chairs in white shirt sleeves and apron, or that we had ever asked him for a plate?

The next day, one of us, returning from the hospital, saw a lady and gentleman walking arm-in-arm on the quay, followed by a servant carrying a child. On approaching them, it proved to be Monsieur and Madame Papafée, whom we imagined he had ordered to deck herself for the occasion in one of the beautiful dresses he had once alluded to, as proving his devoted affection

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for the poor little woman. He made a polite bow as the lady passed. They went to the camp, but not long afterwards, when walking in Pera, one of our party was suddenly accosted by Papafée, who said he had left his situation at Sebastopol, because, although it was very nice to be well paid, it was anything but agreeable to have a cannon ball coming into his tent at all hours of the day or night; and a shell having burst in close proximity to his abode, he had forthwith packed up and departed, and he was now anxious to resume his avocation as our interpreter; but we declined this pleasure very decidedly, and from that time lost sight both of him and poor Rosalie.

At the end of July the heat grew intense, and continued so to the end of the following month. Up to this time it had been like a very warm English summer; but now the Eastern sun poured down all its fury upon us, and we were terribly exposed to its rays. No kind of shade was at hand; there was hardly a tree in Koulali. The five minutes' walk from our home to hospital was along the quay.

The Sisters of Mercy, who came down from the General Hospital and returned thither twice a-day, had to descend and climb the steep hill in the glaring sun; so, also, the ladies who worked at the General Hospital. Our hospital duties obliged us to be walking about during the greater part of the time when the inhabitants of the country close their jalousies and take their siesta, not venturing to move till sunset.

The heat was real suffering; it brought incessant thirst, which nothing could quench. The quantity of lemonade which was drunk during that time was something marvellous, and it seemed impossible to touch

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the meat of the country; and yet too great a quantity of acid, and the omission of strengthening food, was considered very dangerous, as likely to bring on cholera.

The inhabitants of Turkey never venture out in the middle of the day in summer unless obliged; but this salutary rule we were unable to observe. Hospital work went on, whether it were hot or cold; and the hottest part of the day was that at which we were the most busily employed.

We feared that cholera would have been very prevalent in the summer—thank God it was not so!—only twenty at the utmost were attacked, and out of these cases not more than half were fatal. At the General Hospital were several bad cases, whose lives were saved, humanly speaking, by the attention they received from the nuns, who watched by them day and night.

A great blessing arrived about this period, in the shape of ice; it was sent out by Government. The ship that brought it was called the "City of Montreal." Her captain was a Scotchman; he purchased a cargo of ice in North America at a venture, which proved a fortunate one; for, three days after arriving at Liverpool, the whole was bought by Government, and he was instantly despatched with it to the East. Part was left at Scutari, part at Koulali, the rest went to Balaclava. The captain reckoned he had made £500 by the enterprise. Thankful, indeed, were we that he had made it.

There was an ice-house at the General Hospital, into which the ice was put, and we used to send the Greeks to fetch it down to the Barrack. Unfortunately the ice-house was not a good one, and the ice melted faster

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than it would otherwise have done; so we were obliged to use it as fast as possible; but it lasted the exact time the extreme heat did. I cannot think what we should have done without it. Certainly we could not have given "cooling drinks" any longer, for the lemonade used to be quite warm till iced; it was also such a comfort to the fever patients to lay ice on their burning brows, and most useful in cholera; in obstinate cases of diarrhœa and dysentery, it checked vomiting, and allayed the irritation of the stomach.

There were two cases of cholera in the Barrack Hospital which were remarkable; the patients were in different wards—one in the surgical, the other in the dysentery; their symptoms were exactly similar, consisting chiefly in extreme depression; they resisted all nourishment, and wept almost incessantly, and no one could discover that they had any particular cause for grief. Both these cases were fatal.

Smoking was ordered in the wards when cholera was prevalent; this was rather amusing to the men, as the practice had been previously strictly forbidden, and it had been a great deprivation to those not able to walk into the barrack-yard; for unless a man were in a dying state, he had strength enough for his beloved pipe: even while it was forbidden, they would smoke whenever they could do so without being seen.

Another misery brought by the heat was the increase of vermin. Mosquitoes began to pay us a visit; they never abounded so much as we expected, but they were quite bad enough, and their bite was very painful and disfiguring. We had mosquito-net from the stores, which we cut into squares, and threw it over the faces of those who were very ill. Fleas abounded, and were

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very tormenting; we used a powder, which can be bought at Stampa's shop in Galata, and to all Eastern travellers I would recommend it; for though it does not destroy these enemies, it stupefies them; and one has the satisfaction of seeing the sheets spread with them fast asleep; while otherwise the wretches are so very rapid in their movements, that it is almost a hopeless undertaking to wage war against them. From their facility in making their escape, some one named them the "light cavalry;" while *other horrors*, which we occasionally had the misfortune to encounter in the wards, which were not so light of foot, were called "heavy dragoons."

The ice ship lay off Koulali for several days. The captain was good enough to send his boat in the evening, to know if we would like to have a row; and as it held a great many, we were glad to take the nurses out in it. When the "City of Montreal" was ready to proceed to Balaclava, it was proposed that two or three ladies should go on board of her as far as the entrance to the Black Sea, and return in the steamer which was to have towed her up to that point. She was to start at six A.M.

We went on board one lovely morning; the steamer began to tow the vessel, but could not succeed. The current was so strong that she was powerless, and after trying for two hours in vain, she was obliged to give it up, for the stream had carried both vessels some distance below the starting point off Koulali. The steamers employed in towing vessels up the Bosphorus are the small ones which ply upon the river, and are hired by the Admiralty. The "City of Montreal" was towed up next day by the "Ottawa," a fine steam-transport.

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We did not attempt to see the Black Sea a second time, having been so disappointed the first day, but contented ourselves with having seen the Euxine from Therapia, without actually passing into its waters.

One day a ship came alongside Koulali wharf to coal; she had on board a Dr. Thompson and his wife. Dr. Thompson was a civilian, who had practised for some years in Antioch—before that, I think, in India—and was well known for scientific discoveries.

It appeared that he had wished to visit Balaclava, and had proceeded thither, accompanied by his wife. While there, living on board ship, he was seized with the Crimean fever. When the ship was ordered to return, he was too ill to be moved, and indeed at Balaclava there was no place for him. The vessel came to Scutari, and application was made to the authorities for his admission into the hospital.

An unfortunate delay arose before leave was granted, which no doubt would have been ultimately given, but the vessel could not wait. Having discharged her cargo at Scutari, she came to Koulali, Dr. Thompson still on board. The same application was made at Koulali, and was instantly granted. Koulali being a much smaller place than Scutari, the application had probably not to go through so many hands before it was decided on. At all events, he was admitted, together with his wife.

The heat was so intense that, though he might have been removed from the ship at noon, they were forced to wait till the cool of the evening before this could be done, for he was in high delirium, and his fever was in the worst stage. Meanwhile, an empty ward in the General Hospital was prepared for his use, and everything which the hospital possessed in the way of comfort

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was placed at his disposal by Dr. Humphrey, P.M.O. Our superintendent appointed one of her best nurses to aid Mrs. Thompson in attending on him, and committed him also to the care of the Rev. Mother.

From that day, for weeks, the chief topic of the hospital was Dr. Thompson. If he had been a king, more could not have been done for him. His delirium was very violent, and he would take dislikes to the surgeons and demand new ones. Accordingly almost every one in the hospital went to him at different times, when he chose to ask for them. He appeared to be fond of music, and it was thought singing would soothe him. One of the ladies accordingly went and sang to him for hours.

The Sisters of Mercy were most unremitting in their attentions, especially the Rev. Mother, who was called up night after night, and who cheerfully hastened to see if she could in any way relieve him. Fatigue and distress had their effect upon poor Mrs. Thompson; her grief was violent, and she required much attention. The Rev. Mother spent much time in soothing her, sometimes reading a few verses of the Holy Scriptures or a hymn. Mrs. Thompson spoke of her kindness afterwards with much gratitude.

Dr. Thompson and his wife were members of the Church of England. The chaplain visited them constantly. By day and at night he was not unfrequently called up, when the delirium was at its height, that he might endeavour to quiet the sufferer.

There was at one time a slight hope of his recovery; but an abscess, which was a frequent result of the Crimean fever, gathered in his neck, and death fast approached. The nurse who had been waiting on him,

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being worn out, returned to rest. Another, whom we thought well of, took her place; and a few hours after, worse symptoms appeared.

Notice of this having been brought to the lady superintendent, she went at 11 P.M. to the General Hospital to see him. Upon entering the room, the scene was awful. He was in his last agony; his wife was by his side, doing all she believed best for him. On a bed near by, in the same room, lay the nurse in a state of dead intoxication. She had, while passing from the Home to the hospital (the emergency having obliged her to be sent alone), purchased Turkish spirits (rakee), which produce a perfect stupor. She could not be awakened; and the superintendent was obliged to call four orderlies to carry her upstairs, where she lay for hours in the same state.

The superintendent watched beside the sick bed until the sufferer died. The chaplain came and read the commendatory prayers, and finding reason was not likely to return, then left him. At Mrs. Thompson's desire, the Presbyterian chaplain afterwards came, and prayed beside him. For a short time he lay quiet, but the delirium returned with greater violence, and about 3 A.M. he expired.

His body was interred the following day in Koulali British burying-ground. All the medical staff followed in uniform.

Many of the ladies and nurses also attended to accompany his widow, whose wish it was to be present.

During life Dr. Thompson had often expressed a wish to be buried beneath a tree, and in sight of a beautiful view. There was but one tree in the burying-ground. Under that they dug his grave, while all

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around lay spread one of the most beautiful scenes that could be well imagined.

During the whole summer, only one case of serious illness occurred amongst our party. Miss F—— lay for many weeks ill with dysentery. She was attended by Dr. Guy; and to his extreme attention and skill, under God's blessing, she owed her recovery. After a time, she resumed her work. There was a great deal of sickness amongst us, though not of a serious character, but almost all suffered extremely from the heat.

In our illnesses we were attended only by the army surgeons, and they were kind beyond measure. About this time, to our great regret, Dr. Temple joined the Turkish Contingent. There was great sorrow among his patients at his departure, for he was one of the kindest, as well as the most skilful, of the surgeons.

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CHAPTER XXII.

"He loved his people, deemed them all his children."
THOMSON.

ONE day we received a letter from Miss Stanley, with an account of an interview she had had with the Queen, who sent for her, and inquired with the deepest interest into the details of our work, and wished to know what more she could send out to contribute to the comfort of the sick, and to assure them of her continual sympathy. The interview lasted nearly an hour, and at its close her Majesty expressed her satisfaction at what she had heard, and her thanks for the service rendered. Miss Stanley also received the thanks of Prince Albert and the Duchess of Kent on a subsequent occasion.

She transmitted the royal thanks to us, feeling, as she said, she had only received them as the representative of all who had done the work.

In the royal gifts which came out a short time afterwards, we recognised the articles which Miss Stanley had named in answer to her Majesty's inquiries. The pleasure these gifts of her Majesty gave was immense: they consisted of

100 Red Flannel Shirts.
100 Red Flannel Jackets.

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100 Draught Boards.
100 Sets of Draughts.
40 Sets of Chessmen.
50 Backgammon Boards, with Men, &c. complete.
100 Sets of Dominoes.
20 Dozen Bottles of Pickles.
20 Dozen Bottles of Raspberry Jam.
10 Dozen Bottles of Marmalade.
40 Cans of Treacle.
2 Cwt. of Tamarinds.
170 Volumes of Books.

These gifts were divided between the hospitals at Scutari, Koulali, Balaclava, and Renkioi, of which Koulali received—

50 Red Flannel Shirts.
50 Red Flannel Jackets.
20 Draught Boards.
20 Sets of Draughts.
10 Sets of Chessmen.
10 Backgammon Boards.
20 Sets of Dominoes.
10 Dozen Bottles of Pickles.
10 Dozen Pound-Jars of Raspberry Jam.
5 Dozen Pound-Jars of Marmalade.
5 Cans of Treacle.
1 Cwt. of Tamarinds.

The gifts were valuable in themselves, but how much more so the remembrance of the thoughtful sympathy that had sent them out.

"Only to think of our Queen thinking of such things for the like of us," said the patients.

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But they had already grown familiar with the knowledge that the sufferings of the soldiers in camp and hospital were no less remembered and sympathized with in the palace than in their humble homes, and a sure foundation of loyal love for years to come has the Queen of Great Britain built in the hearts of her army.

In all the wards was posted upon the walls the beautiful letter written by Queen Victoria to Mr. Sidney Herbert, in the month of December, 1854, and which caused such a thrill of gratitude and delight among the soldiers.

Copies of the "Illustrated London News," which were distributed among them, had shown them how their Queen "visited the sick." They saw her passing through hospital wards, and speaking gentle words to the sufferers there. They heard of her warm interest in all they did or suffered, and that no hand but her own was allowed to decorate their comrades who had returned home.

Pickles were only allowed by the medical officers for the convalescent patients, for whom, doubtless, her Majesty intended them. Jam and treacle were used in all the wards; the latter many men preferred to butter; but the portion of the royal gifts which gave most delight were the chess, dominoes, and draughts.

The authorities, of course, informed her Majesty of the gratitude and delight with which her bounty had been received; but those official letters told her but a small part. We often wished the Queen could have *once* seen what we saw daily; the groups of men gathered round the table at these games, the extreme pleasure they gave them, the time they innocently employed,

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and the temptations to drink and idle company from which they kept them.

For ourselves, these royal gifts were not without a peculiar pleasure, as it showed us plainly that her Majesty did not esteem common necessaries enough for her gallant army, but was determined that comforts, and even a few luxuries, should be poured upon them, and that she approved of our efforts to bring these to the men. Cheering to us in that far-off land, and amidst our many difficulties, was the kind sympathy of our beloved Queen.

Every traveller to Constantinople has spoken of the frequent fires. I do not know whether they were more numerous than usual this summer, but certainly they were almost incessant. People said, that at times it was done on purpose, the Sultan wishing to destroy some of the dirty wooden houses; but I think this is improbable. They generally occurred at night. We always knew of their occurrence by the firing of seven guns from the Turkish battery on the hill above Koulali. Sometimes we rose to look at the sight, for it was generally very fine; but they were so frequent, that at last they hardly roused us.

One night a discharge of cannon was heard. I had grown so used to it, that I concluded it was the first of the seven guns, and did not disturb myself. A noise in the house attracted my attention. I rose, and, going into the corridor, found the whole household assembled and gazing out of the corridor windows with looks of alarm. *Apparently* the General Hospital was on fire. Our first thought was for the Sisters of Mercy: the patients, we knew, would be carried to the Barrack Hospital; but the sisters would be homeless.

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Two of us dressed in haste, and went out. As we approached the foot of the hill, a body of troops rushed down. They perceived us, and a sergeant stopped to inform us that some gunpowder, kept in a shed not far from the General Hospital, had taken fire and exploded, which was the sound we heard. No danger had occurred, and no lives were lost, though, on the first alarm, all the troops, British and Turkish, were turned out; and the sergeant declared he was asleep, dreaming Sebastopol was being taken, and when the sudden call came, he thought it was to summon him to the assault.

We hastened home to quell the anxiety of our companions; and the alarm over, the amusement began, as we who had been out declared they all looked like Turkish ladies in feridgees, sitting on the divan of the corridor.

When the day came, we went to congratulate the sisters on their escape. They said they had been much alarmed, the explosion being so very near their apartments; and when they were awakened by the sudden noise, and immediately afterwards the tramp of the troops coming up the hill, one of them confessed, much to our amusement, that she thought the Russians had come to Koulali.

One morning, when we came down to prayers, we saw a fire on the opposite coast. The villages are so thickly joined together, that we could hardly distinguish where it was. It was a palace of the Sultan, said to belong to the Sultan's sister. If it was this palace, one was not sorry to see it burnt down; for horrible traditions attach to the name of Asma, Sultan Mahmoud's sister; and it is said, from underneath a low arch, bodies were often seen to float into the Bosphorus from her palace.

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Whether it was her palace or not, the place was in flames, and in half-an-hour was destroyed, for it was, like others, built of wood; a strong breeze blew from the Black Sea, and the work of devastation was consequently rapid.

Many houses stood near, whose owners were in great alarm. Next to them came a grove of cypresses, and higher up the hill stood a large villa. Curiously enough, the flames did not touch the adjoining houses. We thought, when we saw the palace falling to pieces, that its fury was spent; when suddenly, behind the cypresses, the forked flames burst out, catching the villa and destroying it. It is thus that the fires in Turkey spread, so that when they once begin, the whole village often falls. In this case, however, when the villa was burnt the fire was arrested.

It was a striking sight to see the volume of bright flame behind these dark trees, which it did not attempt to touch, and lower down the hill the burning, blackened ruins of the palace, falling piece by piece into the blue Bosphorus, while the lurid glare of the fire mingled with the bright sunshine of that cloudless summer morning.

During the summer, the hospital library was established. A large room fitted with shelves was given for this purpose. It was under the charge of Mr. Coney, the Church of England chaplain. He requested the ladies to assist him in getting it into order.

The superintendent had no one whom she could send, so she added the charge to her own numerous duties. The task of sorting and arranging was a long and tedious one. Numbers of cases arrived and contained many nice books; but a quantity of rubbish

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among them, such as reports of charities, old encyclopædias, even the libretta of operas, &c. &c. Then would come most provoking *portions* of books; fragments of all the Waverley novels, but not one complete; and odd numbers of ancient magazines. Next would come a number of little books for Sunday scholars, which we certainly deemed as much below the capacity of the men, as the number of essays on abstruse subjects which were sent were above them. Of the former description, we give the following verses as a specimen sent:—

"Why should I care for plaited hair,
Or long and useless curls?
Why gaudy clothes or ribands wear,
Or deck myself in pearls?

Tho' Samson's strength was in his hair,
There's no such strength in *mine*;
Why for its shortening should I care?
Why murmur and repine?"

A great many nice books, however, were received. Mr. Albert Smith's handsome present had arrived months before; and of course many of his books furnished the library shelves.

The arrangement of the library was a great comfort. Before it was opened, the books were kept in the chaplain's quarters; we had to go there and hunt through the cases for the kind we wanted. Now, however, they were all arranged in order. Bibles and prayer-books by themselves, religious books in another part, instructive works in a third, and the novels and tales in a fourth; magazines were kept by themselves, while those who wished to read the mutilated Waverley, &c., could find them on a top shelf.

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There was a good store of Bibles and prayer-books, but we were always asking for more from England, as the chaplains gave them to each man not possessing them when he left either for home or camp.

The Catholic religious books were generally sent to the Catholic chaplain or sisters. If they came into the library, they were forwarded to them. Five hundred Catholic Testaments were sent by kind friends, and were much valued. Other packets of books arrived, but many others shared the frequent fate of parcels to the East, and never reached their destination.

Several hundreds of Scotch Bibles with the metrical Psalms, as used in the Kirk, came to the general library, and were forwarded by Mr. Coney to the Presbyterian chaplain, for the exclusive use of his congregation.

After the secular books had been sorted, the ladies and sisters had free access to the library, and could take as many as they pleased for their patients. How the men did delight in those books! Every ward had a little lending library of its own; books were taken from the general library, and lent and changed from one to another all round the ward. Books were also sent out by the Duchess of Kent; amongst them were many copies of St. John's history of the present war, which was a great favourite.

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CHAPTER XXIII.

"Thy weal for this and higher worlds, and comfort in thy sickness."

Proverbial Philosophy.

THERE were three chaplains appointed to Koulali—the Church of England, the Catholic, and the Presbyterian (sometimes there were two of the first-mentioned). At first, when the wards were so crowded, no place was set apart for public worship; and the men being chiefly in their beds or unable to walk, it was only the men on duty who attended the services. At that time the English and Scotch services were held at different hours on Sundays only, in the detachment ward in the morning, and the convalescent hospital in the afternoon.

The Catholic services were daily in the sisters' oratory in the General Hospital, where the men could attend, and on Sundays in the chaplain's own room in the Barrack Hospital; when the summer advanced, and it became evident that the new wards which had been fitted up in the spring would never all be filled, one was given to the English chaplain, a room in the General Hospital to the Catholic, and another empty ward in the Barrack to the Presbyterian.

The ward used for the English service was the one

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fronting the Sultan's apartments. The roof was sloping, and not very high; the building was very wide, and would have made a fine ward. It was much too large, however, as a place of worship: as the congregation only filled half one side, although the numbers were frequently upwards of two hundred.

Up to the time of Mr. Coney's arrival, the services were only on Sundays (except Ash Wednesday and Good Friday). Soon after he became the senior chaplain, he established daily morning prayers; and the communion, which had been administered monthly, was now given every Sunday at 7.30 A.M.

The Purveyor-in-Chief had the ward furnished with church fittings, and some of the ladies helped to beautify it; it looked very nice when finished, though, of course, rudely adorned. The altar rails were of plain deal, a red cloth covered the table, and the reading-desk was hung with the same colour. A few benches were arranged on each side, some with backs to them were also placed lower down for the invalids, and the wooden trestles of the empty beds formed seats for the rest of the congregation.

This congregation on Sunday presented a singular scene. The different groups: a number of men on duty in their uniforms, then a group of blue dressing-gowns and white nightcaps, another of nurses in grey, with the ladies seated among them either in black or coloured dresses; on the other side, the officers, also in uniform, one or two officers' wives; and sometimes a few English strangers, from the neighbouring village of Bebek, on the European side—the only Protestant service there being in the Protestant Armenian chapel, where the singing was so atrocious, they said, that they preferred

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coming across to Koulali, the singing with us being very good, considering its difficulties. There being no instrument, it was led by one of the ladies, who had a singing-class twice a-week, which the convalescent patients, and some of the sergeants and detachment men, attended. They were very fond of it, and took great pains to learn the chants and hymn tunes; those they had been accustomed to hear in the churches at home pleased them most.

The Presbyterian service was at the same hour as the English one. The members of this congregation were fewer than either the English or Catholic churches. Two of the ladies of our party and one of the nurses belonged to it. Many of the Presbytèrian soldiers appeared to be earnest and religious men. The chaplain was exceedingly active in visiting the sick members of his congregation.

The Catholic chapel was arranged with great taste, though, of course, with the greatest simplicity; the altar was raised on the divan, which fronted the windows. The room was furnished with benches, the middle space left for the men and officers, the sisters kneeling on each side. A few coloured prints hung on the wall; everything was very rough, but all the essentials of Catholic worship were there. The services were well attended by the men. The two masses on Sundays (one at each hospital) were crowded; the daily mass had a good gathering, and so had the Sunday benediction.

The chaplain for many months was Mr. Ronan; he was most zealous and devoted, beloved by his flock, and respected by all. The improvement among the Catholics in Koulali was very great. The soldiers had been much neglected, and many had yielded to tempta-

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tion, contracted evil habits, and forgotten their religion, but the efforts made by the priests and nuns were blessed. Those who had lived for years in sin, once more sought their Saviour—those whose last remembrance of prayers and sacraments had been in days gone by, in the shelter of their homes, now returned to the God of their youth.

Were these pages the fitting place, many a tale might be told of such; but they are not. It will, however, interest Catholics to hear that the Sisters of Mercy had the satisfaction of knowing, that no member of their church ever left the hospitals of Koulali without receiving the sacraments, nor did any die without their consolations.

It will interest others to know, that among the members of the Church of England, a marked improvement took place—many turning from evil or careless lives, and becoming earnest and zealous in their religious duties; thus rewarding their good chaplain's labours, who spared no pains in the performance of his duty. When Mr. Coney established the daily morning prayers, he expected them to be attended by about a dozen at the utmost. To his surprise and pleasure, he found more than that number present even the first morning, and in a week's time it had increased to thirty or more. The time for prayers was half-past seven in the morning.

Beautiful indeed were those early mornings, before the glaring sun attained its power; the golden light adorning the distant white walls and towers of Constantinople with a crown of glory. It looked like a visionary city, making one think of THE one for which "we seek," and which "is to come." The dewdrops sparkled on the grass, the clear sweet singing of the

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birds came through the open windows. The blue ripples of the Bosphorus shone brightly, and our first waking sensations were those of admiration at all this wonderful beauty. When we went out the air was so light and fresh and invigorating.

A little before seven in the morning a group of convalescents, dressed in blue, and soldiers in uniform, were seen climbing the hill to attend mass. Many who were very weak persisted in going, and counted the fatigue nothing in comparison with the blessing they received. At half-past seven another group wended their way to the English prayers.

When the heat was gone, and the work had very much diminished, the daily service was altered to nine in the morning; and when Dr. Freeth succeeded Mr. Coney as chaplain, he established an evening one at six o'clock. These services were well attended both by officers and men, who chanted and sang very heartily at each of them. The officers seemed to prefer the later hour in the morning, as now that the brunt of the work was over, they were not obliged to be in their wards so early as in the summer; this was also the case with some of the ladies and nurses.

These, I think, are plain proofs that the spirit of real religion is in the British army, and only needs culture to bring it out; and had not its spiritual wants been so grievously neglected, it would not have become noted for its irreligion, nor would English parents have had cause hitherto to consider it a disgrace that their sons should fill its ranks. The following anecdotes will show how ready they were to amend. One orderly bore a very high character, and was much liked by the sister of the ward for his good conduct. One day he became in-

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toxicated; when he came to his senses, he hid himself from the sister. However, she met him accidentally, and expressed her sorrow and displeasure; he had been a soldier for seventeen years, yet he blushed before her as a guilty schoolboy, and exclaimed—

"Oh, ma'am, look it over this time, it never shall happen again; I'd rather be summoned before all the doctors in the hospital, and be punished by them, than that you should once reprove me."

Indeed, the orderlies at the Upper Hospital felt the sisters' displeasure much more acutely than being sent to the guardroom.

One day, an orderly, who was partly drunk when the Rev. Mother entered the ward, attempted to conceal his state; she turned away, and called another, bidding the first go to bed at once. The next day the delinquent was ready, as usual, to carry round the extras for her. "No," she said, "you have disgraced yourself, I will have another." He slunk away, ashamed. Some days passed, and she took no notice of him. At last he waylaid her in the corridor, where no one could hear him, and said, with tears in his eyes, "Will you never forgive me, Rev. Mother? I am so miserable to be in disgrace with you—indeed I will amend for the future."

"If you please, madam," said a poor soldier to Miss W—— one day, "I wish to tell you how I became a soldier—it was thus:—I had a horrid bad temper, and even when all was bright about me, I could not curb it. I had a fond wife—a sweet young woman—and a nice little trade; but one day, when out of sorts, I said I would go for a soldier, and for my word's sake I went; and oh, I have suffered for it. I went without a kind word to my wife, and how that's troubled me when I

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was nearly dead. However, I have wrote and told her I am changed, and I hope the Lord will send me home to make amends to her. I wish you would write me a pretty letter for her." He was, however, persuaded that a few lines from him would please her best. He was an odd and silent man, and the manner in which he told his tale was touching.

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CHAPTER XXIV.

"Now joy Old England raise
For the tidings of thy might;
* * *
And yet, amidst that joy and uproar,
Let us think of them that sleep."

CAMPBELL.

THE numbers in the hospital had been gradually decreasing, and the character of the cases had now completely changed. Of course, there were exceptions; but, as a rule, those who came down from the front were nearly convalescent, needing only nourishment or change of air, and accordingly, after they had been a few weeks in Koulali, they were either invalided home or discharged to duty. When the attack of the 18th of June took place, we looked for wounded and sick to come down—but not one arrived; and we then found that the medical and other authorities at head-quarters had determined to keep the sick as much as possible in the Crimea, considering the air there best for them, and the voyage down unadvisable.

The accommodation in the field hospitals had so increased that they were able to admit a large number of patients. There was a General Hospital in the camp besides the General and Castle Hospitals, Balaclava, for

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the more serious cases. Besides, except from the attack of the 18th of June, the health of the army was far better than had been expected.

From these various causes arose the circumstance that the hospitals on the Bosphorus were more than half empty. Of course, this was a matter of great thankfulness; but the question arose whether our nursing staff was not too large for our work. As time went on, we became certain of this; and the accounts which the invalids and others brought from the camp, convinced us that the brunt of the work had passed from our hospitals to those in the Crimea.

We knew that there were but few nurses there, and we were anxious that some of us should proceed to Balaclava, if required—a point we resolved to ascertain. Lord William Paulet was commandant at the time, and he had requested Lady Stratford de Redcliffe to exercise his authority over the nursing department. Our superintendent intimated that she was ready to go to the Crimea; but Lady Stratford negatived it at once, and in a decided manner. As no other lady of the party was equal to the task of directing so untried and laborious an undertaking, the idea was relinquished.

The Rev. Mother soon after this, writing to one of the chaplains, a friend of hers in the camp, told him how little we had to do in the hospital, and that she and the sisters felt an earnest wish to have work such as they came to do. She read this letter to our superintendent, who agreed with its purport. The chaplain wrote in answer, that if she would again write and repeat her statements more formally, he would show it to Dr. Hall. The Rev. Mother did so, expressing in her letter how willing she would be either to continue under

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our present superintendent if it was thought desirable, or to go alone with her sisters.

So the matter rested, and we lived on in the usual state of uncertainty which attended British affairs in the East. None but those who have experienced it could enter completely into this feeling. We hardly ever knew what had happened, or what was going to happen. Rumours of all kinds so continually buzzed about, that, at last, we learned to believe nothing till we saw it in an English newspaper. The fall of Sebastopol we were told every week had taken place. Every imaginable tale was spread about. The only incident just at this time was one which gave us some pleasure—the departure of the Turkish troops stationed at the hospital. We were told their place was to be occupied by Sardinian soldiers. A quantity of boats came to fetch the Turks' baggage—there was a fine quantity of rubbish on the quay. The Turkish soldiers were a miserable-looking set, and we were glad to get rid of them; especially as we heard such a high character of the Sardinian soldiers.

Away the Turks went, but days passed, and no Sardinians appeared. Then came another tale. The Sardinians were badly off for room, especially for their sick. Three officers came one day, walked round our hospitals, and said, on seeing the convalescent hospital, "How happy we should be if we could only get this hospital for our poor sick."

Rumour now said that Brigadier-General Storks, who had by this time succeeded Lord William Paulet in command, was obliged to give the Sardinians room, and he was thinking of giving them our General Hospital;

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at first we did not credit it, but the story strengthened. We knew the only Sardinian hospital on the Bosphorus was one of huts at Yenikoi, and that long ago, when Lord William held the command, he had offered them the one at Abydos, which they had declined, as being at so great a distance from the camp; but thoughts and plans were suddenly interrupted by the news that Sebastopol had fallen. There was no doubt now, for information from the embassy confirmed the report; and the cannon, at every fort on the Bosphorus, resounding forth, made certainty doubly sure. Graphic accounts from our soldier friends at camp soon arrived. We insert a letter from one of the sergeants, who had been Sister Anne's ward-master.

"Camp before Sebastopol, 16th Sept. 1855.

"SISTER ANNE,—Sebastopol has fallen! The enemy is in full retreat! The town is in flames since the 8th. The 2nd and Light Divisions attacked the Malakoff, and took it without losing a man; but in attacking the Redan, the 88th, 55th, and 71st, and other corps of these divisions, suffered severely in trying to take it. Next morning (9th), we were in full possession of this side of the town, and part of the north side too. I send you a piece of Russian riband I found in the town (for the French and English were in it plundering by eight o'clock). I have some small oil paintings yet, but the larger articles I gave them to officers of the corps. Such beautiful furniture I never saw before in any town, and it is a little dangerous to enter it as yet, for all the houses are filled with powder. Perhaps we would be ransacking a house, and the next one to us would be blown up. Not many hurt in the town, after all. Hoping

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the fall of this terrible fortress will put an end to the war, and enable the soldiers of the army to go home to see their friends—the wish of every one of us here, officers, soldiers, and sailors—and hoping you will excuse this scribble,

"I remain your most obedient servant,

"J. J., 28th Regiment."

The news seemed to cheer our men's spirits, who had begun to think that, in spite of all they had done and suffered, the great object of it all would never be accomplished, and that Sebastopol never would be taken. They illuminated the hospital as well as they could, by sticking innumerable pieces of tallow candles (which they either bought, or asked the ladies to buy for them) at every pane of every window, and in all other imaginable places; they made candlesticks of common soap, a piece of ingenuity which much amused us.

There were, of course, grand illuminations all down the Bosphorus, and beautiful fireworks. The ships were all gaily decorated with flags, and the firing of cannon was tremendous.

In the evening, the soldiers made a bonfire outside the hospital, into which they threw everything they could lay their hands upon—old packing-cases, boxes, chests, firewood, planks, and, lastly, a cart belonging to a Greek, which happened to be near; they seized upon it, first threw it into the Bosphorus to see if it would swim, and then dragged it out amid shouts of laughter, and threw it on the blazing fire, round which they danced, and sang songs of battle and victory, and "God save the Queen!" The commandant and all the officers stood above, both sanc-

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tioning and enjoying the festivities. We also looked on at a little distance, accompanied by the whole staff of nurses, who fully entered into the excitement of the scene.

We could not help thinking, however, as we stood listening to the sounds of rejoicing at the glorious victory, of the many aching hearts the news of it would cause in England. Alas! with what sickening suspense would many and many a mother, sister, wife, and friend, watch for the coming lists of killed and wounded; and how sadly to many of them would the fall of the great Sebastopol be, the death-blow of their earthly happiness! True, their loved ones had died a glorious death, in the flush and honour of victory; but death, whether on the battle-field, or in the silent chamber, is still *death;* and, as we watched the brilliant illuminations in the evening on the shores of the Bosphorus, and listened to the repeated hurrahs, we sorrowfully remembered those who would weep to-morrow in England.

The 20th of September was the anniversary of the Alma. The soldiers were anxious to keep the day with honour, and there was a dinner-party organised in each hospital: that at the lower consisted of the non-commissioned officers; at the upper, the sergeants and orderlies in charge,—for the latter plenty of plum-puddings were made in the extra-kitchen, for we liked to do anything to encourage the orderlies.

When they were about to sit down, the Reverend Mother spoke to them, and begged them to observe temperance, and not disgrace themselves. They promised faithfully they would, and when she had retired they drank her health, with the toast, "Long may she reign over us," and every man of the party went to bed

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sober. They were very much pleased with themselves next morning, when they found not one was in the guard-room, while at the Barrack Hospital there were several in confinement.

At the Barrack Hospital we gave our orderlies plum-puddings; but as they were not invited to the non-commissioned officers' dinner, they had them for supper, and enjoyed them very much; but, alas! they did not keep in such good order as their comrades on the hill. Some of the ladies wishing, with, perhaps, rather more kindness than wisdom, to treat their orderlies on this occasion, gave them a little money, charging them not to drink more than they ought; they promised to remember this, and many kept the promise, but there were a few exceptions.

In No. 3 Upper Ward was an orderly who was always too much inclined to drink; in all other respects he was very valuable, being extremely kind to the patients, and attentive to orders. Sister M— A— had charge of his ward. When she came next morning, he was missing. She inquired again and again for W——, wanting him to fetch the extras, and attend to various other matters, but no one would tell her where her orderly was; there was evidently some mystery connected with him, and at last she very gently, but decidedly, insisted upon knowing it.

"Where is W——?" said she; "I want him particularly, and cannot wait any longer."

"Well, if you please, sister, he's on the shelf in the linen-press."

She went to the cupboard, and there, sure enough, he was fast asleep on one of the shelves, where his com-

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rades had laid him, hoping to shield him from punishment. It was so utterly absurd, that she had difficulty in looking grave, and thought it best to let the matter pass; but the ladies, on being told of the circumstance, took care not to treat their orderlies in the same way again.

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CHAPTER XXV.

"Where rings the loud musket and flashes the sword,
Unshrinking she walks, for she follows her Lord."

GERALD GRIFFIN.

IMMEDIATELY after Sebastopol fell, we were told 500 sick, either Russian or British, most likely the former, would arrive. This caused a great commotion—beds were prepared, the new wards looked to, and it was proposed to dismantle the church ward to make room —fortunately it was decided to wait till the sick came before this was done. Every day we looked out for them, and yet they came not. At last we found it was only an idle report; indeed, it began to appear very evident that the hospitals on the Bosphorus would never, in all human likelihood, be filled again (for if the fall of Sebastopol did not bring sick and wounded, nothing else would); and the work in the trenches being now at an end, the coming winter was not likely to produce the miseries of the last.

Next came the news that Brigadier-General Storks had decided upon giving up the General Hospital to the Sardinians. It was a blow to lose our pretty model hospital just as it was perfect—kitchen, stores, and wards, each a pattern in its way, and all working so

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well. Still we felt our regret was rather selfish. There were not fifty patients in this hospital, and for these there was abundance of room in the Barrack Hospital, while our gallant allies, it was said, were in distress.

Next came a letter from Dr. Hall to the Rev. Mother, asking her and her sisters to come and take the nursing at the General Hospital, Balaclava, which had been previously under Miss Nightingale's superintendence, and had been attended through the summer by one lady and three or four nurses belonging to her staff; but from Dr. Hall's letter it appeared that Miss Nightingale had resigned the charge of the nursing department at the General Hospital, and placed the matter into his hands, intimating that her nurses would be withdrawn by the 1st of October. Dr. Hall, therefore, wished the sisters to come as soon as possible after that day.

He wrote at the same time to our principal medical officer, requesting him to make the necessary arrangements for their departure, and to assist them in getting passages.

The Rev. Mother asked our superintendent if she could spare the sisters; Miss Hutton expressed her regret at losing them, but said, that as their valuable services were evidently much more needed in the Crimea, and as there would still remain at Koulali more nurses than were sufficient for the work, she could not conscientiously hinder them, and, so far as she was concerned, gave her permission for their departure.

A Catholic chaplain from the camp, Mr. Woolett, came down to escort the sisters to Balaclava. Mr. Woolett had visited Koulali several times previously. He had been on board the same vessel which brought

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the ladies and nurses in April, and was therefore welcomed as a friend; his name was also familiar to us, being so often mentioned by the patients coming down sick from the camp, who spoke with gratitude of the attention he bestowed on them. He was, indeed, one of the many excellent chaplains who distinguished themselves by their devotion to their sacred duties in the camp. An interesting history the good they have wrought would make—but most of them are unknown to the world.

In the early spring the number of Catholic chaplains fell far short of that allowed by Government, and the work became very heavy. Mr. Woolett had toiled almost day and night, so that none of the soldiers should suffer from the deficiency in the number of priests.

Passages were taken in the "Ottawa," and preparations were made for the departure of the sisters. The first week in October was a very busy one, for the General Hospital had to be given over to the Sardinians. Two days before the sisters left, the patients were moved into Upper Stable Ward (one of the new wards of the Barrack Hospital), stores and furniture were packed up and sent to the purveyor, and numerous packages prepared for the sisters.

It was necessary they should take a number of things with them, for the accounts from Balaclava were so various. Some said nothing could be had there except at an enormous price. Mr. Woolett reported that it was not so, but he had an unusual affection for the camp; and as we feared he made the *best* of things whilst others made the *worst*, it was determined that the sisters should take the middle course.

At length all was ready, and October the 8th was

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fixed for their departure. Lighters had been ordered to come down from Scutari to take the luggage, but none appeared. At eleven the sisters could delay no longer, for fear of losing their passage; they ordered as many boxes as possible to be placed in the caiques, which were to convey them to the Golden Horn, where the "Ottawa" was lying.

The long train of sisters descended the hill, and entered the barrack-yard. They stopped at the extra store-room, to bid farewell to our superintendent and the other ladies. The tears came to our eyes as we parted from them. From first to last the utmost cordiality had subsisted between all the ladies and sisters, and some of us felt we were parting from tried and warm friends.

Passing down to the quay, they were again stopped by the number of patients, orderlies, and soldiers from the detachment, crowding to say good-bye, and to shower down a last blessing on the heads of those who had been so long their nurses and comforters. The quay was crowded with soldiers and officers; every one in the hospital was sorry the sisters were going, for their simple, holy lives had won the respect and goodwill of all.

They embarked in caiques, and were soon on board the "Ottawa." Among their fellow-passengers was one going to the camp, whose departure we all deeply regretted at Koulali. Mr. Coney, the senior Church of England chaplain, was ordered to do duty at the General Hospital at St. George's monastery. Our only consolation in this loss was, that he would have a wider field of usefulness in the Crimea; very much indeed had he done at Koulali, and among those who differed

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from him in religion, as well as those who agreed with him, he was universally respected and beloved.

I took my last farewell of the sisters on board the "Ottawa." There I met and was kindly greeted by Miss Nightingale, who was also going up in the same vessel, with two nurses, to the Castle Hospital, Balaclava. The Sisters of Mercy, from the General Hospital, Scutari, also here joined their Superioress and the rest of their community, as the whole number were to proceed together to Balaclava.

The General Hospital, Koulali, was closed formally the next day, and the Sardinians were daily expected. Days passed into weeks, and yet no signs of their arrival. The departure of the sisters made a very great blank; it was now painful to go near the General Hospital, where we had spent so many happy hours—now gone for ever. Brigadier-General Storks expressed his sorrow at their valuable services being lost to the hospitals in his command, and the medical officers spoke in the highest terms of the assistance they had rendered while under their orders. One of them inquired into the peculiar rules of their order. He had never met with nuns before, and fancied all religious orders were cloistered, of which life he said he did not approve, but thought an active order like this most useful.

The order of the Sisters of Mercy is a modern one, and was founded by an Irish lady, Miss Katherine Macaulay, in the year 1831. Its members, after passing through two and a half years' noviciate, take perpetual vows. The objects of charity to which they are especially devoted are threefold—the education of the poor, visiting the sick, and the protection of servants out

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of place; to these are added others as circumstances require, especially that of the care of hospitals. In Dublin this work is carried on, and a hospital to be placed under the care of the sisters is now in the course of erection; and a hospital for chronic and incurable cases (the first ever opened in London), in Great Ormond Street, is under the charge of Sisters of Mercy.

This order, founded in Dublin, has rapidly extended into many parts of Ireland, England, and Scotland; from thence to Australia, New Zealand, America, California; and lately a foundation has been laid in Buenos Ayres.

Invalids were sent home after the sisters' departure, so that the number of the patients diminished more and more, and twice a week, as usual, a number of men were discharged for duty, while none came down from the camp. We had now only one hundred men in the Barrack Hospital, and another one hundred and ten in the Convalescent Hospital, who were not under our care. We began seriously to contemplate the advisability of some of our party returning home, as it was evident that the closing of the General Hospital and the diminution of patients had more than counterbalanced the loss of the sisters, and our staff was far too large for our present work.

Those who had important duties at home, and who had left them only because they were called out by a great emergency, did not feel justified in remaining when that emergency had passed.

One of us had almost made up her mind to leave, when an alteration in the hospital routine at once caused her and others also finally to decide on returning to England. Dr. Humphrey had for some time past considered that

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the health of the patients had so amended, and the facility of procuring things from the purveyor's stores so great, that the old routine of the diet-roll should again be revived.

An act of disobedience of one of the hired nurses brought matters to a crisis; and Dr. Humphrey issued orders to the effect, that nothing was to be given except in accordance with the diet-rolls. This order came so suddenly, that we were dismayed by it. It was issued to all on November 2nd, and carried into effect with more than military rapidity. The ladies' plans of nursing were upset, and they did not know what to do with themselves, so they assembled in the store-room, looking very blank, and complaining to our superintendent. The lady in charge of the store-room, who had been thinking of going home, now laughingly declared the matter was settled, for her work was done.

In a few days the ladies saw the reasonableness of Dr. Humphrey's regulation—hospital routine had been infringed upon for many months. The infringement began at a time of distress unknown in the annals of military hospitals; it had been carried on beyond that period, and the time for its discontinuance had arrived.

A regulation once made for a military hospital should not be broken. If it is not sufficient for the wants of the men, it should be altered; if it is sufficient, it should be obeyed.

At the same time, when the authorities remembered the total inefficiency of the regulation in time of emergency, it was somewhat wonderful that an alteration should not have taken place; but the numbers of lives sacrificed, seemed to make no impression on the iron will of the rulers of British military hospitals. Another

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reason which rendered the diet regulations so useless in Turkey was, that the difficulty of procuring good food was so great, it was absurd to suppose a man could live on the same quantity of Turkish meat as he could on English. An instance of this may be given. On one occasion the purveyor sent into the wards, for the use of the sick, 300 eggs. *Six* only were good. Of course, the ladies of the wards returned the rotten eggs and demanded good instead, but according to *old* regulations they could not; and thus, if one egg had been ordered to each man, 294 patients would have been left without any.

Another incident will serve to illustrate this point. One day, Sister Anne, hearing that Dr. Humphrey, P.M.O., was ill, went to see if she could do anything for him. He replied that there was not much the matter with him, if only he could get something fit to eat, but he added, "I have sent in a requisition for ten eggs; I have broken eight of them, and there they are," pointing to a basin on the table; and then probably remembering how the ladies had always maintained the impossibility of working efficiently with the quantities prescribed on the diet rolls, more especially in the matter of *eggs*, he remarked, "I suppose you think you have gained a victory!" Sister Anne confessed that she did think so, and assured him that morning she had sent back many articles to the stores to be changed for better, and advised him to follow the example.

However, one evident conclusion arose from this change. Some of us must return home, leaving a sufficient staff for the hospital, should it ever happen (which was unlikely) to be full again. The number of nurses then at Koulali exceeded this.

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Five of the lady volunteers sent in their resignations to the Brigadier-General. He accepted them in the kindest manner, regretting our intended departure, but agreeing that our decision was a wise one.

The superintendent being among those who resigned, Sister Anne, the only volunteer lady remaining, was appointed to fill that office. There was, however, some rumour of the Barrack Hospital now being emptied of patients and given up to the German legion, for whom room was wanted. Brigadier Storks did not wish to do this, as he thought the landing-place at Koulali so convenient for the sick in the rough weather which was expected in the winter, but he had to suspend his decision till he could communicate with the Government at home; he therefore requested our superintendent to remain in office till this point was decided.

The other three ladies and myself were set at liberty, and able to enjoy some of the wonderful sights of the East ere we returned to England. We much regretted that our superintendent could not accompany us, especially as she had never, save on two visits of business to Lady Stratford, left the hospital during her stay in the East.

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CHAPTER XXVI.

"The heavens in still magnificence look down
On the hush'd Bosphorus, whose ocean stream
Sleeps with its paler stars; the snowy crown
Of far Olympus in the moonlight gleam
Towers radiantly."

THE LAST CONSTANTINE.

OUR first visit was to the far-famed bazaars of Stamboul. The contrast of shopping there to shopping in Pera is striking. One hardly ever meets a Frank in Stamboul; few, if any, are permitted to reside there.

Disembarking at Galata, we traversed the bridge, and on reaching the Stamboul side were assailed by a group of worthies who called themselves interpreters—their knowledge of the English and French languages ranging from twelve to twenty words; but they were able to supply all deficiencies by their abundant use of signs. It is an evil hour when an unfortunate traveller engages one of these guides to attend him. The presence of one entails that of a dozen others—they declare they are all "brothers"—and they follow one about like a pack of dogs. They only allow one to buy at the shops they select, and at all these they have an understanding with the shopkeepers, by which they get

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a per centage on all one may happen to buy. They do not allow you to speak; they surround you, and shout in their own language—a mixture of Greek, Turkish, and Armenian—till your head fairly swims, and you are willing to buy the article at any price, to escape from the noise.

Both Greeks and Turks always talk as loud as we should shout, and jabber and gesticulate so as to make one think they are on the point of proceeding to blows; but they are quite calm in reality all the time. When we grew wiser, and came to Stamboul with our own interpreters, it was a delight to walk through the bazaars. True, they are dark, dirty, and narrow, and paved as badly as the streets of Pera; but one could fancy oneself transported back to the days of childhood, and that the scenes described in the "Arabian Nights," to which we listened with rapt attention, were now realised.

Here were the embroidered slippers, pipes, divans, rich stuffs, bright colours, and all the wonders which one's fancy had painted. Here were the jewellers and the charm-makers, and there were Damascus scarfs and Broussa silks, and glittering table-covers and bags, and tobacco-pouches, of every shade of colour, and richly embroidered, and at the corners of the streets were the tables of the money-changers. Here, instead of counters, were the divans, whereon the Turk sat quietly and smoked his chibouque; and when we wished to make a bargain, we had to sit down also on the divan, and gravely, by means of our interpreter, discuss the subject. We fix perhaps on a pair of Turkish slippers, on which the interpreter advises us to give thirty piastres (five shillings). We say "katch grosh?" (how much?)

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the Turk informs us it is one hundred piastres; the interpreter says "Mashallah!" throws up his hands, and laughs scornfully. The Turk does the same. We rise to go, and proceed on our way, but are suddenly recalled, and told we may have it for the thirty piastres.

It has a singular effect to look down the streets of the bazaars and see each long row of divans entirely furnished with one particular article. One street of embroidered slippers, another fezs, another bags, another jewellery, another cashmeres, and so on. The extreme brilliance and richness of colour of the Turkish manufactures, adds much to the effect. The cashmere bazaar is beautiful. The blue and geranium colours are unequalled in their peculiar richness; while the soft texture of the materials exceeds all English manufactures, which is the reason why the dresses of a group of Turkish women fail to produce the gaudy effect which such a variety of colours would have in England. Each person's dress is always of one colour throughout, but in a group one woman will be in blue, another in green, another in geranium, another in orange, another in yellow, another in lavender; and the colouring of each is so exquisite, that they *en masse* look more like a bed of flowers than anything else.

At times the bazaars are much crowded, and many Turkish ladies may be seen, for shopping appears to be their great amusement. Turkish carriages filled with ladies occasionally pass through the bazaars, obliging the foot passengers to climb on to the divan to escape being trodden down.

Here and there vendors of lemonade offer refreshing draughts to the weary traveller. Then, again, in small white saucers, is a dainty, somewhat resembling blanc-

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mange, which the Turks seem to consider very inviting. Tables and trays full of pistachio nuts, chesnuts, and almond cakes, are also met with; but if any other refreshment is needed, the traveller must wend his way to Pera, for he will not get it in Stamboul, unless he chooses to dine at one of the Turkish divans, or café rooms.

Now we come to the chibouque bazaar, and find pipes of every variety; the cherry-stick, either rough or polished, or richly painted, the amber mouth-pieces of all sizes—the imitation amber, and the commoner kind of pipes. Then there are the shops, in which all sorts of nicknacks are to be bought; the beautiful amber-bead chaplets, the same of red Jerusalem-beads; also sandal-wood, with its sweet scent. Almost every Turk one meets with carries in his hand a chaplet, or string of beads in three divisions—thirty beads in each division, and divided off by larger beads—the whole finished with a long shoot, of the same material as the beads. Then there are the pastiles, wrapped in gold leaf, one of which is sometimes put into the chibouque, to add to the fragrance of the tobacco; the coffee cup-holders, in chased silver or carved wood; the tiny coffee cups, themselves of china. The bracelet chains, and little bags made of pressed rose leaves, coloured black. These are the leaves of the roses, after the attar has been pressed out of them. Then there is the celebrated attar itself, with scents of all kinds, of which our interpreter seemed to think the English were very fond, as he always invited us to buy them, and was much surprised if we refused. Then there are the little boxes of henna and black paint, with which the Turkish women stain

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their finger-nails, and colour their eyebrows and eyelashes; and the "mastic," which they constantly chew, in order to add to the whiteness of their teeth.

Next come the large Turkish fans, some made of straw, and the more expensive ones of peacocks' feathers, with a small looking-glass in the centre. The principal amusement of the ladies in the carriages seemed to be, surveying themselves in this description of glass, and arranging their yashmacs, which were sometimes made of extremely fine transparent muslin, especially when there was a beautiful face underneath. Some of the cheaper fans, made of common feathers or straw, we found very useful in the hospitals during the summer.

Then there is the literary bazaar, where the Turk sits cross-legged, looking very grave and very wise, writing and transcribing Turkish characters, which we did not understand, but were struck with the look of superior intelligence, and extreme interest, displayed on the faces of those thus engaged. Next the jewellers' bazaar, of which they seem very proud. They think a gread deal of jewellery, at least to judge from the quantity the ladies wear, both on their hands and heads. The lower class of women, also, are seldom seen without a large jewelled ring on their finger, or brooch to fasten their yashmacs. Then there is the tobacco, which is so much prized in England, and which is less than half the price, I believe, in Turkey, owing to the high duty to which it is subject in this country.

There are also the sweetmeat shops, principally outside the bazaars, looking very gay with their bright-coloured bon-bons, candied sugar, and white and rose-coloured rahatlicoom, which is the principal Turkish

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sweetmeat, and of which it is reported the Sultan's ladies eat so much, that he rather complains of the expense. It is a sort of sweet gelatinous substance, with either pistachio nuts or almonds stuck into it, and it is somewhat expensive. The Turks sell this and the tobacco, and several other things, by the "oke," which is about two and three-quarters of a pound English weight. The Turkish weights are different from ours, their pound being about twelve ounces. The currency is chiefly in paper. There are two notes in general use—one ten piastres, another twenty. There are also gold and silver pieces; but the former are seldom received. Bracelets are made of the Turkish silver or gold coins. Large necklaces of coins are worn by the Turkish women in humble life. The Turks always prefer English money, and in making a bargain inquire whether you will pay in that coin.

Passing through the bazaars, we soon came to the building called the tomb of Sultan Mahmoud. It is a circular one, and contains his and two other tombs, of which we only gained a sight by peeping through the windows. They are richly ornamented with sculpture; beside them we saw an imaum at prayer. Within the outer enclosure is a garden, in which is a fountain of water, with iron cups fastened to it, so that all who choose may drink. These fountains are generally found outside of all large mosques, the provision of water for the poor being considered a religious duty; and a great boon it must be to the poor Turks in the parching heat of summer.

Among the most curious sights of Constantinople are the aqueducts. The first of these is Yere Batan Serai, intended to supply the city with water in case of a siege, as the soil of Constantinople does not produce drinkable

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water. The water is conveyed to it from Belgrade, or rather the great aqueduct six miles from that town, the arches of which can be seen in the distance from Buyukdere. Yere Batan Serai, or the swallowed-up palace, is one of the most remarkable constructions ever known. It would appear that nearly the whole of Constantinople is undermined with it, for none can ever discover its extent; different parts of the roof have fallen in, and three accidents have occurred at quarters of the city miles distant from each other. All these cisterns must have been built in the first two centuries after the foundation of the city. The roof of the mysterious water-palace is supported by marble pillars, each formed of a single block.

Bin Vebir Direg, or the cistern of the thousand and one, is the next object of interest. The name implies that the roof is supported by 1,001 columns, but in reality there are but 336. There were three stories to this cistern, though but one is now accessible. It has been reckoned, that when these three stories were full, they alone contained sufficient water for the whole inhabitants of Constantinople for ten or twelve days. The columns are formed of several blocks, and the marble is much coarser than that of Yere Batan Serai; narrow windows closely grated, and built near the roof, admit the light. The cistern is entirely filled up. When Signor Fossati was repairing Santa Sophia some years since, the soil taken out was thrown into Bin Vebir Direg, and the water courses turned off. The immense space thus left vacant is now overspread by silk-workers.

Descending a ladder, we found ourselves in this mysterious subterranean palace; wending in and out

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among the columns were the long lines of silk, which we could just distinguish in the dim light, looking like magic threads; while the strange beings at the works, with their pale faces (for the atmosphere is most unhealthy), their rapid movements at their weaving, and the shrill tones of their voices, shrieking to us not to injure their silk, which the hollow echoes repeated, made the scene a most unearthly one. The air was so stifling, that we hastened to quit this horrible place; but before doing so, were assailed by a group of the wild, haggard-looking silk-workers, catching our clothes, and begging vociferously for "backshish." We were, indeed, thankful to gain the open air.

At a short distance from the Seraglio, a Greek gentleman, who was kindly escorting us, stopped at the door of a large building guarded by sentries; there was a little demur as to our admittance, but the sight of the uniform of an English officer, also of our party, and a little additional backshish, as usual carried the day, and the door flew open. Upon entering, I started back, for just before me stood a Turk of enormous stature, fierce countenance, and threatening gesture. A burst of laughter from the sentry reassured me, and I discovered the fierce-looking figure before me was made of plaster.

We then entered a large hall, from which four rooms opened, and we found ourselves in a Turkish "Madame Tussaud's." All round these rooms were glass cases, in which were ranged hundreds of plaster or painted wooden figures larger than life. About the hall these figures were placed in groups; they were mostly arrayed in the warlike costumes worn by the different regiments of the once famous Janissaries, and were put

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there by order of Sultan Mahmoud, who, after he had succeeded in destroying this formidable body of men, was anxious that their dress should be perpetuated. One specimen of the dress of each regiment was here, and the effect of the many varieties of costume was curious enough. The artist had succeeded admirably in his work, for the various countenances of these gaunt figures gave us a complete idea of the fierce race they were intended to represent.

Besides those of the Janissaries, there was a representation of each minister of state, and the principal imaums. The turbans of some of the figures were very singular, consisting of rolls of white calico, twisted till they were five feet high; others had high felt hats, either square or conical, about four feet high. One case contained very different figures. They were made of wax, and were representations of Circassian or Georgian women, probably some beauties of the Sultan's harem. Their soft complexions and beautiful, though unintellectual faces, formed a strong contrast to the ferocious warriors around them.

We were struck by the evidence afforded of Sultan Mahmoud's bold infraction of the command in the Koran, forbidding all human representations. There was something extremely painful in this sight. The figures, though so rude, had a horrible lifelike look: the fierce eyes seemed to glare at one, and it was with a sensation of extreme relief that we quitted the Elbicei Atika.

The Atmeidan, or ancient hippodrome, lies behind the seraglio. Here is all that remains now of ancient Byzantium, the obelisk of Theodosius and the serpentine column. The last is inscribed with hieroglyphics;

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it is supposed to be at least 3000 years old. The serpentine column consisted of three serpents entwined, all of which have lost their heads long ago. It is nearly in ruins, and the base sunk into the earth. Its origin is quite uncertain. Some suppose Constantine caused it to be transported from Delphos, but this is not authenticated.

One great interest will ever attach itself to the great plain of the Atmeidan, for here took place the massacre of the Janissaries by Sultan Mahmoud. About 5000 Janissaries perished on that day, and the troop was extinct. The Sultan's vengeance was not sated till the turban on the tomb of every deceased Janissary was knocked off, and many of their decapitated monuments are to be seen in the great cemeteries.

Near the Atmeidan stands the Mosque of Sultan Achmet. Its chief beauty consists in the colossal proportions of the four columns which support the whole weight of the building. Turkish relics, highly valued by the nation, are kept here, but not exposed to view. Like most mosques, it was without furniture or decorations.

On the last Friday we spent in the East we intended to have seen the dancing dervishes, and went to Galata for that purpose; but, to our great disappointment, the Armenian gentleman who had promised to escort us, informed us on our arrival that a fire the previous night had burnt the Tehle or dervishes' house to the ground. They would not, therefore, dance until the following Friday; and before that day arrived we had left the East.

As we could not visit the dervishes, we proceeded to the French hospital at Pera. Our kind Armenian friend

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had procured for us the only two carriages with springs to be hired in Pera. We drove to the hospital, which is distant about two miles from Pera. This building is a very fine one, admirably adapted for an hospital. We proceeded to the apartments occupied by the *Sœurs de la Charité*, twelve of whom are attached to this hospital. By them we were conducted through the wards —they were nearly empty.

Those who were wounded in the assault of Sebastopol had recovered, and from fifteen hundred the numbers had been reduced to five hundred.

We had long been anxious to visit this hospital, having heard much of it from our very first arrival in the East. During the time of distress in our own hospitals, it had been spoken of in high terms as possessing all we then so much needed. This was probably the case; but many months had passed, and now certainly we had outstripped our allies in the appearance of our hospital. However, it must be considered that during the summer, while *our* hospitals were empty, *theirs* had been crowded. The wards for both officers and men were inferior in cleanliness and general appearance of comfort to those at Koulali and Scutari.

The French medical officers are, with respect to their qualifications, a very superior class of men, and it is mainly by their professional knowledge and skill that they rise in the service. Their duties are confined to the medical treatment of the sick, which is unfortunately too little the case with the medical officers of the British army.

The non-professional work of the French hospital is performed by the constable, acting under the Chief of the Intendance, who superintends all the arrange-

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ments, and conducts the administration of the hospitals, leaving the medical officer his whole time to devote to the care of his patients.

The French system, without doubt, works better than ours; yet it has been well remarked, that the perfection of a hospital system would be found between the two.

We give the medical officer too much of the actual administration of the hospital, taking up his valuable time in details.

The French give him too little. No doubt the professional skill and knowledge of the medical officer should influence all the arrangements of the hospital so far as these relate to the well being of the sick, but they should be carried out by an officer acting under the authority of the commandant or head of the hospital.

Thus the inspector-general or deputy-inspector would be enabled to visit the patients, instead of (as now) spending nearly all the day at his desk, doing comparatively unimportant work.

If the principal medical officer, as the physician of the hospital, were called in to serious cases, as a physician is by a family surgeon, it would lead to the higher ranks of medical officers making it a chief point to know their profession, and excel in it, instead of, as the case is now with many of them, almost, if not entirely, relinquishing their professional duties, and letting the real labour and anxiety fall on the younger officers, who gain no merit by their exertions, from the insignificant position in which they are placed.

We drove from Pera to Bebek, one of the few drives which can be taken in an European carriage, the ground being level: about a mile before we reached Bebek, we stopped to visit some ruined towers of a castle of

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the Janissaries. These ruins had been till lately long deserted and silent, but busy sounds were once more heard among them. One of the numerous French hospitals was erected among the ruins, which are fast falling into utter decay. This hospital consisted entirely of huts, which were neatly built, and had every appearance of comfort. The wards were beautifully clean, far more so than the stone ones at Pera. We saw one hut raised on a mound of earth. On entering we found it was the extra diet kitchen, furnished with a charcoal stove and boilers; the flooring being the uncovered ground. Several soldiers were very busy cooking, and a Sister of Charity superintending. In the centre of this hut was an immense space, boarded round, and covered with planks. On inquiry we found it was an old well, into which the Janissaries were wont to throw some victims of their vengeance. Some of the boards were removed to allow us to look down, and the soldiers took brands from the fire, and cast them into it, that we might see by the glare, as they descended, the fearful depth, and the water at the bottom; one brief look was quite sufficient, and the boarding was replaced.

At this moment the French principal medical officer of the hospital entered to give some directions to the Sœur, and taste the soup, &c., which she was preparing for the patients. We were struck by the extreme courtesy of his manner to her; for although she was evidently not a lady, either by birth or education, her office inspired more respect than if she had possessed both. The French doctor spoke courteously to us, expressing his pleasure at our visit to his hospital. Three huts were set apart for the sisters' use, a fourth formed the

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chapel. There were at least one hundred huts altogether. They appeared so securely built that we were astonished to hear from *Madame la Supérieure* that the rain came through in torrents, so that in wet weather the inhabitants were obliged to sleep under umbrellas.

After leaving the castle we drove about a mile further on, and arrived at the summit of the hill above Bebek, which is so steep that the carriages could not descend without injuring their springs; so we left them there, walked down the hill, and crossed to Koulali in caiques. State prisoners were, in old times, confined in these towers, and exquisite is the view which lay stretched before them, of the blue Bosphorus, distant Constantinople, and even (in a very clear day) the shadowy outline of Mount Olympus.

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CHAPTER XXVII.

"They dreamt not of a perishable home,
Who thus could build."

WORDSWORTH.

THERE is one spot in Constantinople to which the heart of the Christian must ever turn with the most intense interest. Old Roman and Byzantine remains, records of the ferocious Janissaries, all fade away into nothingness as we approach the door of Agia Sophia (the Church of the Eternal Wisdom). This great edifice stands at the north of the Atmeidan, on an elevated ridge; the northern end of which ridge reaches to Seraglio Point.

Close by Santa Sophia once stood the great palace of the Cæsars, divided from it only by the forum of Augustus, which formed a common entrance to both church and palace. The gardens and terraces of the palace of the Cæsars must have extended from the ridge on which Santa Sophia was built to the sea-shore. We stood before Santa Sophia at the principal entrance, through which the Sultan had entered on the Beiram. Here we were positively refused admittance.

We then proceeded to a side entrance, and on passing within the porch descended a flight of stone steps and

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found ourselves in a portico amidst a host of imaums. A few yards from us was a door covered only with carpet hangings. To our left was another small door, made in the wall, closely locked. Here ensued the usual quarrel with imaums about backshish.

I paid several visits to Santa Sophia, but shall condense all that I saw and learnt about it in one account. At these different visits we paid various sums for admission; at the time of Ramazan it was very high, and there was a great uproar before we gained admittance; we then paid one hundred piastres for a large party, at other times we paid less.

At length this knotty point being settled, one of the imaums opened the door in the wall and made us follow, carefully locking it behind him. A winding inclined plane led us up to the women's gallery; in the centre of this are some raised wooden steps, ascending which we obtained a more extensive view of the church.

The first feeling is that of admiration at the vastness of this wonderful building, and not the least part of this wonder is, that the whole extent of the dome flashes on one at the first glance. We do not have to wait, as it is said people do, when they enter St. Peter's at Rome, to calculate the vastness; for there, I have heard, it is not till you walk under the dome you see it to advantage. Standing on the threshold of Santa Sophia, one sees the whole extent of the dome, as well as the greater part of the interior, at a glance.

Santa Sophia, as a mosque, possesses neither ornament nor decoration of any kind, save a number of immense green shields engraven in gold, with sentences from the Koran—gifts from different Sultans—which

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are hung upon the pillars covering the capitals; a number of silver lamps are also hung around. The Nimber and Mihrab or desk, from which the Koran is read, stands in that part which was once the chancel. Opposite to this is a gilded throne for the Sultan; an old carpet hangs at the east end, its only value consists in its having come from Mecca.

Great care has the Mussulman taken to hide every token of the former possessors of Santa Sophia; the flooring is covered thickly with matting—plaster has hidden the mosaic walls and roof. But the representation of it is still to be seen, though dimly, through the paint. A few Turks, both men and women, were prostrating themselves on the matting, and the monotonous howl in which they pray was echoed up to the gallery, sounding almost like the cry of evil spirits. The imaums in the gallery eagerly pressed us to buy some little bits of mosaic, which they are always pulling down from the walls to sell.

And this was Santa Sophia in 1855; but thought would not rest here. This was no mosque like Sultan Achmet's, which one entered only to admire marble pillars and vast proportions. This was a Christian church, however desecrated. It was once the especial dwelling of the Lord of Hosts, and memory carried one away into those far-off years to trace the history of Santa Sophia, and treasure up its wondrous annals. We thought of its first building by Constantine, in 326. Although this building—which was supposed to be of wood—was destroyed by fire, the present church stands on the exact site of the ancient one, and in the gallery parts of the pillars of the first building have been used in constructing the second, so that all the memories

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which cling to the church built by Constantine attach themselves to the work of Justinian, and we gazed down from the gallery and tried to forget the present scene, and the false worship, while the visions of the past rose up before the mind's eye. To follow the whole of that long history would be impossible, but there are some scenes written indelibly upon its pages.

Thought transports one back 1400 years. The vast church is filled with an eager multitude; the women's gallery is crowded with noble ladies: among them sits the Empress Eudoxia in all her pomp. The sounds of Christian worship ring through those old walls; bishops, priests, and deacons stand around, and now arises one from amidst their number—a man whose pale face tells the tale of fast and vigil, and how in solitude he learned the secret of that wonderful eloquence which shall make the heart of that great multitude quiver as one man. Yes, there he stands upon the altar steps, a man low in stature, but great in soul, the patriarch of Constantinople, St. John Chrysostom.

And now he speaks, and awestruck they all listen to those words of fire. Are they words of burning warning that he is pouring forth, or are they those addresses of ardent love, in which he told them that he would lose his sight for their sakes, because sweeter to him than all the sights of this fair world was the salvation of their souls?* and as he pauses there is a stir in the vast assembly. According to the custom of the age, their admiration bursts forth—they wave their garments and plumes, lay hands upon their swords and

* Life of St. Chrysostom.

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shout, "Worthy the priesthood: thirteenth apostle, Christ has sent thee."*

But these sounds of praise—generally liked by the preachers of those days—had no effect on that stern spirit. He knew the world's applause was fleeting, and bids his hearers show, not by words of acclamation but by tears of penitence, that he had touched their hearts; and he judged well. Not long was Santa Sophia to be filled with admiring crowds, not long did the haughty empress listen to his fervid words—truth was not palatable to that luxurious court.

The scene is changed, no longer do they listen within the church, and bend before the altar.—They who had praised him rose up against him, and drove him into exile. He crossed over to Asia, but his foes did not triumph long. A violent earthquake shook the city, and the affrighted people thought it was a judgment upon them for the sin of his banishment. They sent messengers to recall him, the whole city went out to meet him. The Bosphorus was bridged across with boats, and lighted up with torches. Two short months passed by, while he prayed and preached within Santa Sophia's walls, when the storm of persecution recommenced.

A silver statue of the empress was placed before Santa Sophia's doors, and around it the people danced and feasted, and sounds of the wild revelry of a great multitude pierced through the wall, and drowned the songs of praise. Chrysostom thundered forth his stern rebuke—though knowing that bitter persecution would be his portion, fearlessly the bishop denounced their

* Characteristics of Men of Genius.

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impiety, and now the empress was resolved on a lasting vengeance. Santa Sophia's floor was stained with blood, for the emperor's troops came even on Easter eve, the day of all the year of holy calm, to drive the people from the church where St. Chrysostom was ministering.

A few weeks of struggle pass away—instead of the songs of Whitsuntide which should be ringing through the church, there are sounds of weeping and mourning. Can we not fancy we see him now before the high altar in Santa Sophia, praying the Eternal Wisdom to direct his steps?

They bring in the sentence of his banishment. No more must he teach the flock, for whose salvation he had so yearned; that tongue whose eloquence the world has never equalled, was to be stilled for ever. Perhaps before his eyes floated some vision of the woe which was to fall over the city, and desecrate his loved cathedral.

Around him gathered his bishops, and when he parted from them his last words were, as if in prophecy, "Farewell to the angel of this church." Embracing them with tears, and blessing the deaconesses who flocked around him, and in touching words entreating that they would offer up prayers for their exiled bishop, and then avoiding the attention of the multitude, he went to his doom—to wander three years in the wilderness, dragged about by brutal guards—rest at night, clean water to drink, bread to eat, were often denied to him whom once in Santa Sophia the people almost worshipped. No murmur passed the saintly lips—they led him through the scorching heats which poured down their fury on that bald head—they led him out in rains till he was drenched in streams of water. At

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last the hour of release was at hand; he asks for rest, for he knows death is near; the guards only drag him on more violently than before. But there is a Power stronger than they. At last they were forced to lay him in a roadside chapel, and there he called for the white garments of his priesthood, and saying in death that which had been his song through life, "Glory be to God for all things," went to his rest.

Thus died the great Patriarch of Constantinople; his memory is the principal interest which attaches to the former church of Santa Sophia.

In 532 this temple was laid in ruins by fire. Justinian then sat on the throne. He was a great man, and he conceived the mighty ambition to build a church which should excel the temple of Solomon. The foundation of it was laid forty days after the fire. In less than six years his work was completed, and Justinian beholding it, exclaimed, "Solomon, I have conquered thee!"

During the reign of this emperor an earthquake did great damage to the church. Its ravages were, however, perfectly restored; and for 1300 years, though countless earthquakes have shaken the city, not one has touched Santa Sophia. Against fire Justinian carefully preserved it, for he ordered his builders to employ fire-proof materials; this has been carried out even to the doors and windows—the tracery work of the windows is of stone, and the doors either of bronze or covered with it. Some of the windows, it is said, contain panes of the oldest glass ever made, but the date of their insertion is unknown. In the apse of the eastern windows are inner windows of coloured glass, which the Turks allow to remain as a curiosity. The

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Imaums drew our attention to these, and pointed them out with evident pride. The door-frames are of bright-coloured-marble, except that which was the emperor's entrance-door, and which was of bronze. Over all the doors are large hooks, or rings, as it was customary to suspend hangings or veils before the church-door. This is now a universal custom in the Greek churches; the door curtain is always made of some heavy material, with bars of wood placed in it, so that it is difficult to lift. The emperor's entrance-door is adorned with a bas relief: it consists of an arch supported by columns; beneath is a throne; over which is the Holy Ghost as a dove descending from heaven, holding in the beak the book of the Gospel, having written outside, "I am the door of the sheep."

The other doors were not remarkable, except those at the south end; these are of planks of timber, four or five times thick, covered with bronze. The ornamental work of the door is so graceful and beautiful, that it is supposed to belong to the most brilliant time of Grecian art.

Sculpture was not much thought of in the way of ornament in Santa Sophia, save in the employment of rare and costly marbles; these were brought together by Justinian from every quarter of his vast empire. Whole walls in the interior and the porches were covered with these magnificent materials from floor to cornice; masses of bright colours were arranged in stripes, and bands, and patterns, interspersed with white.

We left the women's gallery, and descending the winding passage found ourselves once more in the portico. Another uproar ensued before we were suffered

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to cross the threshold. We were obliged to take off our shoes, and then the curtain was lifted up; and in a moment we found ourselves on the floor of the far-famed temple. The *coup d'œil* was marvellous; from arch to arch as one glances up to the stupendous height of the dome—what must it not have been in the days of its glory and beauty! There have been some fortunate enough within the last few years to have gained some idea of it; for in 1847 the present Sultan, being alarmed that Santa Sophia was falling to decay, determined on a complete repair, and engaged the services of Signor Foscati, the celebrated Italian architect, by whom it was most successfully accomplished. During this restoration the marble of the floor, the mosaic, and other beauties were uncovered; and the Sultan even allowed them to be copied, stipulating only that they should be re-covered, as contrary to the law of the Koran.

Upon Santa Sophia Justinian and his successors poured every imaginable splendour—the old idol temples were ransacked of their ancient treasures for this purpose—they brought the dark red porphyry from the Temple of the Sun at Rome, and dark green from Thessaly for the columns, while the cornices were of white marble, and on the white they carved the palm leaf in deep relief, covering it with gold. The pillars standing near the emperor's public entrance were carved with four white doves, with passion-flower and cross between; the flooring was all of costly marble; the nave and women's gallery of white and grey, the rest of bright colours, all bordered with verd antique. But the great beauty of all was the mosaic. Walls and roof were covered with it; the whole grounding was of gold,

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the pictures of saints and angels, groups of flowers, or holy emblems in colours.

Silver mosaic was largely used, and it is believed to have been almost the only church in the world where it was so. The gold and silver mosaic had a peculiar character—it was of glass mosaic, an art of which the Byzantines were masters. On the roof of Santa Sophia thin plates of glass were first fixed with cement, the gold laid upon it, and then covered with a similar plate of glass; it is, therefore, almost imperishable. Neither the dust of ages, nor the whitewashing efforts of the Turks, have destroyed its brilliancy.

The most splendid mosaic in the church is that over the Emperor's entrance—the representation of the Agia Sophia himself. He is enthroned in glory, His robes are of white and gold, His right hand lifted up as if in the act of speaking; in the left the gospels, on which is written, "I am the light of the world." At His feet is prostrated the Emperor, clad in his diadem and regal robes, of blue, red, and gold, in the act meant to represent a vassal doing homage to his liege lord. This is supposed to be Justinian himself. On each side of our Lord are medallions of the Blessed Virgin and the archangel Michael.

On the roof of the women's gallery is a representation of the Day of Pentecost. On the west end are figures of the Blessed Virgin, St. Peter, and St. Paul. These are not in good preservation, for the figure of the Holy Child, which was placed with His Mother, is gone—only the crown of glory being left. Around this picture is a rainbow.

On the walls are numbers of pictures of bishops and martyrs, and also of six lesser and two greater pro-

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phets. Isaiah is holding a scroll with the words—"A virgin shall conceive and bear a child;" and with his right hand he points to the sanctuary. There are also the cherubims with their six wings, and other pictures in profusion. The centre picture of the dome is supposed to have been Christ as the Judge of the world, but it is gone.

The rood screen had twelve columns and three doors. Over it stood an archangel with gleaming sword to guard the holy place. The covering and ornaments of the altar were all of gold. The ciborium had silver pillars and veil of rich embroidery; on it hovered the dove, typical of the Holy Ghost.

The holy vessels themselves were one blaze of precious stones. When one reads and ponders over the account of all the splendour of this church, which surely must have been the glory of Christendom, we enter into the feelings of its old historian, who said—"When one once puts a foot in Santa Sophia, one desires never to depart from it."

Again the vision of those old times floats before our sight. One stands in Santa Sophia upon that marble floor, under the shade of that great dome, the candelabra and crowns of light shed their rays on gold, and silver, and pictured forms; forth comes the long procession, the many bishops, the sixty priests, the hundred deacons, and other officers, altogether four hundred and twenty-five who served this church*—they come to adore the Eternal Wisdom.

* Besides this large number, were 100 door-keepers. It is, however, recorded in the old histories of Santa Sophia, that its clergy served three other churches—the church of the Blessed Virgin, that of the Martyr Theodore, and also that of St. Irene.

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"Anthems soaring loud;
Incense curled up and wreathed on high a cloud;
And all tongues choired adoring cup and host—
Glory to Father, Son, and Holy Ghost." *

But those days have long since passed; the glory of Santa Sophia was perchance too much for this poor earth—it did not linger long. The church of Constantinople was rent, Chrysostom's prophecy was fulfilled—the angel departed from it.

Storms and dissensions shake the city, the sound of woe is in the air; beneath the Seven Towers the Greeks resist the invaders. In a side chapel, near the women's gallery, in Santa Sophia, an old priest is saying mass; they bring him news that all is lost. He believes them not. At last the sound of horses' hoofs is heard; Mahomet II., flushed with victory, rides into Santa Sophia, and dashing his hand, stained with Christian blood, upon the walls, proclaims its fall. The old priest pauses. The Turks rush upon him; but the wall of the chapel opening, he passes in, carrying the holy vessels. They tried to break down the wall, but no power could move a stone. The Greeks aver, that occasionally through the walls come faint sounds of psalmody; and when, at length, the time of their captivity shall be past, and Santa Sophia be restored to God's service, the wall shall re-open of itself, the priest—who is now sleeping, and chanting in his sleep—shall come forth and finish the interrupted mass. Thus runs the old legend.

As we once more looked around, and realised the sad knowledge that the Mussulman desecrated the holy walls of Santa Sophia, earnest was the prayer we silently

* Moile.

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breathed, that God would once more come to His temple, and that the wonderful events of the last few years might be instrumental in paving the way for the restoration of this beautiful cathedral to its former holy purposes. We prayed the time might hasten on when the white robes shall gleam as of old, the floor shall be covered with worshippers among the faithful, and those old walls which have seen emperors, sultans, and dynasties flourish and decay through so many centuries, shall again re-echo with the song of praise,— *Te Deum laudamus.*

Near Santa Sophia stands the old church of St. Irene, built by Justinian; razed to the ground, like Santa Sophia, by fire, it was restored by Justinian. It was served by the clergy of Santa Sophia, and shared its title of patriarchal. It was destroyed by an earthquake in the eighth century, and does not seem to have been restored to its ancient beauty. It is now used by the Turks as a store-house for weapons, and its ecclesiastical remains can only be conjectured. Whatever were its beauties, they have now disappeared; but it would seem to have been built upon the plan of Santa Sophia. In the hall, or portico, are deposited some ancient remains of art.

The exterior of Santa Sophia presents nothing worthy of remark; it would appear originally to have had little ornament bestowed upon it, and under the Turkish rule has lost all. It is disfigured by four minarets, marking its unhallowed use, and all round the church are thrown large buttresses. On the western side is an outer court, built of brick, but ornamented internally with marble and mosaic work; in the centre of this stood a stone vase for water. This court is now occupied by the

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dwellings of the Imaums, which are built in among the old columns and walls. In place of the ancient holy water vase, is the fountain for the Turkish ablutions.

The old baptistry stood at the south-west angle of the church; it was octagonal, with eight windows and a vaulted roof. It was first converted by the Turks into a store-room for oil, and then, at the death of Sultan Mustapha, was made his tomb; there also his brother was buried. It is still used as the tomb of the Sultans, and its memory as the Christian baptistry was utterly lost, till Monsieur Salzenberg, in his researches, rescued it from oblivion.* On the south of Santa Sophia also stood the oratory of St. John the Baptist; this was built previous to the time of Justinian.

* In the account of the details of Santa Sophia, I have drawn somewhat largely from the work of the learned Monsieur Salzenburg, *Alt Christliche Bandenkmale von Constantinople*, feeling sure, that as this valuable work is difficult of access in England, any information from it would be acceptable, more especially as Monsieur Salzenburg enjoyed opportunities of pursuing his researches in Santa Sophia, during the period of its restoration by Signor Foscati, which will probably never again be afforded in our generation.

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CHAPTER XXVIII.

"Hame, hame, hame,
In my ain countrie."

It was at last decided that Koulali barracks were to be retained for the present as a British hospital. General Storks, therefore, appointed Sister Anne as lady-superintendent.

The general offered us passages in the "Hydaspes," a vessel belonging to the General Screw Steam Company, and then in the employ of the Government, and laden with shot and shell. She had been lying off Koulali for some days to coal.

Dr. Humphrey wrote a letter expressing his thanks for our services, and there was not one from whom we did not receive good wishes. The "Hydaspes" sailed on the 22nd of November; our preparations for departure were quickly made, and our farewell said.

We went on board about four in the afternoon, and we could have started immediately, but the captain was waiting for the Duke of Newcastle, who did not arrive for several hours afterwards, and so the moon rose before the "Hydaspes" heaved anchor. Between our ship and the shore lay a large coal barge; over this one or two of the soldiers chose to climb, that they might say a

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last "good-bye." A group of them stood on the shore and cheered us on.'

The moonlight lit up every familiar spot, as we gave a farewell look to dear Koulali, with which pleasant memories must ever linger. It was some great Turkish *fête*, and the Bosphorus was brightly illuminated as we passed down to the sea of Marmora.

It would be a needless repetition to describe our *route* as far as Malta. We found a most delightful change in being on board an English vessel instead of the little crowded French steamer in which we came. The "Hydaspes" is a beautiful ship; it was such a pleasure to walk on her broad smooth decks, and our cabins and the saloon were most comfortable. We received much kindness from all, and especially from Captain Baker, who did everything in his power to make the voyage pleasant to us.

The weather was favourable till we reached Malta, with the exception of one night, in which a gale arose, and the cargo of shell was in some way loosened, and caused the vessel to roll sadly.

November 27th.—We anchored at quarantine harbour, Malta, and next day we went into the grand harbour. We remained a week at Malta; the captain's orders being to discharge the cargo of shot and shell there.

During this week most of our party went daily on shore, and visited the different parts of "the island called Melita."

We drove to Civita Vecchia, the ancient capital of Malta, where now stands the Church and Cave of St. Paul. Tradition says it is the one in which the apostle lodged after his shipwreck, where he kindled the fire, and where the viper fastened on his hand.

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A priest conducted us into the cave; it was so dark we could not see our way down the rugged flight of steps; but on arriving at the foot of them, we did not want any other light than that which is well contrived by a chink in the wall. This soft, subdued light falls on the marble figure of St. Paul, one of the most beautiful sculptures we ever beheld. He is extending the right hand, evidently to show it is unhurt; and the expression of the face is celestial. The spirit of self-sacrifice, which characterised the great apostle, is written in every line. One of our party remarked, one could almost fancy that the lips would move and say, "I have imparted unto you my own self also."

And daily did we visit the Church of St John the Baptist—the great monument of the labours of the Knights.

The flooring of St. John's is said to be perfectly unique. It is of 400 slabs of mosaic, each slab forming a monument to a Knight of St. John.

We were disappointed with the exterior of St. John's church, but on our entrance were fully satisfied. What must it have been in the days of old, when all the colouring and gilding on the walls, and the frescoes on the roof were fresh, and the choir was filled with the knights in their robes, and their golden cross enamelled in white, with its eight points, in token of the eight beatitudes, and their glittering armour, and when their full chorus rang out gloriously the vesper psalms? Now the beauty has faded, and a few priests and boys chant, instead of that mighty peal of praise.

At one side of the Lady Chapel is a flight of steps, descending which, we reach the chapel containing the tombs of the Grand Masters. There is an altar here,

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but it is evidently disused. Here, in different niches, are the sculptured forms of some of the most celebrated Grand Masters of the order, brass plates and inscriptions to others covering the floor. The principal tombs are of such as distinguished themselves particularly during their government of this island. Here lie all the earthly remains of those "Champions of the Cross," before whose dauntless valour the Saracen so often trembled, and yet who still bore the lowly title of "Master of the Hospital of St. John, and Guardian of the Poor of our Saviour Jesus Christ."

Valetta possesses a great number of churches, most of them raised by the knights, others belonging to religious orders, of whom there are a great many. Numerous as the churches were, they all seemed well attended. In the morning, when service was going on, they were thronged; in the after-part of the day, as often as the explorer entered any of the churches, scattered figures here and there, in their picturesque black dress, were always to be seen, apparently wrapt in prayer. Sometimes, when the church looked quite empty, and we went groping through the side aisles, trying by the failing light to discover the merits of paintings or architecture, behind some large pillar one was sure to stumble upon a Maltese woman, looking so like a statue in black marble, one could hardly believe she was not one. The devotion of the people to their religion was very remarkable.

We also visited the Military Hospital. The building was erected by the knights, and is a large and commodious one. Some of the wards are of great extent. It seemed well arranged, but the medical officers told us that, though standing apparently in so good a situation,

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in reality it is one of the worst that can be conceived—being damp and unhealthy. The Malta Hospital is a regimental one, conducted on its routine, and therefore not supposed to contain many serious cases; but the surgeons told us that they had had a great deal of sickness since the war broke out; and we did not wonder at this, when we saw the troops of young recruits from England who thronged the stradas of Valetta—no wonder they soon fell sick in a foreign country. There was a review at Valetta one day, in honour, I suppose, of the Duke of Newcastle, who had left the "Hydaspes" on her arrival at Malta, and, after paying the Governor a short visit, returned to England by the overland route. The review took place in a large square, and was a very pretty sight, though it made us rather melancholy to see all the brave soldiers who were on their way to battle, and perhaps to death. Sometimes, though, when walking in the stradas, we could hardly avoid a smile at the pride with which the boy soldiers, both privates and officers, walked about in their new uniforms, and we thought how very dim their beauty would become after a few weeks' roughing it in the East.

December 2nd we sailed from Malta, and on the 10th anchored off Gibraltar. We saw the magnificent fortress under a most favourable aspect, for the last three weeks before our arrival had brought incessant rain, so that Gibraltar was covered with verdure, where generally the rock is very arid and bare. We went on shore, and climbed up the steep hill to the galleries of the fortifications. These are built in the solid rock. The stone through which they are cut is so humid, that in wet weather it drops with water; thus we found ourselves in a perfect shower of *rain*, and so put up our umbrellas,

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and waded through it. We reached St. George's Hall, which is a large space cut out of the rock, with cannon ranged round it. All along the gallery are portholes for pieces of ordnance.

From the upper part of the rock we beheld the distant mountains of Africa, and those of the Spanish mainland, while, at the same time, we looked down on the sea, the town of Gibraltar, and the neutral ground, which, from the rainy weather, was quite a swamp. On one end of this ground stand the English sentries, on the opposite the Spanish.

We returned before dusk to the "Hydaspes," and early next morning were once more on our way. We encountered very rough weather; the sea running so high that the screw became perfectly useless, we were consequently under sail for several days, and were driven out of our course, never entering the Bay of Biscay at all. During this time we could not stir from our berths; indeed, an attempt to cross the cabin was quite dangerous. We again had good reason to congratulate ourselves that we were on board so excellent a ship as the "Hydaspes," which bravely withstood the storm.

One night the gale was so strong that a sailor was blown overboard, and any attempt to save him was impossible. At length fine weather returned, the screw was put in motion, and we neared the end of our voyage.

On December the 16th we were called on deck late in the evening to see the Start Light, the first glimpse of Old England. On December 17th the "Hydaspes" cast anchor off Spithead. A note of welcome from a kind friend arrived immediately; and, with his assist-

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ance, our baggage was passed rapidly through the custom-house, enabling us to leave Portsmouth by the next train. It was on one of the coldest and dreariest of winter days that we landed, but we still did not regret the bright skies we had left behind. At Portsmouth the little party of ladies separated, and in a few hours more, with very thankful hearts, some of us were safely at our homes. One short year only had passed since we left England, but the events of many had been crowded into it.

After our departure, the fate of Koulali was decided. Sister Anne found the remaining staff of four paid ladies and ten nurses more than sufficient for the work of the hospital under its new regulations. All went on very smoothly for about a fortnight, the only difference being that the Turkish barracks were given over to the Mounted Sappers and Miners, which added greatly to the bustle of the scene—the once quiet road to the ladies' home was now thronged with men, horses, and waggons.

Before we left, a large portion of the German Legion had arrived, and been quartered in one-half of Scutari Barrack Hospital, where a few days after the cholera broke out, by which numbers were daily carried off; the troops were, therefore, immediately marched out again, and encamped about three miles from Scutari, where they remained ten days. When the wet weather commenced, it was considered absolutely necessary that they should have better protection than canvas, and accordingly, on the 4th of December, the Purveyor-in-Chief rode over to Koulali from Scutari with an order from the General Officer commanding, for the breaking up of the Barrack Hospital at Koulali, and the removal of the greater

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part of the British sick to Scutari to make room for the Legion. The convalescent hospital was still retained for the use of the patients who were unable to be moved; but these also, on their recovery, were to join the rest at Scutari, it being intended to keep up the convalescent ward for those patients only who should be put on shore at Koulali, when it was impossible to land them at Scutari, which was an event of common occurrence during the winter of 1854-5.

Three medical men were to remain in charge of this hospital, but the services of ladies and nurses being of course no longer needed at Koulali, Major-General Storks intimated that Miss Nightingale would make arrangements with Sister Anne for engaging the ladies and nurses who might feel inclined to accept her (Miss Nightingale's) rules, and wish to join her staff at Scutari, in preference to returning to England. This was accordingly settled in the course of the day, and Sister Anne sent a messenger immediately to the embassy at Therapia, to inform Lady Stratford of the sudden changes in the hospital. A violent storm, however, which came on that evening, made it impracticable for Lady Stratford to visit Koulali before the final closing of the hospital. The storm commenced about eight o'clock, and was one of the most magnificent sights ever witnessed; the lightning was brilliant beyond conception; the night had become suddenly dark, but, as flash followed flash, not only on the Bosphorus, but on the European coast also, objects were distinctly visible. The light itself was of a peculiar dark crimson colour, occasionally fringed with purple, and at times everything became as distinct as by the light of day.

Notwithstanding the beauty of the scene, however,

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it was impossible to help looking on the raging Bosphorus without great anxiety, when it was remembered that Miss Nightingale, who had been at Koulali making arrangements with the ladies, had left but a short time before in the Purveyor's boat for Scutari, and who had, in all probability, not arrived at her destination. On inquiry, next day, it was ascertained that she had fortunately got home just before the storm had commenced.

The next day the packing continued, on the supposition that in a day or two they would leave the Home, which was, on their departure, to be converted into quarters for the British officers still remaining at Koulali; but the Bosphorus continued to rage so violently that no boat, lighter, or even steamer, could come from Scutari; and the lighters sent there with goods on the Thursday before, were several days before they could land their contents. The road to Scutari was almost equally impracticable. It was difficult for a rider to accomplish the journey, much less a vehicle of any kind.

In the meanwhile what was to become of the British officers, who, by the arrival of the Germans, were now turned out of their quarters? Sister Anne felt it at once to be her duty to offer them some of the apartments at the Home, reserving as few as possible for her staff of ladies and nurses. This offer was gratefully accepted; and accordingly Dr. Freeth, the English chaplain, Father O'Dyer, the Catholic one, Major Heaton, the commandant, and two or three of the medical officers, took up their abode in our once quiet Home on the Bosphorus.

The whole party dined together; and as the storm lasted the whole of the next week, and the work of the Hospital was over, they were somewhat dependent on

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each other for amusement. Dr. and Mrs. Tice also joined the party, and all did their best to contribute to the general comfort, and to make the best of circumstances which were unavoidable.

At length, after ten days' duration, the storm ceased, and the sun shone out with really summer-like splendour. The next morning Captain Macdonald sent a steamer to convey the ladies and nurses to Scutari. Sister Anne returned to England in the "Cambria," under the kind escort of Lord and Lady Napier. Several of the other ladies and nurses also returned in a week or two after, the others remaining with Miss Nightingale at Scutari.

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CHAPTER XXIX.

"They sleep in silence, side by side, far from their own dear home;
They rest not in the cloister's shade, nor 'neath the convent dome;
We may not kneel with beating hearts upon that lonely spot,
But our thoughts shall often wander there—they shall not be forgot.
Though pomp and pride may pass them by, and never breathe their name,
Oh! dear to us shall be their deeds, and dear their well-earned fame."

From Lines on Sister Elizabeth.

But some still lingered in Eastern Hospitals whose labours well deserve to be recorded—the Sisters of Mercy. In order to give a full account of these proceedings, and a more accurate description of their work, it will be better to commence the narrative from the date (the 8th of October) on which they left Koulali. On the morning of that day I accompanied them to the Ottawa, in which transport passages had been taken for them; and in the afternoon the vessel steamed up the Bosphorus. After a favourable passage, they arrived off Balaclava on the morning of the 10th. Before the Ottawa, however, could enter the harbour, a gale sprang up, which, from the iron-bound coast, and the narrow-

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ness of the entrance to Balaclava, rendered it unsafe to approach, and they were, therefore, kept tossing about till the following day. On the 11th, the Rev. mother and Sister M. J., accompanied by Mr. Woolett and Mr. Coney, landed, but not without great risk from the swell. The rest of the sisters remained on board the vessel a day or two longer, where they all received much kindness and consideration. On the 12th, the Rev. mother received a visit from Dr. Hall, the Inspector-General of Hospitals in the Crimea, who gave her a kind welcome, and placed her as superintendent of the nurses at the General Hospital, Balaclava, under his orders and that of the resident medical officers. He made every arrangement in his power for the comfort of the sisters, but, notwithstanding, things were in a very rough condition. They had to climb a steep hill by a path which led from the hospital to the huts allotted as their dwelling. Eventually they got possession of one room in the General Hospital, which they used during the day, but always retired to the huts at night. The General Hospital was a stone building containing seven wards, one of these being for officers. There were also fourteen huts occupied by sick, consisting chiefly of civilians, who had been all employed in some way or other with the army, such as mule-drivers, men of the land-transport corps, &c.; and these patients were of all nations, Maltese, Greeks, Italians, Americans, and Germans, and even negroes. The attentions which in Balaclava were bestowed on the soldiers were thought quite superfluous for this medley of civilians, who must have been very glad when the time came for them to be attended by those to whom their greater loneliness and distress gave them but the greater claim on their compassion.

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The sisters commenced their labours in the hospital within a short time of their arrival. The scene was a widely different one from Koulali. After having for the last five months lived with the work of improvement daily going on, and with the certainty that a deficiency once pointed out would be as far as possible remedied, it must have been surprising to find themselves under a regime similar to that at Koulali in early days, and indeed rather worse. An example of this may be given from the curious arrangement that existed in the serving of fowls. Each orderly drew from the store, according to the number on the diet roll, the fowls alive. These were to be seen in each ward during the morning, and orderlies of a kindly disposition occasionally fed them with bread until they had leisure to kill them. Sometimes, after killing them, to save the trouble of plucking, they skinned the fowls, then cooked and served them (often half done). About 1 P.M. all the cooked extras were served together, the arrow-root, rice, &c., as so often occurred in times gone by at Scutari. No oven existed in the establishment. In short, all the difficulties that had been long experienced in the hospitals on the Bosphorus under the early management, flourished here, and, as before, the fault could be charged to no one. Each department blamed the other. If the medical officer, in writing a requisition for a rice pudding or a basin of arrowroot, should forget to put down each ingredient, as milk, eggs, sugar, &c., none of the latter would be issued. Thus, when the rice came in, the orderly had to run after the surgeon to get another requisition for the ingredients, and then after the principal medical officer, to get a counter-signature to the requisition. Then at Balaclava (unlike the hospitals on the

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Bosphorus) fresh cases were continually coming in; for these, requisitions would be made out by the doctor, and the orderlies have to pursue each time the principal medical officer for his signature, before they went to the stores to draw the ingredients, and take them to the kitchen to be cooked. During the whole day little bits of rice, and grains of sugar, were continually arriving, to be made into rice puddings, or scraps of arrowroot to be cooked; and sometimes a fowl would be brought to the cook *crowing*, shortly before the dinner hour, to be prepared for dinner. The waste, inconvenience, and unnecessary labour, caused by these senseless regulations, or rather by this want of system, can be understood only by those who have endured them. The linen department was equally extraordinarily managed. To each patient, on entering, was served a cotton or flannel shirt (there was often a great difficulty in getting the latter); the shirt he had on admission to hospital was supposed to make the change; and no second issue could be had from the stores without a requisition, signed by the surgeon, and countersigned by the principal medical officer. Socks were never issued; and if the patients had none to wear, there was no remedy; nor were there any pocket handkerchiefs. One towel was issued daily for each ward; and in case any patient should think it necessary to make a daily toilet, they had for the purpose in some wards one washing basin, whilst the best were furnished with only three.

Very shortly after the sisters commenced their work, cholera broke out, and one of its first victims was chosen from among their own number. Sister Winefrede was seized with the fatal disease, and in twenty-four hours she died. The medical officers spared neither care

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nor attention, but remedies were useless; the sisters knelt around her bed, while the priest recited the prayers for the agonizing. She was perfectly conscious of her approaching end, and had received with fervour the consolations of her faith for those in the hour of death. So quietly did the spirit pass, that it was not until the supplications changed into a requiem that the watchers knew that the sorrows of earth for her were over. Next day, a Sunday afternoon, they bore her to her grave. For this a craggy spot on the hills, in view of the huts where the sisters lived, was selected. Priests bearing the cross and chaunting led the procession; the coffin was carried by the soldiers for whose sake she had been content to die; the long train of sisters in white cloaks, and bearing tapers, followed. Many other people joined them, to testify their respect; and so they laid her body in its last resting-place on earth.

The doctors were determined to try the experiment of chloroform with cholera patients; this outbreak of that direful disease was more than usually violent, and every case had proved fatal; but they felt that it was impossible to try chloroform, unless they had nurses on whose continual care and watchfulness they could depend; and they, therefore, gladly availed themselves of the services of the sisters. Just as Sister Winefrede had breathed her last, a request came for some of them to sit up with a cholera patient. Two of them were accordingly appointed; and in the intervals of their watching there was but one spot to which they could withdraw—that spot was the hut, where lay the corpse of their sister.

It is strangely touching to think of their turning

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from the terrible scene of the cholera patients in their agony, to the sight of her who lay so calmly there, arranged for her burial, holding in her hands the parchment on which were written the vows she had made to devote herself to God and her suffering fellow-creatures; and which, according to the custom of religious orders, is always buried with them. She had finished her work; theirs yet lay before them.

After this night the night watching continued regularly; it was arranged that the sisters should never enter a ward after ten at night, except by the doctor's special direction. A verbal direction to the sisters, or a written application, was always obeyed. The latter was frequently brought up to the huts long after the sisters had retired, and were asleep, but they instantly arose and attended to the call; and thus, in the long inclement winter nights of the Crimea, up and down the weary hill-side, passed the two sisters on their errand of love, protected by God and His angels: they felt as peaceful and secure as if within their own cloister.

The requisitions for night watching give some faint idea of the curious variety of patients whom the sisters were called upon to nurse.

"Dr. L. requests that one of the sisters would sit up with the Dutch patient to-night in No. 9 ward."

This and such like requisitions were brought to the Rev. mother, who entered the names of the sisters whom she wished to sit up for the night, thus: — Sister M. E——, Sister M. A——.

"Dr. L—— would feel much obliged if the sisters

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who attend No. 8 ward would sit up with the Maltese and Arab to night."

Names entered—SISTER M. P——.
SISTER M. S——.

"The sisters are requested to attend to the boy Keicher in ward 8 to-night; he is to have a table-spoonful of wine or brandy and water (equal parts) every half-hour. The sisters are to remain up with Jones to night. They are to give the alarm to Dr. H—— in case of change. The stump is to be kept moist. A little champagne and water to be given occasionally during the night. Dr. M——."

Names entered—SISTER J. M——.
SISTER M. A——.

"The sisters are requested to remain up with Jones this night. Their kind attendance will be necessary for him *every night* until a notification to the contrary be given."

Names entered—SISTER M. J——.
SISTER M. S——.

"Blackman requires two gills more wine for this night, or one gill of brandy beat up with an egg, or any other stimulant the sisters may suggest.

"Elliott will require to be watched all night, and the powder continued every half-hour; wine or brandy being administered as necessary, in small doses."

Names entered—SISTER M. P——.
SISTER M. A——.

The regular day nursing commenced at nine A.M., but the pressing cases were attended constantly; at

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ten the bell for "extras" rang, when the sisters all came to the extra-diet kitchen, and received from the sister in charge of it the amount of the articles on the diet rolls, except those intended for the patients' dinners. The first distribution of arrowroot, sago, warm milk, &c., was then made, and this was much needed by the patients who, some hours before, had had only a breakfast of indifferent bread, and tea without milk. The sisters in charge of wards, after this distribution, received the doctor's orders for the treatment of the patients, and saw that the wards were in order, &c. The dinner bell rang at twelve; dinner was then served for each ward as at Koulali; the orderlies taking the meat to their respective wards, where it was received by the sisters, and distributed. In ordinary cases the sisters left the hospital for the hut at half-past one, and returned at a quarter to three, after which they remained as long as they were wanted. At seven the bell for night drinks rang, when arrowroot, &c., for those patients who required such, were also issued. The sisters left the wards for the night at half-past eight, except when night-watching was ordered. It was not, however, until much time had been spent, and many difficulties surmounted, that the diet kitchen was in the state of working order described above. When the sisters arrived, a wretched hut bore the name of an extra-diet kitchen—it possessed but one small stove, one brasier (placed in the open air), no boiler, no oven. But after a time the authorities permitted alterations to be made, and the old hut was transformed into a nice little establishment, equal, in the opinion of some, to the extra-diet kitchen of the "model hospital." The hut contained a store room, a scullery, a kitchen, and a waiting-room for orderlies,

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the kitchen was supplied with an oven, two boilers, six brasiers, and one stove, and it was very well lighted.

The difficulty that next arose was that of meeting the demands which were constantly being received from the purveyors and medical officers in camp, and on board ship, for medical comforts, such as jelly, &c., and which also came in through the day from the wards for extras for patients just admitted, such as rice puddings, &c., which required time and a hot oven to prepare them for use. This difficulty was represented by the sisters, and the authorities were found most ready to remedy it. Sir John Hall permitted them to receive from the stores each week a definite portion of such articles as were necessary to meet all emergencies. Then they had a small supply of free gifts; and when any particular article was needed which these sources did not supply, the principal medical officer was always ready to sign a requisition for the quantity required—on no occasion was a request of this kind ever refused by the medical officers, so great was the confidence felt in the sisters that they would not ask anything without a reasonable cause. In addition to the care of the sick soldiers and civilians, the sisters attended the officers in the officers' ward in the hospital. There were also numbers of officers belonging to the different departments—purveying, commissariat, and medical—who were ill in their huts; all the extras ordered for them went from the extra-diet kitchen: from fifty to eighty pounds of jelly were made and issued each week. The treacle sent with the royal gifts helped to make gingerbread; some biscuits were also made—both of which were most acceptable to many a weak patient who could not eat the hospital bread.

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The same difficulty, of course, prevailed here as at Koulali, from the articles of diet being inferior in quality. Meat would be brought in the morning by the orderly, with the announcement to Sister M—— A—— as a greeting, that it "was bad luck." She would tell him to take it back to the stores, and see if he could exchange it for a better piece, and, if unsuccessful in that, to ask if the storekeeper had allowed good weight, to make up for bones. He would, however, return, saying no better could be had, and that there was about a pound over, assuring her, at the same time, with perfect gravity, that even *at home* the sheep always had bones. However, this would not supply the patients' dinners; and she, therefore, sought for the orderly officer, and, after having shown him that, instead of meat ordered by the rolls, she had received bones, she procured from him a requisition for a few pounds more. The only milk used in the Crimea was the concentrated, which the orderlies called *consecrated*, and declared it was "no go;" a remark often too true, and Sister M. A. had to change it for better from the free gift store.

To assist Sister M—— A—— in the kitchen were three orderlies, named James Brazil, of the 50th, Thomas Brennan, of the 4th, and Peter MacLouglin, of the 14th Regiments. They all worked well together, and never was there a dispute among them; they vied with each other in gratitude and respect for the sisters. Often, when a sister would be busying herself in the kitchen, an orderly would say, "Musha, Miss, you'll kill yourself—let me do it." On Christmas Day the medical officers allowed the sisters to give the convalescent patients and orderlies of the ward rice-pudding.

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This caused, of course, a good deal of extra work to the kitchen orderlies, and Sister M—— A—— thought she would make a small pudding for them also. On leaving the kitchen at mid-day, she told them it was in the oven, nearly ready. To her astonishment they looked displeased, and one muttered, "It's pretty work, indeed!" She asked what he meant, and he said, "It's pretty work to have ladies cooking for the like of us." "But is it not our every-day work," she replied; "why should you mind it?" "Well, there is no use talking about it. I can't stand it any longer." Among the kitchen orderlies, Brazil was specially distinguished by his excellent conduct. He was ever at work, and apparently never tired—had always a pleasant, cheerful word for every one; to overcome any difficulty was his determination, and his delight was to make matters easy for those with whom he worked. Besides the orderlies, four fatigue men were told off every morning to assist in the kitchen. There was a great difference in the amount of help given by these men; some, from their utter ignorance, doing more harm than good. The orderlies considered it their duty to try to get good fatigue men; and, on one occasion, when there was a good deal of extra work to do, and Sister M—— A—— was expressing a hope that they would have good fatigue men, one said, "Well, I'll get the little man we had the other day—David, the little Scotchman, that washed the dishes, and that made the kitchen look so smart;" and off he went to look for David, but returned, saying he could not find him, but that he had asked, at all events, for a little man, as they were always the best.—It must have considerably lightened the labours of the

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sister in charge to see the pleasure the orderlies took in their work. Making the gingerbread was considered so honourable a charge that it was given to one, while the jelly was made the work of another. This was for some time made by Sister M—— A—— herself; but her health failing much, the Rev. Mother, anxious to spare her a little, told her to try if the orderly could not manage it—and very proud he was, when, after several failures, he succeeded; amusing was it to see the important look with which he used to turn out the shapes, saying at the same time, "Oh, miss, it's not clear," purposely to get the sister to praise it. The Irish humour displayed by the men must have been a relief during the weary hours of the extra-diet kitchen work; which, while possessing none of the interest of the work within the wards, was even more laborious. At times Sister M—— A—— would come in, and find the gingerbread maker and the floor both covered with flour; when asked why he was making the kitchen in such a state, he would reply, "A little sprinkle of flour is no dirt." If a messenger came down from the camp with a requisition for jelly from the surgeon, a dialogue between him and the orderlies would ensue.

"Any news knocking about up there?"

"Why, there's not much."

"What are you doing with the Roossians?"

"Musha, I don't know. There was a settee last night."

"Any news about peace?"

"Oh, no; there is more peace down here than there is up there."

The soldiers were very much pleased at being sent down as messengers to the hospital at Balaclava. "Oh,

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sir," said one to a Catholic chaplain in the camp, "have you not a message you'd mind to send to the nuns, and then I'll get a sight of them?"

Among the other absurd rumours that flew about, was that an attempt to retake Balaclava would be made. "And what would become of the poor nuns if they did?" said some one. "No fear of that," was the answer. "Many a fine British soldier will be laid low before one of them is touched."

One day, in the extra-diet kitchen, Sister M—— A—— was burning rubbish, and in putting it on the fire, something heavy dropped on the floor—it was a cartridge of powder. "Oh!" she exclaimed, "perhaps one has gone in already!"

"No fear of that, sister," answered the orderly; "we'd all have been blowed up long ago if it had."

There was a signal made at the Castle Hospital every day at noon, in order to regulate the time; and therefore, though the dinners might be ready a little before the hour, Sister M—— A—— would not allow the bell to be rung till the signal was seen. The orderlies sometimes grew impatient at the delay; and, while waiting for it, would remark, "They did not see as how a handful of minutes made much difference any way." The orderlies in the wards were chiefly from the Medical Staff Corps, which had been sent out just when Koulali Hospital was breaking up. Their first appearance in the wards excited a feeling of great contempt from the military orderlies. They were all dressed in light blue smock-frocks; and the soldiers called them a set of butchers. They did not turn out well—at least they gave equally as much trouble as the others; and intemperance prevailed amongst them to quite as great

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an extent—twelve of them, from this cause, on an average, were each night placed in the guard-room at Balaclava. But there must always be an advantage in having men who, when trained, will remain in their places, and not be liable to removal, as I have mentioned before was the case with soldier orderlies, who were often ordered off to their regiments. The sisters soon found that a little praise and encouragement did more good among the orderlies than all the scolding they had from other quarters. Praising one ward particularly, had the effect of making all the other orderlies determine that theirs should look as nice.

When the sisters first came, they found the patients had a very insufficient supply of tins for their food. Upon making application for more, they were assured that a larger number would only create further confusion instead of comfort—that the orderlies would never keep them clean. The sisters begged that a trial might be made; and the result was, that on the shelf by each bed-side there was ultimately placed a tin plate, basin, tin drinking cups, knife, fork, and spoon, and the orderlies kept them all as bright as plate.

They knew that the sisters would never report them to the medical officers, or have them punished; but this only made them more earnest in their efforts to give satisfaction. The displeasure of the sisters was their greatest punishment—they were heartily ashamed at being seen by them under the effects of drink; and one of them, in this condition, seeing a sister approach, called out, "Oh! ma'am, don't come near me—I am not fit for you to speak to me!"

The Rev. Mother one night found an orderly intoxicated; he had been forgiven for the same offence more

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than once. She told another orderly to say to him, when sober, that, as she did not wish to get him into disgrace by requesting his dismissal, he must go himself and ask to return to his regiment. He did so; but before leaving he begged to see the Rev. Mother, that he might ask her pardon, and while he did so he wept like a child. The medal with three clasps on his breast bore witness he had been no coward.

The orderlies employed the sisters to keep their money for them, and they each kept a book for the men, with an account of all the sums placed in their hands. One night, just after receiving his pay, an orderly drank a little too much, and was sent to the guard-room. The other orderly told Sister —— of it; she desired him to go to the guard-room and tell the prisoner, that she wished him to send her all the money he had, as he ought not to misspend what his wife and children required so much at home. The orderly soon returned, and gave Sister —— three pounds, which was given up without any objection. Next day he was very thankful for what had been done for him, and willingly, at her suggestion, got a post-office order for the amount, and sent it home.

Many touching instances might be recorded of the affection and gratitude of the soldiers, which came under the sisters' observation at Balaclava. Whenever books were given to the patients, they would open them to see if their name, regiment, and the date, were written in them; and if this were not the case, they would remark, "Why, then, Miss, I would rather have a bit of your writing than the whole book." One day Sister M—— S—— had occasion to find fault with the orderly of her ward, and thinking he was vexed at her doing so, said, "Well, Dogherty, I'll say no more on the subject; I

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see you do not wish me to speak to you." "In throth, sisther, I glory in your spaking to me," said he; "it shows me you take an interest in me; and I declare to you, the first day I came to Balaclava, when I saw the Sisthers o' Mercy, I cried with joy."

Dogherty informed the sister, on one occasion, that, though he was born in Scotland he was an Irishman, for being "bairn in a stable did not make a man a horse." A sister asking her orderly once, how such a patient was, and whether his leg would be amputated, had for answer, "Oh, Lord, no, ma'am; it's a going to be cut off!" The way in which they would use their military technicalities on every occasion was amusing, such as watching the flames in the oven, and telling them to "keep in the ranks;" congratulating the Rev. Mother upon being "commander-in-chief." The 89th Regiment was stationed on the heights of Balaclava, not far from the huts, and men from it were often sent on fatigue parties; there never was a disorderly man seen on these occasions. A sergeant of this regiment came to the Superioress one day, to say that the men had deputed him to ask a favour of her. She replied, that anything in her power should be done. "Well, madam, we want to have the honour of putting up a marble cross over Sister Winefrede's grave." She thanked them, and gave her consent, saying, that they for whom she lost her life had the best right to do it.

All these instances of the value in which their services were held must have been very consoling to the sisters; but it was not only from the soldiers that they met with kindness and help: from Sir John Hall, from first to last, they received the greatest consideration, help, and kindness. Mr. Fitzgerald, Deputy Purveyor-in-Chief,

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also gave them very kind and constant assistance. The medical officers, without one exception, worked most cordially with them, and gave them their approbation and confidence. Mr. Crozier and Mr. Parker were the chaplains of the Church of England, appointed to Balaclava. None appeared to value the services of the sisters more than they did, and they were on most friendly terms with them. Never once was the harmony interrupted; and this kindness and confidence were fully deserved. Of their own hardships they never spoke; but they were sufficiently apparent to make others wonder how they were able to endure them. The huts in which the sisters lived were, as already stated, at some distance from the hospital, and the road was up a very steep and fatiguing ascent, which in bad weather became almost impassable. English shoes were found quite useless to withstand Crimean mud; we sent them out a packet of the strongest boots, and had the mortification to learn that they would not keep out the wet a single day. When the sisters first arrived, the only furniture they had in the huts were bedsteads and small tables; at meals they used to sit on the floor, and hold their plates in their hands; but all they did was cheerfully to declare, that it was an Indian wigwam; the discomforts of their own lot seemed to make no impression on them. The rain came through the crevices of the huts, so that often in the night the sisters were compelled to rise, to avoid a wetting. The rats, which were bad enough at Koulali, abounded here to a far greater extent, and constantly deprived the sisters of their night's rest. In vain was war waged against them; plan after plan proved ineffectual. A brilliant thought struck one of the sisters—to have a light in one of the large tin lanterns,

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to frighten them. By this expedient one night's rest was secured; but on the following night the rats were determined to be revenged: they climbed up to a little shelf at the head of the beds, and amused themselves by jumping on the heads of the sleepers beneath.

The irregularity that, from the time the army first set foot on the Crimean shores, had attended the transport of goods to them, still continued, and the sisters did not escape its inconvenience. I mentioned, that owing to the non-appearance of the lighters which were to convey their baggage from Koulali to the Ottawa, they were compelled to leave the greater number of their boxes behind. A few hours only after they had departed, the little steamer came and took the baggage on board, and we heard it was shipped that very evening for Balaclava. Letters soon came from the sisters, entreating that their baggage might be forwarded. We wrote back, saying it had been sent; and were told in reply that it had never arrived. Message after message was sent to Scutari about it, and as usual it seemed impossible to ascertain where it was, or on what ship it had been placed. At length, after a delay of several weeks, it was discovered at Balaclava; it had reached that place a day or two only after the sisters. A similar occurrence took place in reference to a supply of dinner tins: they were the first things the sisters were anxious to procure, for the dinners at Balaclava had to be carried to different huts in uncovered dishes; they were thus fanned by the sea air, and rendered thereby not *quite* so warm as could have been wished when they reached the patients. Now, the small tin dishes, with the cover attached by a chain, which we had found of so much use at Koulali, were the very things re-

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quired; and the sisters, knowing that the large number formerly used by them at the General Hospital, Koulali, were now lying in the stores useless, applied for them. They were packed and sent to Scutari, to be shipped for Balaclava. After waiting a due time, another letter begging for "dinner-tins" arrived. A remonstrance, sent to Scutari, was answered by an assurance they had been sent. Another and another letter from Balaclava assured us that they had not; but at last the mystery was solved. The Rev. Mother, going one day to the stores, asked the storekeeper whether he was sure no tins had been received. "No, he was certain none had come; nothing but some camp-kettles." "Let me look at them," answered the Rev. Mother; in a corner were pointed out to her the long-desired and long-demanded tins; and when she was speedily proceeding to lay hands on them, the storekeeper exclaimed, "Oh, please don't do that, for they are so nicely packed!" The Rev. Mother, however, persisted in their being nicely *un*packed, and carried to the extra-diet kitchen. To have plenty of articles in store, "nicely packed," seemed to be the highest point of ambition at Balaclava.

The nursing work must have been extremely heavy at Balaclava; for though at first sight two hundred and fifty patients may not seem a large number compared to those under treatment in the hospitals on the Bosphorus, it must be remembered that the character of the Balaclava hospitals differed from those at Scutari and Koulali very considerably—first, that the serious cases were much more numerous—acute diseases very frequent; and secondly, that fresh cases were continually coming in, keeping both doctors and nurses perpetually on the

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alert. At Koulali, as has been already described, the arrival of sick was a very busy time; the daily routine was completely upset; the nurses were in the wards all day; the kitchen staff never knew when their work was over. In a day or two the patients were in their places, their diets on the rolls, and things resumed their usual course; but at Balaclava these interruptions (on a smaller scale, of course) were continual. Besides the daily work, the night watching was constant; and the sisters had no servants or laundresses; the whole of this labour fell upon themselves; their cooking, indeed, did not take long, for they maintained in the East the great simplicity of diet usual in their convents at home; and as in the East everybody thought it a duty to endeavour to be comfortable as far as circumstances would allow —this conventual rule appeared the more remarkable.

One morning the sisters were awakened by snow falling on their beds from the apertures in the hut; and seeing the ground covered thickly with it, they wondered how they should get to the hospital down the steep path. Half-an-hour afterwards, about six o'clock, they observed the orderlies and convalescents (without being told) scraping away the snow, and making a path by sprinkling sand for them to walk safely; and this they continued to do on snowy and frosty mornings, until, by the kindness of Mr. Fitzgerald, steps were cut to enable the sisters to go up and down in safety.

Already had the rumours of peace brought joyful hopes to English hearts in the dreary Crimea; and among others to the sisters, who now hoped to see once more the convent homes so dear to them. Cheerfully they wrote to their friends in Scutari, to be sure to have twelve olive branches plucked from the hills at

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Koulali to greet them when they passed through the Bosphorus; but soon after, one of the band was called to go to a better home, and a surer resting-place—there to be welcomed by angels, and to receive not the olive of earthly triumph, but the palm of heavenly victory.

Sister Mary Elizabeth caught the fever then prevailing in the hospital. She has been mentioned before in these pages as having attended poor Fisher's dying-bed. She was especially beloved for the sweetness of her manner to every one. She was advanced in years, and on her face was written the history of one who, through a long life, had given herself to "God and the poor." There was a holy calm about her which impressed every one who drew near to her. When she caught fever in the wards, and had been ill for a week, she felt sure that she was dying, and expressed a readiness and longing to go. She was perfectly conscious, and received all the last sacraments of the church.

On the 23rd of February a violent storm arose—every moment it seemed as if the huts would be unroofed; to one within, the blast caused no disquiet; it was the last of life's storms for her—she was already near to the entrance of the "haven where she would be." Mingling with the tempest's roar went up the prayers for the dying; and as they bade the "Christian soul depart in peace," she passed away—gentle in life, peaceful in death. The day following was Sunday; and in the evening they bore away the mortal remains of Sister Mary Elizabeth, to lay them by the side of Sister Winefrede. Before the funeral commenced, some of the *Sœurs de la Charité*, from the Sardinian camp, came with love and sympathy to their sisters in Christ. Neither band knew the other's language, but, united in the tongue of one common faith,

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they joined together in prayer. Soldiers of the 89th Regiment carried the coffin, followed by the sisters—a Sister of Mercy and a Sister of Charity side by side. They proceeded through the double file of soldiers, who uncovered their heads as the sisters passed. The coffin rested in the chapel, which had been crowded two hours previously. Seven priests chanted the burial service. When the coffin was carried forth, the concourse was immense. Medical officers, and the Lady Superintendent of St. George's Hospital, attended.

It must have been pleasing to the sisters, under their affliction, to witness the love and respect paid to the memory of their lost sister. A strange resting-place on the brow of that rugged hill is it for those two gentle sisters! Around them lie the bodies of many who have died fighting for their country; and THEY, too, have fought a good fight, and have not been afraid to lay down their lives in Christ's service. They sought not the praise of men, and now they have found their reward—

"For they beneath their leader
Who conquered in the fight;
For ever and for ever
Are clad in robes of white."

Typhus fever was very prevalent, notwithstanding the severe cold during the winter, and would have been much more fatal but for the unceasing efforts of the medical officers. The sisters remarked the extreme attention and kindness bestowed by these gentlemen on the sick soldier.

A patient told them that an orderly medical officer had been called up to him during the night, and after

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prescribing for him, seeing he was restless, moved him to another bed, put his own to rights, and then laid him in it. Dr. Murray and Dr. Hamilton were at Balaclava the whole time the sisters were there. Dr. Beatson (formerly at Koulali) was at one time P. M. O., and was most kind to the sisters. Many other medical officers came, but remained only a short time. Typhus fever was raging in the French camp fearfully.

Many of the *Sœurs de la Charité* fell victims to it, and also many of the French priests, so that the sick and dying French would have been left without spiritual consolation, had not the Jesuit priests attached to the English army taken the charge in addition to their own duties. One of them died shortly afterwards from the fever; and the other, Mr. Woolett, suffered so severely from it, as to be obliged to be invalided home.

Rumours gathered day by day, and it soon became evident that peace would be proclaimed; the sick in the hospital began to thin. The thought of going home, no doubt, did a great deal more good than medicine, so that, at last, no serious cases of illness remained among the soldiers, and very few among the civilians. Just at this juncture a change took place in the nursing arrangements—the War Department instructed Miss Nightingale to resume the charge of the hospitals. Koulali no longer existed; there were only Scutari and Balaclava. At Scutari the sick had been reduced to a mere bagatelle, and Miss Nightingale, accompanied by sisters and nurses, came to Balaclava to take charge of the hospitals. The Sisters of Mercy thereupon resigned into Sir John Hall's hands the authority he had entrusted them with. The warmest feeling was

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shown by all, officers as well as men, who, without exception, regretted the cause of the sisters' departure. Sir John Hall and Mr. Fitzgerald made every exertion for their comfort. Mr. Woolett, just about to sail for England, took charge of them.

The following letters will show in what high estimation the sisters were held:—

"5th April, 1856.

"MY DEAR MADAM,

"I cannot permit you, and the sisters under your direction, to leave the Crimea, without an expression of the high opinion I entertain of your ministration, and of the very important aid you have rendered to the sick under your care.

"I can most conscientiously assert, as I have on other occasions stated, that you have given me the most perfect satisfaction ever since you have assumed charge of the nursing department in the General Hospital at Balaclava. And I do most unfeignedly regret your departure; but after what has occurred, I would not, even with that feeling uppermost in my mind, urge you to stay.

"I enclose a letter from Sir William Codrington, Commander-in-Chief, expressive of the sense he entertains of your services, and of those of the sisters under you, which I trust will be acceptable to your feelings; and I feel assured you must leave us with an approving conscience, as I know you do, with the blessing of all those whom you have aided in their hour of need.

"To Him who saw all our outward actions, and knows our inmost thoughts and wishes, I commend

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you; and may He have you, and those under you, in His holy keeping, is the prayer of

"Yours faithfully,
"JOHN HALL,
"Inspector-General of Hospitals."

"Mrs. Bridgeman,
"General Hospital, Balaclava."

"SIR,

"I regret much to hear that circumstances have induced Mrs. Bridgeman, the Mother Superior of the Roman Catholic nurses, to quit the General Hospital, and proceed to England with the nurses who have been so long associated with her.

"I request you to assure that lady of the high estimation in which her services, and those of the nurses, are held by us all; founded as that opinion is upon the experience of yourself, the medical officers of the hospital, and of the many patients, both wounded and sick, who, during fourteen or fifteen months past, have benefitted by their care.

"I am quite sure that their unfailing kindness will have the reward which Mrs. Bridgeman values, viz., the remembrance and gratitude of those who have been the object of such disinterested attention.

"Your obedient servant,
"W. CODRINGTON,
"General-Commander."

'SIR JOHN HALL,
"Inspector-General of Hospitals."

Passages were provided for them on board the Cleopatra, and, on the 12th of April, they bade farewell to

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the Crimea, and to their Eastern labours. The orderlies did their utmost to assist them in packing and removing their luggage, as well as to leave the hospital in the most perfect cleanliness and order for others to take possession of. This done, with many a fervent prayer and blessing bestowed on them, the sisters went on board. Captain Paton, who commanded the Cleopatra, was most considerate and kind to them, and the same kindly feeling was shown by all on board. At Constantinople the vessel remained a day, and the sisters had visits and kindly greeting from Scutari and Koulali friends of all creeds. After a few weeks' tossing on the ocean, the Cleopatra arrived at Portsmouth, and on the following day the sisters were in London, and hospitably received by the convents of their order in Blandford Square and Chelsea. They remained a short time in London, and thereafter dispersed to their different convents in Ireland, one sister being left at Liverpool. From this convent three had gone on the mission of charity—two now rest in a foreign land, and the third has returned to resume her much-loved convent work. The convents of Dublin, Carlow, Charleville, Cork, and Kinsale, were rejoiced by the arrival of their sisters from the East. They were obliged to return without letting the day be known, to avoid the ardent demonstrations of affection that the warm-hearted sons of Erin would have showered down upon them. Notwithstanding this, however, as soon as their arrival was known, bonfires were lighted, and shouts of joy were heard for days. The Irish people perhaps suspected (rightly or wrongly, let others judge) that in England, for whose sons equally with those of their own island, the sisters had toiled and suffered, no words of gratitude would

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be bestowed; and that in Crimean banquets all names would be mentioned with honour and praise but the Sisters of Mercy. The Irish people, therefore, did their part of welcome doubly. The approbation of Government was, however, expressed. Lord Panmure requested that the sisters "might be informed of his satisfaction at the work which they had performed with so much zeal and devotion;" and his lordship desired that the "expression of his thanks and of his cordial approval of the services rendered by them to the sick and wounded of our army in the East" might be conveyed to them. But more gratifying than this was the affection displayed towards them by soldiers returned from the war, who took every opportunity of showing that they had not forgotten their kind friends. Corporal Brazil, on hearing of the arrival of the sisters at Carlow, wrote to them as follows:—

"Cork Barracks, October 6th, 1856.

"Sister A——,

"I received your kind letter. It is a great pleasure to me that you and Sister S——, and all your sisters in religion, are in good health, as the date of this letter leaves me at present—thanks be to God for all his goodness to me. Sister, I hope I will be able to go and see the happy convent of Carlow, before I leave Ireland. Sister, I received the four half notes —two of them corresponded.

"I thank you kindly for all your goodness to me. I hope your reward is in store in heaven, for all you and the remainder of your dear sisters that served God, and with his help saved a many a poor soldier's life. When he was far from a friend in a distant land, our meek

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sisters brought the heavenly smile and the Spirit of God into the ward among the heart-broken soldiers.

"I thank you for your kindness, Sister A——. I cannot ever forget it. The Lord may reward you for all your goodness and kindness to me.

"No more at present, but

"I remain, your Faithful Servant,

"CORPORAL JAMES BRAZIL."

After the sisters had left Balaclava, one of the chaplains went to look at the graves of the two buried there. The ground had been fenced round, bushes planted, and marble crosses erected, all done by the voluntary efforts of the soldiers. Fastened to the arm of the cross the priest found a paper on which was written the following lines:—

"Still green be the willow that grows on the mountain,
And weeps o'er the grave of the sister that's gone;
More appropriate its lot than to droop by a fountain,
And bespangle its green leaves with gems not its own.

"Much more glorious its lot to point out to the stranger
The hallowed remains of the sainted and blest;
For those angels of mercy had dared every danger,
To bring to the soldier sweet comfort and rest.

"They left their own homes when war's trumpet was blowing,
When hunger and cold laid our brave comrades low;
Their pure hearts were filled with Heaven's brightest glories,
As they came here to banish fell sickness and woe.

"Still be hallowed their memories! they'll ne'er be forgotten,
Tho' their bones lie so far from their green island home;
And, should e'er these wild hills be by Erin's son trodden,
Thou'lt point out, green willow, who sleeps here alone."

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It was found afterwards to have been written by one of the orderlies of the Medical Staff Corps.

The omission of other praise was far from disturbing the sisters. The happiness of returning home to their loved communities was more than sufficient for them. Expressions of their deep gratitude for God's mercy in preserving them, and in having smoothed down many difficulties in their path, bringing them through so many perils safe to their homes, together with loving thoughts of the English friends who had done the very little in their power to lighten the burden, were their constant theme. So they resume their occupations, and their task of serving the poor in another form than in military hospitals, and go quietly on their way, working only for God's glory, and looking only for that unfailing reward given by the Father, who "seeth in secret."

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CHAPTER XXX.

"The slowly awakening sense of a great want, aching deep down at the heart of society, throbbing upwards and outwards with a quicker and quicker pulse."

COMMUNION OF LABOUR.

HAVING now finished, to the best of my ability, the task of recording all that came under the observation either of myself or of those on whom I can rely, regarding English nurses in Eastern hospitals, it remains for me only briefly to review that step which was justly looked upon at the time as an experiment. Nursing in the East was, undoubtedly, only an experiment—although a great and important one. There is now time and leisure for those engaged in it to look back on the eventful history of the two-years' war, and from what they have seen and done, to judge whether the attempt at the introduction of female nursing into military hospitals was a successful one.

Long since have the joyful sounds of peace rung through Europe, and called back from Russia and from the borders of Asia those who there toiled and suffered for their country's sake. British hospitals on the Bos-

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phorus and in the Crimea are tenanted by others. The wharf at Scutari is no longer the scene of busy contention, and a Babel of tongues, in which the English was the most predominant. The long corridors in the Barrack Hospital no longer echo to the sounds of suffering, and the sad processions to the burial-ground happily wend their way thither no more. The Turks once more reign undisturbed, and the only record left to mark the history of the late conflict with Russia, are those rows of curiously-shaped mounds with the memorial stones which point out the spot where so many of our countrymen have been laid.

Let us now, however, return to the branch called into existence by the war, with which we had to do; and now that the excitement, and the varied emotions with which we contemplated its working while on the spot, and even for months after returning to the quiet of our homes, have died away, we can discuss with calmness and fairness the bearings of the question. It will be well to review the whole, to see what were its obstacles, and also its encouragement.

I may say, indeed, that it had every obstacle to encounter. It is true, that at the departure of "nurses for the East," a burst of popular enthusiasm was raised, and continued during the whole time. People seemed by no means to recollect, that succouring the afflicted was an old command, promulgated some eighteen hundred years ago, and which from that day to this had been obeyed by many thousands of men and women, of whom the world had taken no heed. Warm eulogiums were lavished upon us, kindly feelings were cherished, and then people thought their part was done. They never enquired into our difficulties; never strove to under-

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stand the working of the plan; set it down as an established fact that it was right, and consequently left those who were engaged in it to struggle on as they best might.

And when the paid nurses returned to their own country, many of them broken in health from the hardships they had undergone, they found their places filled up; and instead of their Eastern service being in any way rewarded or recognised by the authorities at home, they were, many of them, thrown into real distress, by being refused employment because they had been engaged in military hospitals. Rumours had reached England of the little work they had to do at Scutari, and matrons of English hospitals declined engaging women who must in consequence have acquired habits of idleness. Private families hesitated to employ nurses, who (in many instances with unhappily too much truth) they imagined must be demoralized by living in military hospitals.

I have already dwelt upon the unfortunate mistake made at first in establishing the equality system, which caused us so much annoyance, and to some extent injured the work.

Another of the evils we encountered, was the entire misunderstanding between the authorities at home, and those in the East. After the departure of the first band of nurses, the names and qualifications of the candidates for the work were received by those selected by Miss Nightingale for this purpose; and from this list a selection was made. Mr. Sidney Herbert determined (in consequence of the representations made to him of the blessings likely to result from the extension of female nursing, and also in consequence of a request from Mr.

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Bracebridge) to send a second detachment. The decision was made; the party under Miss Stanley was despatched with the utmost haste; telegraphic messages flew about the country, and people hardly knew what they were doing, till they found themselves half way through France, with the probability of having left home and friends for ever—the uppermost feeling in their hearts being a burning desire to arrive ere it was too late, they impatiently awaited the will of the winds and waves, which kept them from their work. At last they arrived, and were greeted with the announcement that there had been a great mistake—Mr. Sidney Herbert had acted prematurely in sending us out; that Miss Nightingale had no wish for more nurses, having neither room nor employment for them; that it was impossible for her to find work even for her own party of nurses; that the wounds, which were the only cases for which women were needed, were now healed; that the medical cases required no nursing; into the dysentery wards no one was allowed to enter but herself and one nurse; and many of the nurses had to sit idle in their rooms. The travellers, therefore, retreated to Therapia.

Miss Stanley would not, however, so soon give up her important charge. She determined on ascertaining that none of the suffering army required our services before we returned home. She used every exertion to get employment for us. But weeks passed by; life after life, that by the doctors' account might have been saved, was lost. At length her efforts were crowned with success. The nursing at the hospital at Koulali was offered to her, and some of her party were accepted for Balaclava.

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When the arrangements for Koulali were made, she was told she could not possibly employ sixteen nurses in that hospital; but as the rooms given by the authorities to the female staff were capable of accommodating that number, (which was what remained of her party, after Miss Nightingale had made her own selection of those she considered most fitted for hospital work), Miss Stanley preferred retaining them with her, to leaving any at Therapia, or sending any home untried. A very few days' experience proved, that the orders of the medical men could not be carried out effectually without an additional reinforcement of nurses.

When Miss Stanley found that the three ladies who had come voluntarily from Scutari to help her, only served to take the places of others struck down by fever, she applied to Miss Nightingale for more. The answer was, that none could be spared, for all the extra hands were sick. Miss Stanley then proposed writing to England for more. Miss Nightingale told her, that all requisitions for more nurses from home must come from Dr. Cumming, the Inspector General; but that her opinion respecting the number of nurses required for the sick was unchanged.

Miss Stanley then wrote to the Inspector-General, and told him that we were sinking under the weight of work, and required more help; but Dr. Cumming declined to accede to her request; stating it as his opinion that experience would prove to her that she was wrong. At this moment some of us were lying at the gate of death. Miss Smythe was, by over-work, and incessant exposure to infected air, sowing in herself the seeds of the disease which was to be her end; and to add to our discomfort, we saw that the large Turkish stables were about

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to be made into wards capable of containing five hundred patients—we had already one thousand!

It seemed evident, that this expense would not be needlessly incurred; and it was thought, that owing to the facility of landing patients, Koulali would become one of the largest hospitals in the East. Finding that all attempts to obtain help from the local authorities were fruitless, and that her own health and strength were fast failing under the double strain of mental and physical exertion, Miss Stanley (who had already remained in the East much longer than she had intended when she left England in December, to escort the party), decided to return home before she was added to the sick list. During the two months of her superintendence, it had been impossible to carry on the work as it ought and might have been done with more hands. The absence during that time of the ordinary means of preparing the invalids' diets caused a very considerable addition to the daily work. It was impossible to attend to the washing department; it was impossible to attempt night-nursing. It is but too certain, that many a brave fellow must have felt himself neglected, in the very superficial attendance which was all that that slender band could give.

Miss Stanley's private letters ultimately induced the authorities at home to overrule the objections of those on the spot; and a few days before her departure she heard, with thankful joy, that a band of twenty were on their way to Koulali. Had these arrived two months before, they would have done an incalculable amount of good, and alleviated much suffering by careful nursing. But from the time of the arrival of the new party, the sickness began to decrease, and on an average continued to do so, as the following table will show:—

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Month.	Average No. of sick in hospital. Daily.	Admitted during the Month.	Died during the Month.	Discharged during the Month.
January	450	400	60	44
February ...	1000	690	319	188
March	939	458	134	362
April	766	141	52	438
May	441	260	16	317
June	386	335	5	426
July.....	382	452	16	305
August	420	533	9	460
September ...	423	309	8	467
October	233	180	9	316
November ...	130	43	7	221
December ...	158	377	4	376
Total		3088	260	3686

When several months, therefore, had passed, Miss Hutton and her nurses felt they had too little to do; this being in consequence of a new arrangement made by the authorities in the Crimea, that as the fine weather had arrived they would keep the greater number of sick, and all their severe cases, on the spot, only sending down to the Bosphorus small numbers of partly convalescent patients.

To the Crimea, therefore, Miss Hutton was anxious to send some nurses; and the matter was referred to Lady Stratford de Redcliffe. She, however, declared that those who would have been efficient for Crimean work, could not be spared from Koulali; and as it was of no use to send inefficient ones, the plan fell to the ground. Thus, after Miss Stanley had gone through the trial of overwork, the still more difficult one of employing all hands sufficiently and usefully fell upon her

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successor. Much, therefore, of the good that might have resulted from female nursing was, I consider, prevented by the obstacles thrown in the way by the authorities on the spot; first, in keeping for a month a large number of women at Therapia idle; secondly, in not applying for more hands when, from sickness or other causes, there were too few nurses for the work; and, thirdly, in objecting to send them to the Crimea when the work had become so much reduced in the Hospitals on the Bosphorus.

I have already adverted to the annoyance caused by a misconception on the part of the ladies employed by government to send out nurses to the East, regarding the capacity of persons necessary for our work; and this arose chiefly, I believe, from the utter impossibility of any one in England entering into our difficulties. Letters could give no adequate idea of them; and such contradictory accounts reached home that, doubtless, the authorities were fairly puzzled: they, therefore, formed their own plan, and we felt it was useless to attempt to overthrow it; and thus we could do nothing but submit to the inconveniences it caused us. Lastly (and not the least), were the obstacles thrown by the paid nurses themselves in the way of the success of their own undertaking.

The life in the East was eminently calculated to bring out the whole bent of a person's character, for it was destitute of all the help and restraint which the ordinary rules of English society afford.

A large number of persons of different ages, characters, and position in life, had to live and work together. And of necessity, in so large a party indiscri-

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minately collected, some must have been found who came out with mixed motives, perhaps unconsciously to themselves. Now, in the first outset of the work, the scene of distress around was so awful and so thrilling, every feeling of a woman's heart was so called into action, the excitement so constant and absorbing, that all elements of discord were kept under by that one prevailing thought—how best to aid and help the suffering.

Whether, if the emergency had lasted, this feeling would have continued, of course I cannot speak with certainty, but my belief is, that it would; that the best and noblest part of our nature, which was thus drawn out, would have continued equal to its task. However, it was not thus put to the test; the hospitals fell into the ordinary routine, and with some exceptions, the feeling of even the volunteers was, that willingness to help was all that was required of them. The energy and devotedness of early days had passed. But there were exceptions to this state of things, where every effort was bent to the furtherance of the object in view; these, despite of discouragements from without, and want of sympathy from within, worked bravely on, and set an example of self-denial not easily to be forgotten. It cannot but be remarked that the superiority of the Catholic Sisters of Mercy shows itself over all other classes of nurses engaged in the East. The statistics would alone bear evidence of this fact; but it was also acknowledged by almost every one, by people of all different creeds and opinions; and the reason of this, as well as the cause of the drawbacks to the system of volunteer lady nursing, will be easily understood by

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those who have *studied* hospital work, and its requirements.

To the Sisters of Mercy work among the sick and suffering was no new thing undertaken in the heat of senthusiam. To live for the poor had been for many years the resolve of each heart amongst their band; for this they had gone through a long probation of two years and a half; and during that time had been content to learn all that they would hereafter be required to do, to guide, or to teach. Hence the perfect unity of their work, the facility that existed of one taking up what another might be interrupted in.

Now, most of the ladies had had no experience whatever of nursing the sick and poor; and those who had, had learnt it in their own way, and only in that way could they carry it on.

Again, with regard to the superioress of the nuns, she was not one suddenly placed in a new and untried position, incapable of entering into the difficulties of those who were working under her: for, before elected to rule, she had learnt to obey; and however great were her natural talents for governing, and for organizing work, without that complete control she had so long since acquired, there would never have been seen to so much advantage the remarkable feature, that the act of one was the act of all, which was so observable in the community of the Sisters of Mercy. No one regretted more than our superintendents themselves their want of previous experience—their need of having learnt practically the work of nursing, before they were called upon to superintend a nursing staff.

Trained, by their vows, to a life of hardships, the

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health and strength of the sisters withstood the shocks under which the health of the ladies sunk; and they could continue the strain of work, to which the latter were wholly unequal.

Routine they were well accustomed to, and to the absence of the comforts of life they had become inured. Obedience was with them a habit, therefore they were not likely to fail in the rigid obedience required by the medical officers.

But having now gone through all the checks and obstacles which nursing in the East had to encounter, let us turn to its encouragements. At Koulali, I can witness to the success of the volunteer system over the one of paid nurses. When Miss Stanley so much wished to increase her staff of nurses, she understood from Miss Nightingale that it was impossible to have a larger number of nurses in military hospitals, because they could not be trusted in the ward alone. Miss Stanley had from experience become convinced of the justice of this remark; but it appeared to her that a remedy might be found by placing each nurse under charge of a lady or nun, and by sending out as many ladies and sisters, instead of hired nurses, as possible. This was also fully concurred in by Miss Hutton, who continued to carry it out.

By this means, although it was impossible to prevent evil habits deeply rooted in some of the paid nurses from manifesting themselves at times, yet, in a great measure, much of what was the common report in the East regarding paid nurses in general, and, I fear, with too much truth, was obviated at Koulali, for the simple reason that the opportunities and temptations did not

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exist; and when cases of irregularity did occur, they were necessarily and at once detected by the lady or nun who had the charge of the nurse concerned; and the improper conduct was at once visited by dismissal. It was not so, and could not possibly be so, however, in hospitals where a system of lady nursing did not exist—where the paid nurses were left necessarily very much to their own devices in the different wards of the hospitals. It could not be otherwise than that improprieties should daily occur, and unknown to the one lady superintendent, who could not have her eye constantly on all her subordinates. Thus, no doubt, irregularities became so very frequent before the nurse was detected and dismissed, as to give rise to much of the scandal which the experiment occasioned in the East, and which, I fear, will ever attach itself to all future attempts at the introduction of female nursing in military hospitals. Notwithstanding, however, that delinquents were dismissed from Koulali for the first serious offence, the statistics will show a favourable result as compared with the system which obtained at Scutari or Rankioi—viz., that of the employment, as a rule, of paid nurses only.

Of the several bands of nurses previously mentioned in this volume as having been sent to the Eastern Hospitals, the following tables, which I have prepared from my own notes, and those of others employed with me, will show the numbers of vacancies caused by misconduct, sickness, and other causes among them, within six months after joining, together with the number of ladies, &c., who returned home within the same time:—

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SCUTARI, &c. PARTY, UNDER MISS NIGHTINGALE'S SUPERINTENDENCE.

1854.	VACANCIES IN THE PARTY.								
	1st Mon.	2nd Mon.	3rd Mon.	4th Mon.	5th Mon.	6th Mon.	Total	Remaining.	
Nov.									
Nurses .. 20	1	3	4	—	2	3†	13	7	†Of these one died.
Nuns .. 10	—	5	—	—	—	—	5	5	
Miss Sellon's Sisters .. 8	1	2	—	—	—	3	6	2	
* Dec.									
Ladies .. 4	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	4	
Nuns .. 5	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	5‡	
Nurses .. 13	—	—	—	2	3	4	9	4	
Total ... 60	2	10	4	2	5	10	33	27	

KOULALI PARTY, UNDER MISS STANLEY AND SUCCESSOR.

	VACANCIES WITHIN.								
	1st Month.	2nd Month.	3rd Month.	4th Month.	5th Month.	6th Month.	Total Vacancies in 6 mos.	Remaining after 6 mos.	
* Dec.									
Ladies ... 5	—	—	—	1	1	2†	4	1	
Nuns ... 10	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	10‡	†One lady died.
Nurses ... 6	—	—	2	2	—	—	4	2	
April.									
Ladies ... 5	—	—	—	1	—	—	1	4	
Nurses ... 23	—	2	2	4	—	—	8	15	
Total ... 49	—	2	4	8	1	2	17	32	

Total sent out in November, 1854, with Miss Nightingale, ... 38
Total joined her in January 22
——60

Sent home, &c., in six months 33
Remaining after do..... 27
——60

* Only 43 of the December party did duty in either Hospital, three Nurses having been sent home on arrival for misconduct.

‡ These formed one party under Mrs. Bridgeman from the Kinsale convent, and are referred to in these pages (Chapter 29) as employed afterwards at Balaclava General Hospital.

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Total at Koulali, in January, under Miss Stanley,		21
Joined in April		28
		49
Left, &c., within six months		17
Remained after six months		32
		49

Thus of 33 paid nurses under Miss Nightingale, 22 vacancies took place in six months; and of 29 under Miss Stanley, 12 vacancies occurred. In the former case 66⅔ per cent., in the latter about 37 per cent. of the paid Nurses were either sent home for misconduct, incompetency, sickness, or other causes.

At Koulali there was always a large staff of unpaid nurses, so that, on an average, they nearly equalled the number of the paid.

At Scutari, after the arrival of the December party, none but paid women, whether nurses or ladies, were received as a rule. The Sisters of Mercy, and the few ladies who had joined previously to this arrangement being made, of course continued to give their unpaid services.

I may also mention with gratitude the excellent spirit of cordiality which existed at Koulali between all classes of the nurses. The sisters and ladies worked together with the utmost harmony and affection, having perfect confidence in each other, and never failing, on both sides, in due consideration and kindness for each other; and though there were amongst us persons of almost every creed and shade of opinion—(for among us were members of the Presbyterian, Baptist, Plymouth Christian, and other bodies, as well as members of the Church of England)—there was never one word expressed by any of us which could hurt the feelings of others.

The respectable part of the nurses submitted wil-

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lingly to the restrictions placed upon them, irksome though they were. They had the good sense to see their necessity, and looked upon the ladies' surveillance as a protection.

Last, but not least, is the reflection of the cordial co-operation of the medical officers, the consciousness which we have that all their wishes were carried out, and their unasked-for testimony on our departure to our obedience and usefulness—and, no matter who may preside over hospitals, it is the medical men alone whose approbation is really important.

Such was the experiment of nursing in the East, and its history should be studied by those who are alive to the great want in the present day of a proper system of nursing for the poor. Years before the war with Russia was dreamt of, the disgraceful state of nursing the English poor was the theme. Many symptoms of awaking from a great slumber were seen—the "aching of a great want" was keenly felt. It was the slumber of neglect of the poor—the want of some noble and comprehensive plan of aiding them.

We went into our hospitals, and we saw that, with one exception, we might have with justice boasted of their arrangement. Lofty rooms, cleanliness, ventilation, good food, the attendance of the first medical men of the day, medicines and other remedies, at no matter what cost, order and regularity, the free admission of friends at the stated hours; and all these are within the reach of every poor man in England. And what was the cloud which discolours the picture! It was that, next to the doctors, the rulers of the hospital were the nurses; and to such as know what this class of women are, there needs no further answer. It has been ascertained by

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those who have well and carefully studied the subject, that the best nurses, so far as medical attendance and skill go, are the worst characters.* "If I can but obtain a sober set," said a medical man in a large northern hospital, "it is as much as I can hope for. Frightful tales of profligacy among the nurses have been brought to light by enquiry. The patients' sufferings are too often aggravated by rough treatment, hard words, and the absence of that tender sympathy which they might have had at home." Surely the evidence from the East bears out these statements; and, were other needed, we could supply it.

Many who will read these pages have, perhaps, never passed within hospital walls; many more, if they have done so, have paid their visit at appointed times, when all looked its best. But others, as well as myself, have learnt experience of hospital work from more authentic sources. We have *lived* in hospital wards, going there for the purpose of preparing ourselves—first, to undertake the nursing of the poor at home, and again when about to proceed to the East.

We placed ourselves under the hospital nurses, receiving our instruction from them, and, thus being possessed of no authority over them, were admitted behind the scenes of hospital life; and what we saw there—of disobedience to medical orders and cruelty to patients—would fill pages, and make those who read them shudder! shudder as we often have done when we saw some little innocent child, who from some terrible accident had been brought into the hospital, exposed to that atmosphere of evil. More evil was heard in one

* Hospitals and Sisterhoods.

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hour in a London hospital, than would meet one's ears during months passed in a military one.

One word must be said for the nurses. Their work is no light one. The founder of the Sisters of Charity deemed that the attendance on all the loathsome diseases of mankind should exempt his daughters from practising any of those austerities which are enforced on religious communities. It is no easy task to bear with patience the endless fretfulness of hundreds of sick—to listen to long complaints with real sympathy, and speak soothing words when body and mind are alike worn—to stand by the sufferer when about to undergo some fearful operation—to maintain a cheerful spirit, when the familiar sounds are those of moans, of sufferings, or sharp cries of agony, while the very atmosphere is impregnated with disease—to be firm in carrying out the doctor's commands when they are a torture to the patients, and yet gentle and self-sacrificing in all that concerns themselves—while watchful care must be taken that familiarity with the sight and sound of suffering does not bring that hardening to it which is apt to creep over even a naturally tender nature, and which is one great cause of the cruelty and neglect practised by hospital nurses. No; a good nurse must receive every new case of affliction as though it were her first. Yet all this and far more would be the portion of a hospital nurse. Does it need further argument to prove that paid nurses cannot do this?

Then comes the question who can?

The employment of ladies in this work has been strongly recommended. The remarks upon those working in the East will apply to this subject, and, I trust, convince most that the system was based on no per-

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manent footing. It is a work which cannot be performed by ladies possessing home ties and duties. It can be done rightly only by those who can go through long years of preparation, who can relinquish the fair things of this world to attend upon the grievously afflicted, who can offer body and soul as a daily sacrifice, and in that offering find their joy and consolation, whose sole desire is to follow His steps, who came "not to minister unto, but to minister."

But it appears wrong to conclude, that because we cannot have the best thing, therefore we cannot have any at all. Much could be done in our Hospitals in their present state—the tone of the nurses might be raised, the system of lady visiting might be organised, and though it will always have its evils and its failures, and always look discouraging, because it falls so far short of the work before it, yet it will do much good—it will be a step in the right direction. Oh! that some one would rise up with burning eloquence enough to plead the cause of English poor, especially *London* poor, and awaken those who support Hospitals to a sense of their wants and deficiences, and awaken in us all a spirit of union and charity, that we may join in the great work of succouring the poor, not only by doling out to them alms of this world's goods, but by those words and acts which can make them feel we have alike one hope, one end, one Master.

THE END.

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